

THE GENERAL
JAMES GUTHRIE



MEMOIRS OF THE WAR,

IN THE UNITED STATES.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

LIFE OF
MAJOR-GENERAL
JAMES SHIELDS

HERO OF THREE WARS
AND
SENATOR FROM THREE STATES

BY
HON. WILLIAM H. CONDON
President of the Chicago Lawyers' Club

PRESS OF THE BLAKELY PRINTING CO.
CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT, 1900
BY WILLIAM H. CONDON
CHICAGO, ILL.

DEDICATION

TO THE RACE HE SPRUNG FROM
AND THE NATION HE FOUGHT
FOR IN MEXICO AND IN THE
SHENANDOAH VALLEY, AS
WELL AS THE VOLUN-
TEERS HE FOUGHT
WITH,

I

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS
LIFE OF THE HERO OF THREE
WARS AND THE SENA-
TOR FROM THREE
STATES

	PAGE
1. Room in Which General Shields Was Born.....	11
2. His Brother Patrick.....	12
3. His Brother Daniel.....	13
4. Drawing of Shields' Cottage.....	16
5. Scene of Shields' First Duel.....	25
6. Illinois' First Capitol at Kaskaskia.....	31
7. Chenue House, Where Lafayette Was Banqueted..	37
8. Capitol at Vandalia, in Which Shields Served.....	40
9. General Shields as He Appeared in Mexico.....	56
10. Battle of Cerro Gordo.....	59
11. Size of Ball That Passed Through His Body.....	69
12. General Shields at Battle of Chapultepec.....	90
13. The Swords of Cerro Gordo.....	173
14. The Battle of Winchester.....	176
15. General Shields as He Appeared at Winchester..	181
16. Charge of Tyler's Brigade at Winchester.....	210
17. General Shields at the Battle of Port Republic....	216
18. General Stonewall Jackson.....	228
19. Map of Winchester and Port Republic.....	231
20. Rev. Walter Elliott.....	234
21. Robert D. McCarter, Boy and Man.....	239
22. Colonel Voris at Winchester.....	240
23. Colonel Sprigg Carroll at Port Republic.....	262
24. Statehouse in Springfield, Ill., in Which General Shields Was Elected Senator	268
25. General Shields When Senator from Missouri—His Autograph	272
26. Capt. M. H. Hogan, of Rochester, N. Y.....	274
27. General Shields' Last Picture.....	302
28. General Shields' Unmarked Grave at Carrollton, Mo.....	330
29. Patrick Donahoe, Editor of The Pilot.....	338
30. Present Capitol of Illinois.....	343
31. Shields' Statue in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C.....	345
32. Governor Altgeld and Others at Unveiling.....	362
33. General Shields Statue	365
34. William J. Onahan, LL. D.....	376

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry—Birth—Celtic Name—Early Education—His Military Genius Shown When Ten Years of Age—How He Planned and Won His First Battle—Great Men of the Present Century.	9
--	---

CHAPTER II.

How Shields Planned and Won His First Battle—Shrewdness and Valor When Ten Years Old—How He Thrashed a Swell—Arrival of Uncle, a Veteran of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812—His Influence on Shields' Career—The Youth's Taste for Books—Association with Wellington's Veterans—Taught Sword Exercise—Acquisition of Military Knowledge.	18
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Shields' First Duel—Its Cause—As a Boy He Met at Dawn a Veteran of Napoleonic Wars in Deathly Conflict—His Opponent's Last Will—The Sequel.	22
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

His Mother's Desire to Prepare Him for the Bar Frustrated by His Uncle's Influence—Emigration to America—Arrival at Quebec—Failure to Find His Uncle—Shields' Experience as Mate of a Ship—Serious Injury by Fall While at Sea—Arrival in New York Unconscious—Shipwreck on Coast of Scotland—Experience as Teacher There—Value of Nautical Skill Forty Years Afterward—He Goes West—Teaches School—Studies Law in Illinois—Settles in Kaskaskia—the Quaint Old Town, and Its Decay—Elected to the Legislature, Where He Served with President Lincoln, Senator Douglas, General Hardin and Other Senators and Generals—Pen Pictures of Lincoln and Others—Lawyers the Greatest Patriots.	26
---	----

CHAPTER V.

State Auditor—How He Saved the State Credit and Made Political Enemies Thereby—How Lincoln Attacked Him Anonymously, and How Miss Todd, the Future Mrs. Lincoln, and Miss Jayne, the Future Mrs. Trumbull, Also Ridiculed Him Through the Press Anonymously—Lincoln's Espousal of the Paternity of the Articles in Question—His Refusal of a Retraction Upon Shields' Demand—Shields' Challenge of Lincoln—Actions of His and Lincoln's Seconds—Intervention of Friends—Start for the Place of Meeting, and the Sequel.	43
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

Shields Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois—His Illustrious Associates—Distinguished Practitioners and Leaders of the Bar of Illinois—Appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington by President Polk—His Plan for an Irish Colony in Iowa—Resignation as Land Commissioner. 50

CHAPTER VII.

Resignation as Land Commissioner—Commission as Brigadier-General—Assigned to Command the Illinois Regiments—Transfer from Taylor to Scott—At Cerro Gordo a Grapeshot Passes Through His Body—Extraordinary Means Adopted to Save His Life—Irish Surgeon and French Doctor Push a Silk Handkerchief on a Ramrod Through His Right Lung and Out of His Back Near the Spine. 55

CHAPTER VIII.

Contreras—Churubusco and Chapultepec—Key to Painting in Capitol at Washington, D. C.—Bravery Shown in Each Battle and Wounds Received—When Shields Was Nearest Death. 75

CHAPTER IX.

Noble Rescue of Women on the Eve of the Capture of the City of Mexico—Poem on His Noble Deed—Unparalleled in Any General's Career Under Similar Circumstances—Election to United States Senate. 117

CHAPTER X.

Army Disbanded—Elected United States Senator from Illinois for Term of Six Years—Appointed on Several Very Important Committees—Favored Land Grants to Soldiers and Sailors, to Agricultural Colleges and Railroads to Develop the West—Homestead Law—Against Slavery. 122

CHAPTER XI.

Shields' Welcome to Kossuth—Resolution and Speech Against British Interference in Central America—Sound Monroe Doctrine—Bounty Lands Not a Gratuity But a Reward for Honorable Services. 147

CHAPTER XII.

Admission of California—Senator Shields' Greatest Speech—It Stamps Him as a Statesman as Well as a Prophet—Would Not Widen the Breach Between the North and South or Excite the Passions or Prejudices of One Section Against the Other—if a Republican Form of Government Fails Here, It Need Never Be Attempted Again—Where Compromise Ends Force Begins, and Where Force Begins War Begins—Gold the Cause of More Than Half the Evils of Civilized Society—No Southern Slave Owner Will

Ever Venture to Carry His Slaves to That Country—The Whole Country United Cannot Force Slavery on Californians, Who Will Carry Your Flag Some Day Into Asia and Through China—Slavery Was Never Intended by God to Be There and Will Not Be Permitted by Men—You Might as Well Attempt to Plant Orange Groves in Siberia as Establish Slavery in California or New Mexico—It Is Inevitable That the Power of the Free States Will Preponderate Over the Power of the Slave States—You Can No More Equalize the States Then You Can Equalize Their Population—The North Will Never Consent to See One Foot of Free Soil Converted Into Slave Soil—As Well Attempt to Convert a Free Man Into a Slave—No Human Law Can Give Absolute Property in Man—An Attempt at Dissolution of the Union Would Be War of Extermination and Desolation of Which None But God Could Foresee the End—The Idea of Quietly and Peaceably Submitting to See a Separate Confederacy Is Preposterous—Very Little Short of Insanity. 160

CHAPTER XIII.

Defeat of Stonewall Jackson Described in Leslie's Pictorial History of the War—General Shields' Official Report—Colonel Kimball's and Tyler's Reports—Captain Schriber's Report—Colonel Carroll Driven from Bridge by Jackson. 176

CHAPTER XIV.

How Shields Decoyed Stonewall Jackson Into the Battle of Winchester in Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War—Account of It in Woods' History of the Seventh Ohio—His Account of the Battle of Port Republic—General Taylor's Account in "Destruction and Reconstruction." 206

CHAPTER XV.

Typical Volunteers of 1861—Small Acorns Then, Gigantic Oaks Now—Renowned for Virtue in Peace as They Were for Bravery in War—Clergyman—Merchant—Judge. 233

CHAPTER XVI.

Stanton Reviled Lincoln and Then Accepted Office from Him—His Injustice to Shields—Duplicity with McClellan and Unwarranted Reflections upon Sherman. 241

CHAPTER XVII.

Shields a Political Martyr—More Proof of Colonel Carroll's Failure at Port Republic—Colonel Haycock's Conclusive Evidence—General Jones an Unwilling Corroborator of Colonel Haycock—General Copperger's Opinion—General Sheridan's Rank When General Shields Defeated Stonewall Jackson—Extract from General Oates' Speech—But for Carroll's Disobedience General Shields Would Have Been One of the Most Successful Generals in the Civil War. 260

CHAPTER XVIII.

Senator Shields in Minnesota—One of the Founders of Faribault and Shieldsville—His Election as One of Its First Senators—Departure for California—Marriage There—His Children—Small Pension Until Just Before His Death. 267

CHAPTER XIX.

Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Organization of the Shields Guard at Auburn, N. Y., in 1877—Welcome by Colonel Kennedy—Response by General Shields—Procession—Flag of the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina Carried Through the Mexican War—Speaker Pomeroy's Address—Governor Robinson's Welcome—Governor Wade Hampton's Response—General Shields' Enthusiastic Welcome and Brilliant Speech. 273

CHAPTER XX.

Speech at Banquet Given by Meagher's Irish Brigade on the Potomac—At the Tabernacle in Chicago—Great Political Address Delivered in Kansas City on Greeley and Brown—Letter on Home Rule in Ireland—Introduction of Jefferson Davis at Sisters of Charity Fair. 283

CHAPTER XXI.

Lecture at St. Joseph, Mo., on St. Patrick's Day—Lecture in Steinway Hall, New York, on St. Patrick's Day—Speech at St. Joseph, Mo., on the Fourth of July. 292

CHAPTER XXII.

Lecture in Brooklyn in Behalf of Yellow Fever Sufferers—His Graphic Descriptions of Jackson, Webster, Clay and Calhoun—Eloquent Speeches by Other Prominent Citizens. 301

CHAPTER XXIII.

General Butler, a True Friend of General Shields, One of America's Greatest Lawyers—Heroic Method Adopted to Reduce Hours of Labor in Factories—Splendid Address by a Brave Lawyer—His Efforts to Secure Justice for the Destruction of a Convent and to Wipe Out a Stain on the Escutcheon of Massachusetts—Senatorial Duplicity and Parsimony. 324

CHAPTER XXIV.

Death of General Shields on a Lecturing Tour, at Ottumwa, Iowa, on Sunday, June 1, 1879—Funeral at Carrollton, Mo., Attended by Prominent Citizens from St. Louis—Military Escort—Religious Services—His Unmarked Grave—Attempt to Induce Fellow Townsmen to Erect a Monument to His Memory. 329

CHAPTER XXV.

- General Shields' Greatest Journalistic Friends—Their Struggles and Triumphs—Vast Influence for Good, for God, Race and Country—Glorious Records of Patrick Ford, of the Irish World, and Patrick Donahoe, of the Pilot. 332
-

CHAPTER XXVI.

- Illinois Legislature Instructs Its Senators to Vote for the Purchase of Shields' Swords—Nine Thousand Dollars Appropriated for Shields' Statue—Who Obtained It—The Commissioners—Unveiling of Statue at Washington, D. C., December 6, 1893—Speeches of Hon. William H. Condon, Governor Altgeld, John C. Tarnsey, M. C., and Senator Turpie—Poem, "Sword of Cerro Gordo"—Over Twenty-nine Millions Represented at the Ceremony. 342
-

CHAPTER XXVII.

- Banquet at National Hotel—Large Attendance—Poem, "The Shields Statue"—Long List of Toasts and Eloquent Responses—Donahoe's Magazine—Beattie, the Poet, a Mexican War Veteran. 360
-

CHAPTER XXVIII.

- Striking Incidents in General Shields' Life—Eloquent Tributes Paid Him by Leading Statesmen, Bishops, Scholars and Journalists—Interesting Sketch of His Life by Dr. Onahan. 367
-

CHAPTER XXIX.

- My Interesting Friend of the Confederate Army—Efforts to Erect Statues to General Shields and Frances E. Willard in Illinois—Appeal to the Ladies—Opposition of Some of the Press—Indifference of Judges and Opposition of South Park Commissioners—Manly Indorsement by Colonel John F. Finerty in *The Citizen*, and Favorable Notice by the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen—Hon. Wm. H. Harper's Broad Americanism. 379

PREFACE.

Doubting my ability to do justice to the career of such a triple crowned warrior, jurist and statesman as General James Shields, yet, as more than a score of years have passed since his death, and no one has published a record of his public services, civil and military, and since they cannot be appreciated unless they are known, I undertake the pleasant duty of presenting them to the world.

I had the honor of the hero's acquaintance, attended several of his lectures in Chicago, met him frequently, often corresponded with him and was one of his ardent admirers. After his death I assisted in securing congressional legislation which resulted in the sale of his swords to the nation, the money realized therefrom materially aiding his widow in the support and education of his sons and daughter.

Having conceived the idea of Illinois declaring Shields one of her immortals, and having prevailed upon its Legislature to appropriate nine thousand dollars for a bronze statue of him to perpetuate his heroic deeds, which stands in the Capitol at Washington, while engaged in this work I learned many interesting incidents in General Shields' life of his contemporaries and friends.

Believing that he was not treated justly when practically removed from command, after his victory over Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, and that his wisdom as a statesman is comparatively unknown, I resolved to

place it and his military achievements before readers of all classes in a plain, economical form, convinced that a perusal of his record will tend to raise the General in the estimation of his countrymen and the world at large. I have spared neither time, labor nor expense in gathering material with which to weave a faithful narrative of his life and character. I make no claim to merit for this production. It will be found to be just and truthful as well as fearless in its criticism of those who wronged the hero of three wars and the Senator from three states.

I have no pride or ambition of authorship. If this work shall make the youth of our country emulate the example of this great American and induce them to adopt his high sense of honor, his nobility of purpose and to be ever ready like him to respond to their country's call, my object will be attained and I shall be amply rewarded.

WILLIAM H. CONDON.

Chicago, August 11, 1900.

LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry—Birth—Celtic Name—Early Education—His Military Genius Shown When Ten Years of Age—How He Planned and Won His First Battle—Great Men of the Present Century.

James Shields was born in Ireland, a country renowned in song and story for the brilliancy and bravery of its sons and the beauty and purity of its daughters. Its hills and valleys have resounded with the shouts of armies contending for supremacy on many a sanguinary field. The wail of the disconsolate widow and the cry of the famished orphan have often been heard in the land. Famines caused by foreign legislation and prolonged by unfeeling landlords, whose fiendishness is without parallel among civilized people, have caused millions of the Irish to seek in other lands freemen's homes. Cattle now graze where cottagers once dwelt in peace and comparative plenty.

Irish poets, statesmen and warriors of renown have made their impress on the history of the world. Her Moores, Goldsmiths and Davises live wherever poesy is admired and love and patriotism have votaries. Her Burkes, Grattans, O'Connells and Parnells were statesmen seldom equaled and never excelled, while her Emmets and Tones stand in the front rank of martyrs for liberty wherever it is known and cherished.

In religious circles no race has shown more fervor or zeal than the Irish. Her saints, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, ministers and last, but most be-

loved of all, her sisters have won the plaudits of sectarian and infidel, as well as Christian, by their heroism on tented field, amid the pestilential air of the hospital and in the highways and byways where want and woe lurk, as well as "beside the bed where parting life is laid." Their students the world over bear the ineffaceable impress of the sisters' endeavors to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way." In the salons of the learned and in the parlors of the cultured, the grace, refinement and purity taught by precept and example lend a charm above and beyond all other accomplishments to the graduates of their academies and convents.

But while some may question the superiority of the Irish race in all these walks of life, few will be found to contend that the Irishman can be outclassed as a soldier. His valor, his self-sacrificing bravery, in countless forlorn hopes, on land and sea, entitle the Irish soldier to a proud position among the "bravest of the brave." No proof is necessary to sustain this assertion. The historians of nearly every nation have adorned their brightest pages with sublime examples of the heroism of Irishmen in ancient and modern times. To recount their perilous feats of bravery, which the world knows by heart, would be a needless waste of time, while to call the roll of those who have written their names in letters of living light high upon the scroll of fame would transcend the limits of an introduction to the life of the greatest Irishman who ever trod American soil, whose name shines in the judicial, legislative and military records of Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri and of the United States of America.

James Shields was born at Altmore, in a mountainous district of the County of Tyrone, Ireland, on May 6, 1806, of Catholic parents. His father was Charles Shields, and his mother was Anne McDonnell, who died in 1842, after her son James had won renown in Illinois. Her husband died in 1812. There were but three children born to them —James, at the date aforesaid; Daniel, on April 2, 1808, and Patrick on March 17, 1810. Patrick died two years after the General's death and Daniel two or three years

later. General Shields' father is buried in an ancient graveyard at Canaghmore, in the County of Tyrone. His mother is buried at Galbally, in the same parish, and his brothers lie in one grave at the little chapel on Altmore Mountain. Tradition is to the effect that the McDonnells, Shields' mother's family, came from Limerick and settled in the County of Antrim. The General's father was

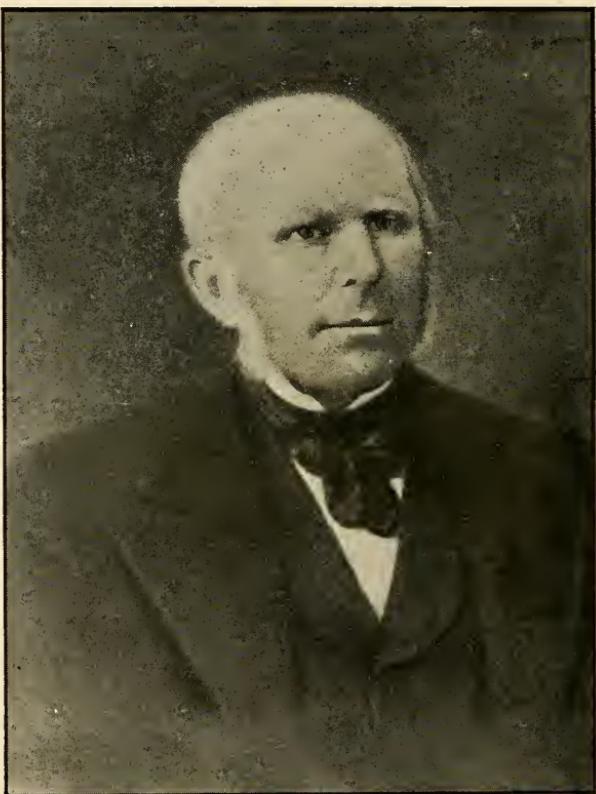


The window lowered from the top is of the room in which James Shields first saw light.

being "waked" when the news of the battle of Waterloo was received.

Like causes produce like effects. There is much truth in the saying that "blood will tell," and Shields' remarkable career is a verification of it. That his brothers followed peaceful avocations in their native country is much more strange than that James should have sought in other lands a chance to improve his condition in life, which was denied him on his native soil. No Catholic then could be a member of Parliament.

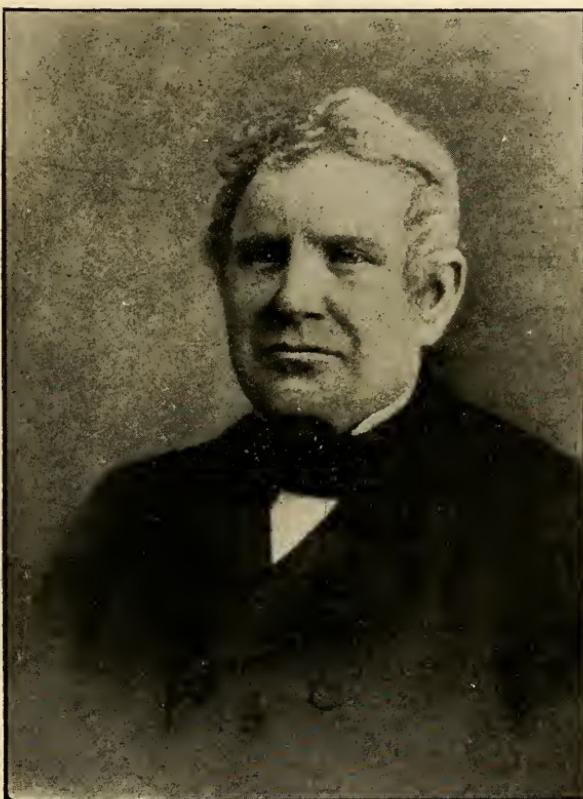
There is much in heredity. His paternal ancestors for many generations had been imbued with military spirit. They lived at Shanes Castle in the County of Antrim. The father and four sons of one of the earliest ancestors of which any record can be found and authenticated espoused the cause of King James of England



PATRICK SHIELDS.

against William. At the battle of the Boyne the father and one son were killed. Daniel, the youngest son, found their bodies the night after the battle and buried them. He then rejoined the Irish army and fought at Aughrim, Athlone and at the siege of Limerick. After its surrender the surviving brothers separated never to meet again.

The two eldest went with some of the Irish soldiers to Spain, where one rose to a high grade as an officer and finally became governor-general of Cuba. The youngest, Daniel, returned to his home in the north of Ireland, amid the mountains of Tyrone, then about the only refuge for Catholic patriots, misnamed rebels. Secretly he visited



DANIEL SHIELDS

the home of his childhood, to find all his father's estate confiscated and granted to a follower of King William.

One son escaped to France and emigrated to Jamaica, where he died. Daniel found it no easy task to avoid arrest on his way home, and reached it in safety by hiding in the fields by day and traveling at night. From a hid-

ing-place in a field near the historic banks of Lough Neagh he saw a boat capsize in which two young ladies were sailing; swam to their assistance and rescued them from a watery grave. They proved to be daughters of Captain Morris, the military governor of Mount Joy fortress, a strong British garrison at Lough Neagh. The father gratefully thanked young Shields for his noble act and invited him to his family circle, where his bravery and gallantry were highly appreciated and eventually rewarded by the hand and heart of one of the accomplished young ladies he had saved from death.. She became his wife, and from such noble blood descended the warrior, jurist and statesman whose experiences will be found in the following pages. Well might the wise predict brave acts and heroic deeds of the children of such parents. The young lady who was rescued from a watery grave by the gallant soldier was the great-great-great-grandmother of General James Shields.

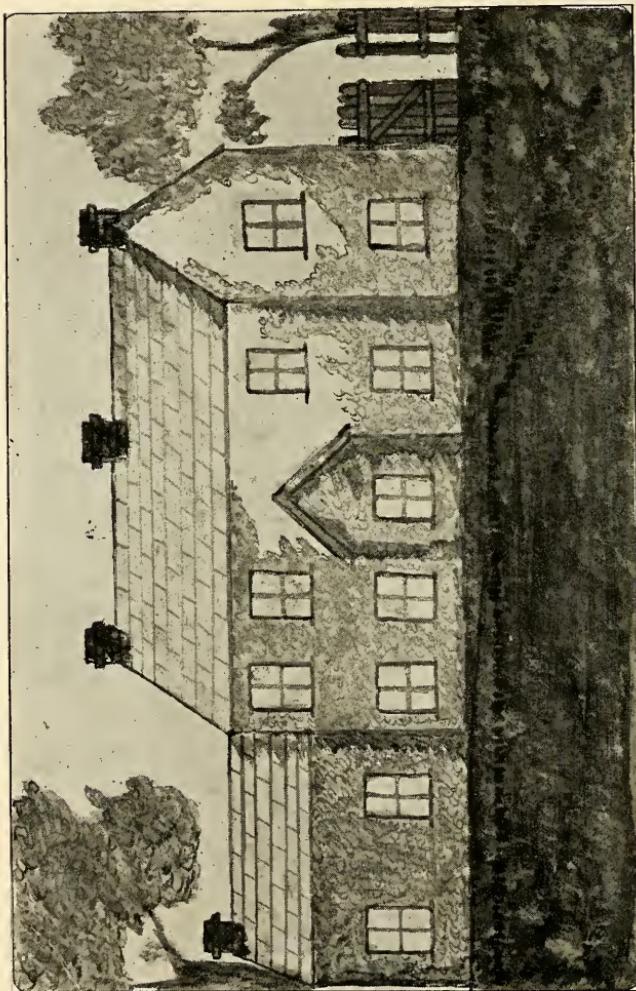
Of the plantations of Ulster, Sir Toby Caulfield had assigned to him the Castle Caulfield estate, on condition that he build a fortress on the Altmore Mountains to protect Scotch planters from disinherited Irish gentlemen, or Rapparee, who had organized and were intrenched in those mountains.

British soldiers for years occupied the fortress erected by Sir Toby Caulfield, and when at last those chiefs of the mountains and their gallant followers were exterminated in true English style, and “o'er their cold ashes upbraided” by the name of robbers, the soldiers were withdrawn to take part in the battle of Culloden Moor and the garrison finally abandoned.

Charles Shields, grandson of Daniel, leased the barracks, and it was in his portion of it that General Shields was born. The Shields have lived there over two hundred years. Many of Charles' forefathers repose in an old graveyard at Donaghmore, in the County of Tyrone. A tombstone therein records the death of his ancestor who was buried there in 1771. The ancient name appears to have been O'Shiel, anglicized into Shields.

The General's grandfather and father are also buried in that grave, it being the custom there to bury descendants in the graves of their forefathers. In 1770 the Shields family were four in number, James, Patrick, Daniel and Bessie. James, the eldest, was intended for the priesthood, and went to France to complete his studies, but finally abandoned them and emigrated to America. Daniel married, but died at Altmore without issue. Patrick also died there childless. Charles married Miss Katherine McDonnell, a lineal descendant of the Glencoe McDonnells. She was a woman of superior education and varied accomplishments, who gave her sons all the educational advantages then allowed Catholics by English laws.

The present century saw the largest number of great men ever living at one time. It is certain that there is no period to rival the first years of the nineteenth century in its number of great men, no period even to compare with it except the fifth century before the Christian era. In the year 1821, the year in which Napoleon died, the following were alive: In literature, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, DeQuincey, Wordsworth, Lamb, Landor, Tennyson, the three Brontes, Victor Hugo, Heine, Goethe, Holmes, Dickens, Thackeray, Clough and Blake. Among soldiers were living the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon and Moltke, besides a number of great generals who had either seen the Napoleonic wars or were to see the Crimea and the Indian mutiny. Among philosophers and men of science were Hegel, Darwin, the two Herschels, Owen, Cuvier, Daguerre, Wheatstone, Faraday and Simpson. The painters included Wilke, Landseer, Turner and Meissonier. Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Wagner represented music. Lesseps, Brunel and the two Stephensons represented engineering. Among statesmen or orators were Gladstone, Bright, Bismarck, Russell, Cavour, Garibaldi, Abraham Lincoln, Thiers and Victor Emmanuel. Among historians were Grote, Niebuhr, Mommsen and Guizot; and of a countless host of men who were famous in other directions were Sir Richard Burton, Speke, Le Verrier,



DRAWING OF COTTAGE IN WHICH SHIELDS WAS BORN.

Rowland Hill, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Walter, Wilberforce and Macaulay.

William E. Gladstone got into the year of great babies, 1809, only by a scratch. If he had been born three days later he would be a child of a year which was not so memorable for its births. Among the great personages who were born in 1809 were Darwin, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Edgar A. Poe, the historian, Kinglake, Mendelssohn, Jules Favre, Lincoln, Hamlin, Oliver Wendell Holmes and ex-Speaker and ex-Governor Robert C. Winthrop.

CHAPTER II.

How Shields Planned and Won His First Battle—Shrewdness and Valor When Ten Years Old—How He Thrashed a Swell—Arrival of Uncle, a Veteran of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812—His Influence on Shields' Career—The Youth's Taste for Books—Association with Wellington's Veterans—Taught Sword Exercise—Acquisition of Military Knowledge.

When the General was a boy about ten years old he, with his two brothers, attended a hedge school about two miles from his home. In those days it was not easy to acquire education, as there were only schools maintained by private subscription, the British government preferring to keep the people in ignorance. The school referred to was situated on the dividing line of two populous districts, and the boys attending formed themselves into rival factions representing each district. The General placed himself at the head of his schoolmates, and a boy about the same age, named McVeigh, was elected commander of the opposing forces. The rivalry arising from competition in the classes extended to rivalry in the plays and pastimes and finally developed into a strong rivalry in their quarrels. The teacher had frequently drawn the attention of their parents to the contests of the children. Several free fights on their account took place between the parents, one party getting worsted one day, the other getting badly beaten the next. Finally, James Shields proposed to the leader of the opposing faction to fight it out in a general pitched battle, and it was agreed that a Saturday afternoon should be fixed for the engagement.

Each commander was to select twelve of the best fighting boys of his party, who were to be armed with willows, or what are called there sally rods. The boys

were not to take hold of each other or to strike with fists. The result of the battle was to be final, and the vanquished were in future to yield obedience to and acknowledge the superiority of the victors. For several evenings after this arrangement had been made James Shields shut himself up in his mother's barn. How he occupied his time is disclosed hereinafter. Finally the eventful day arrived, but as McVeigh's men were known to be the stronger, Shields found, when he mustered his forces, three of his soldiers had deserted. His antagonists were somewhat surprised to find Shields, notwithstanding the smallness of his forces, willing to go on with the engagement. The combatants mustered in a meadow, the word of command was given, and the battle opened vigorously. Both sides fought fiercely till their weapons were worn short or broken, but, as in most warfare, numbers were about to prevail and Shields' forces were supposed to be vanquished. Their opponents were calling upon them to surrender, when suddenly Shields in a loud voice commanded his men to charge bayonets. Then from underneath their little jackets each boy drew a short, sharp-pointed stick made of hardwood. In a minute those who had considered themselves victors were in full retreat. They could not stand the charge. The sharp-pointed spears were irresistible and soon Shields and his men were left in possession of the battlefield. Thus it transpired that Shield's preparations in the barn had gained his party the victory. He had spent his time pointing the sticks with which he secretly armed his men. He had his men well disciplined, they obeyed his orders and secured the victory. Truly, the boy is father of the man. Commander McVeigh, who led the opposing contingent, often took pride in pointing out the exact spot on which James Shields fought and won his first battle.

Another incident of Shields' boyhood is worthy of notice. About four miles from his home there was a very good school established by a landlord. The patron was a high dignitary of the Church of England who afterward became bishop. He had appointed a teacher who

was a graduate of Trinity College and ranked high as a teacher. James Shields attended the school and made great progress in his studies. A son of the patron was a classmate, but not a very good boy. On one occasion he set two little boys fighting and enjoyed seeing them tearing each other's faces and bleeding profusely. Shields, as soon as he reached the scene of conflict, tried to separate the little fellows, but his classmate endeavored to prevent him from interfering until one of the boys would admit that he was beaten or give up. Shields, incensed at such brutality, pulled the boys apart, when the patron's son struck Shields in the face, whereupon a second fight began, which ended in Shields thrashing the young swell severely. When his classmate went home bleeding and much the worse in wear and tear, his father returned with him to the school and investigated the cause of the trouble. Shields stated the facts and circumstances truthfully, and the little boys corroborated his statements, whereupon the gentleman exonerated Shields from all blame, commended him for his interference and predicted that Shields would yet become a great man. Shields never attended that school again. Many years afterward the patron of the school purchased a commission in the British army for his son whom Shields had thrashed. His regiment went to India, and there the young officer was dismissed from the service for striking a brother officer at the mess table. He returned to his home in Ireland about the time that news reached there of Shields' glorious career in Mexico, and his father often contrasted the career of the two schoolboys and classmates.

When a mere child James developed a taste for books which he never lost. When working in the fields he often had a book to read while others rested. He was about six years old when his uncle and namesake arrived home from America. The elder James had fought through the War of Independence and was with Old Hickory in a number of his campaigns. Uncle James was wounded in the leg at the battle of New Orleans and went to Ire-

land soon after with the bullet still in his leg. He remained for two years, during which time he acted as schoolmaster to young James and laid the foundation of his military career. The uncle was a professor of Latin and Greek in Charleston, South Carolina. The old veteran never ceased recounting his adventures. Young James' mind was easily impressed, and in consequence his life ever after, while in Ireland, was a preparation for his future career in the United States. Shortly before his uncle's departure the old man examined the boy to see what progress he had made with his books, and he answered so satisfactorily that the uncle was very much pleased, and told the boy when he grew bigger he (the uncle) would bring him to America, make him his heir and, pulling out his gold watch, said he would also make him a present of the watch. That watch is still in the family and is at present in possession of that uncle's great nephew, James Shields, a contractor in St. Paul, Minnesota.

In the General's boyhood Ireland was full of old soldiers who had been in the British army after a long campaign against Bonaparte. After the defeat of that great man the country was flooded with old soldiers and pensioners with maimed arms or legs. These men were objects of great interest to young James Shields, and he seldom went from home without returning with one of them as his guest. From one of these men he learned fencing or sword exercise and he became so expert in the art that few men of any size or experience could surpass him. His early lessons in drilling were learned from the same source. His first military knowledge was acquired from books presented to him when a boy by one of those pensioners.

He became educated by his perseverance in study when other boys of his age were recreating in amusements. Untiring application to every detail of duty was the chief reason of his success in life. Beyond the opportunity of a hedge school he studied two years with a clever teacher, a native of Dublin. A relative of his

mother, a clergyman from Maynooth College, retired from active work on account of ill-health, assisted him very much in acquiring classics. One of the old soldiers, who was some years in France after the defeat of Napoleon, taught him French, so that when Shields emigrated to America he was fairly well educated.

CHAPTER III.

Shields' First Duel—Its Cause—As a Boy He Met at Dawn a Veteran of Napoleonic Wars in Deathly Conflict—His Opponent's Last Will—The Sequel.

Shields fought a duel in Ireland in his boyhood which showed, even then, that his was the mettle of which heroes are made. In the valley beneath the shadow of the Barrach Mountains, eight miles from the town of Dungannon, there is a small lake that materially adds to the beauty of the surrounding district. It is artificial, constructed in recent years to provide the town's water supply, and occupies and overflows a meadow through which once flowed the river torrent before it emptied into Lough Neagh. From the banks of the lake the land gradually rises to a thousand feet or more above the level of the sea to the summit of the mountains. Three-quarters of a century ago the country surrounding the lake was thickly settled by industrious people, tenant farmers who raised flax, oats and potatoes. Steam was comparatively unknown then as a power and the power loom unheard of. Flax, the staple industry of Ulster, was exclusively in the hands of the raisers of flax, who sowed the seed, raised the flax and manufactured it into cloth in their cottages. When the flax grew to maturity it was pulled up, the roots steeped in a pond to rot and afterward the residue was strewn on grass to dry, and beetled, hackled and spun. Afterward women wove it into cloth; it thereby furnished employment for both sexes

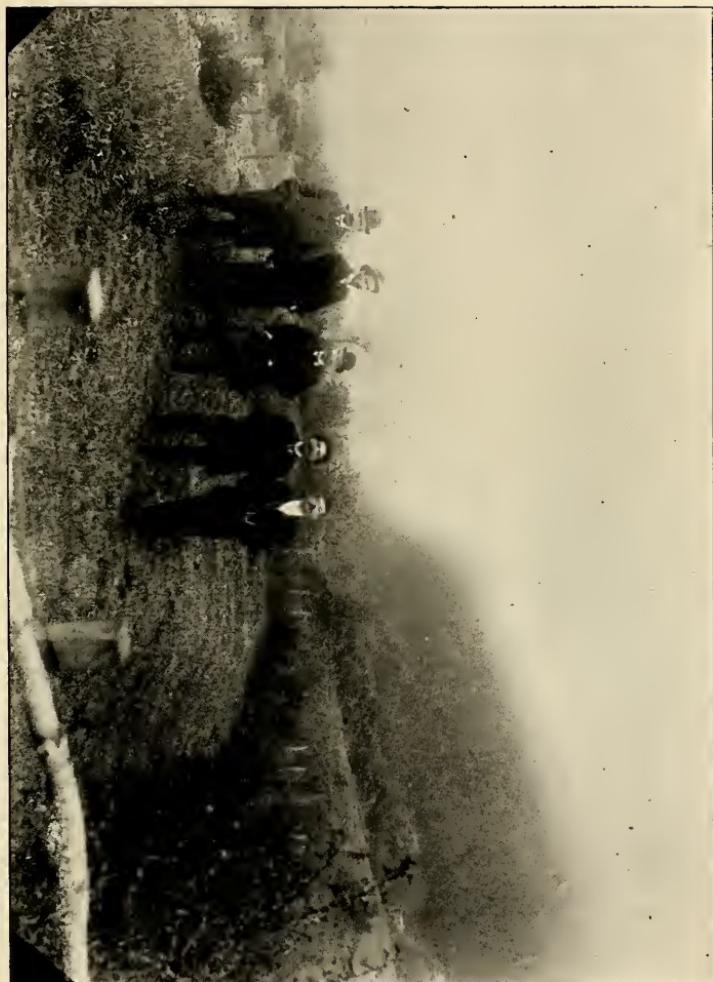
and gave to the raiser of the crop the profit of its manufacture.

It was the custom of the people to assist one another in putting the flax through these different stages of preparation for manufacture, and it afforded the young people of both sexes an opportunity to assemble in large numbers and gratuitously help their friends in their work, and they in return usually provided an entertainment for their benefactors.

On one of these occasions a man was present who had emigrated to England in boyhood, enlisted in the British army and served as a Connaught Ranger at the battle of Waterloo and had been discharged and pensioned as a sergeant-major. His residence in England, his peninsular service and pension made him strongly English in sentiment. His communicative disposition in regard to his travels and adventures made him an object of interest in the community, and his presence was an additional attraction when it became known that he would be present at such rustic entertainments. He was quick-tempered, pugnacious, easily irritated, sarcastic and sour in speech. He was also full of arguments, eager to debate any and all questions and intent on maintaining any position taken by him, whether right or wrong, and if words did not prove effective he was ready and willing to follow them with blows. Egotistical and domineering, he at times became unbearable. One evening, at such a gathering, while he was lauding the British soldiers to the skies for their valor, James Shields, then a stripling, took exceptions to the amount of praise given the soldiers mentioned and plainly told the veteran that he was wrong. "You are a liar!" replied the veteran, when, with lightning rapidity, Shields struck him in the face, to the astonishment of all present. Friends interfered and prevented further conflict at that time and it was generally believed that that would be the end of the matter. But the fact is that that was but the preliminary skirmish; the battle was to be fought elsewhere, and that, too, to the bitter end.

On one of the mountain slopes lived one McVeigh, who had worked in England and brought from it a brace of pistols, which were such rare implements of destruction in that neighborhood that he often exhibited them with pride. Before daylight on the night in question the veteran borrowed these pistols on the pretext that he needed them to protect him on a journey he was about to undertake. He obtained writing materials from McVeigh, who retired for the night. The veteran, after writing for some time, left what he had written on a table and covered it with his hat. Tying a handkerchief around his head he left the house. McVeigh awoke soon afterward and by the light of a candle which the veteran had left burning he saw the hat and found its owner had disappeared. It being about dawn, McVeigh arose and was greatly surprised to find under the veteran's hat a paper on which was written, "My Last Will." Realizing that there was trouble ahead, McVeigh rushed out and hurriedly ran down a path leading to the river, and in the gray dawn discovered two men standing some distance apart in the act of firing at each other. At a glance he recognized them as the veteran and young Shields. They had made two previous attempts to shoot, and nothing but the defective condition of the flintlocks saved them from injuries or death.

Both were determined to fight, and, when one attempt proved fruitless, deliberately picked their flints and tried again. McVeigh hastened to the scene of conflict, threw his arms around the veteran and turned the muzzle of his pistol aside. McVeigh was so excited that he shouted at the top of his voice, when both urged him not to interfere, and the outcry brought Hamilton, another neighbor, to the scene. Through their intervention peace was made between the combatants, who breakfasted together with Hamilton. Thenceforward the veteran became Shields' constant friend as well as his French tutor. He gave Shields many standard military works, which he devoured with avidity. The works were so valuable and the friendship of these two men became so strong that the books



SCENE OF SHIELDS' FIRST DUEL.

This cut shows a part of the field in which Shields fought the veteran. Two of the men in the picture, James Eagan and Thomas Clarke, have been imprisoned for a number of years by the British government for the crime of trying to hasten the day when Ireland shall take her place among the nations of the earth, and "Be once more great, glorious and free, the first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea."

were kept as mementos of the affair by the General all his life and were seen by my informant at the General's homestead in Carrollton, Missouri, a few years before his death. The veteran taught Shields fencing, which knowledge he afterward utilized by opening a fencing school in Quebec.

The veteran died a few years after the duel and Shields in after life reluctantly confirmed the truth of the above narrative, adding that he did all that he could consistent with honor to prevent hostilities, but that the veteran insisted upon satisfaction in that manner, and dueling in that day was quite common among the so-called better classes.

C H A P T E R IV.

His Mother's Desire to Prepare Him for the Bar Frustrated by His Uncle's Influence—Emigration to America—Arrival at Quebec—Failure to Find His Uncle—Shields' Experience as Mate of a Ship—Serious Injury by Fall While at Sea—Arrival in New York Unconscious—Shipwreck on Coast of Scotland—Experience as Teacher There—Value of Nautical Skill Forty Years Afterward—He Goes West—Teaches School—Studies Law in Illinois—Settles in Kaskaskia—the Quaint Old Town, and Its Decay—Elected to the Legislature, Where He Served with President Lincoln, Senator Douglas, General Hardin and Other Senators and Generals—Pen Pictures of Lincoln and Others—Lawyers the Greatest Patriots.

Shields sailed from Liverpool for Quebec in 1823, and on arrival there wrote to his Uncle James, but failing to receive a reply he took it for granted that his uncle did not want to hear from him and therefore never wrote him again. The uncle had died in the meantime, and as Shields' whereabouts in America were unknown to his friends in Ireland, one of his brothers went to Charleston, South Carolina, where James had died, and secured what property was left by him.

Mrs. Shields intended to prepare James for the bar, but his uncle, the American Revolutionary soldier, turned the youth's mind toward military pursuits, and when it

was found that he was nightly drilling the young boys of the neighborhood, the uncle predicted that if James did not emigrate he would be hung as an Irish rebel. The ship that he emigrated in was wrecked on the west coast of Scotland, and only the captain, one Slattery, a seaman and young Shields escaped. He taught a Presbyterian clergyman's sons for three months while his ship was undergoing repairs. He made several voyages with the same captain on another ship, acting as clerk or supercargo, and on his last trip, which was from Peru, South America, he was blown from aloft in a severe storm off New York harbor, and was picked up for dead with both legs broken. In a sisters' hospital for three months he hovered between life and death, but their careful nursing and kind attentions, aided by his youthful vigor, restored him to health and strength.

Dissatisfied with his nautical experience he abandoned a seafaring life forever, though his experience and knowledge thus acquired afterward saved the lives of several others as well as his own, having learned to box the compass, hand reef and steer, as well as to take the longitude and latitude, or reckonings, of the ship, and having acquired other practical nautical knowledge.

Over forty years afterward, on a voyage from San Francisco to Mazatlan, Mexico, the General and his wife were passengers on a ship of which the owner was its captain. It was his first voyage to that port, and in a storm he had lost his reckonings, and found the vessel near a group of islands whose location he was unfamiliar with. Consultation with the mate resulted in a disagreement as to the course to be steered and measures to be adopted for safety. The mate, who had learned of the General's knowledge of navigation and experience at sea, recommended his selection as an umpire to decide by the chart and otherwise which of the parties was in the right. The captain consented, and on examination of the chart the mate was found to be correct, but the danger being imminent, both prevailed on the General to take command, which he did, and soon extricated the ship

from her perilous course and retained command until she safely reached port. The captain's wife and Mrs. Shields, having ascertained that there was some trouble about the ship's course, were surprised on reaching the deck to hear the General issuing orders in clarion tones to the seamen and standing barefoot at the wheel, which was the first notice that they had of a change of captains. In gratitude for the General's services the captain insisted upon returning the fares of the captain pro tem and his wife.

While Shields was then in Mexico the French and Mexicans were at war. The French were in control of the town and issued orders that persons and their property would be protected only by placing themselves under French protection. The General's party had a number of mules and horses, intended for use at their mines, and the French government had them placed on an island for their better protection from Mexican guerrillas who infested the neighborhood. Some of the Mexicans swam to the island one night, mounted and swam one of the mules ashore. Others followed, and by this means the whole herd was stolen. General Shields went to the French commander to complain, but was ordered out of his headquarters. He then rode to the Mexican camp, where he was well received by the Mexican commander, who remembered Shields' record for bravery in the Mexican war, and as a compliment had him review the Mexican troops. He was highly entertained by the Mexicans and the stolen mules were returned; but when the General returned to town the French commander arrested and imprisoned him. After being under arrest over night he was released through the influence of the American consul, who informed the French governor that if the prisoner was not released immediately the American government would take steps to have him removed from control in Mexico. As the result of this threat Shields was set at liberty without delay.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in his "Irish Letters in America," says that Shields, whom he knew very well,

was a lieutenant in the Florida war while in his teens. The Irish World and Donahoe's Magazine corroborate this statement. He undoubtedly served in some volunteer corps, as the United States adjutant-general's reports of that war show four of his name as privates, but none as a lieutenant.

The East offered few inducements to the enterprising when Shields ceased to be a sailor. Little is known of his career until he followed the star of empire westward and arrived in Illinois, where he taught school and afterward studied law. He settled in Kaskaskia, Randolph County, then an old French town, where his knowledge of the French language, his wit and genial disposition soon made him a general favorite. Kaskaskia was a Whig stronghold, but so great was Shields' popularity that in 1835 he was triumphantly elected a member of the Illinois Legislature, which then assembled at Vandalia. In that General Assembly he first met and had as colleagues President Lincoln, United States Senators Stephen A. Douglas, Baker, Palmer, Davis, McDougall and Trumbull, Generals Hardin, McClernard and others of their class. McClernard and Palmer still survive. They were all young, ambitious, energetic and studious, and have made themselves famous in different states, in the councils of the nation as well as in the military annals of the country.

Illinois from 1835 to 1865, through its native and adopted sons, did more to shape the policy of the nation, sway its destinies and win victories for it in war than any other state in the Union. Such men of indomitable will, blessed with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, knew that industry is genius. They burned midnight oil, and by a youth of toil earned an age of ease. Their aims were lofty and their success was attained by honorable means. They felt that they owed the world a lifetime of earnest endeavor, and were unassuming in manner, honest in act, truthful in word and self-sacrificing in spirit.

Study, serious thought and calm reflection were the sources of their wisdom, which are shown in the state

constitutions, the laws upon their statute books and in the decisions in the courts.

In Congress they favored the homestead law, which brought settlers to the Prairie State. They aided the Illinois Central Railroad Company to build its thoroughfare through the state, which proved a great blessing to its inhabitants, while the permission granted to aliens to acquire and possess land in Illinois, together with the allowance of ten per cent. interest on loans of money, brought vast amounts of capital to develop and improve the commonwealth.

It was from such well springs of wisdom that Illinois rose to prominence, and by their aid, in a great measure, she has been enabled to fulfill the most sanguine expectations of her admirers and friends, until she stands to-day the pride and glory of the nation, as well as of the great West, of which she is so important a part.

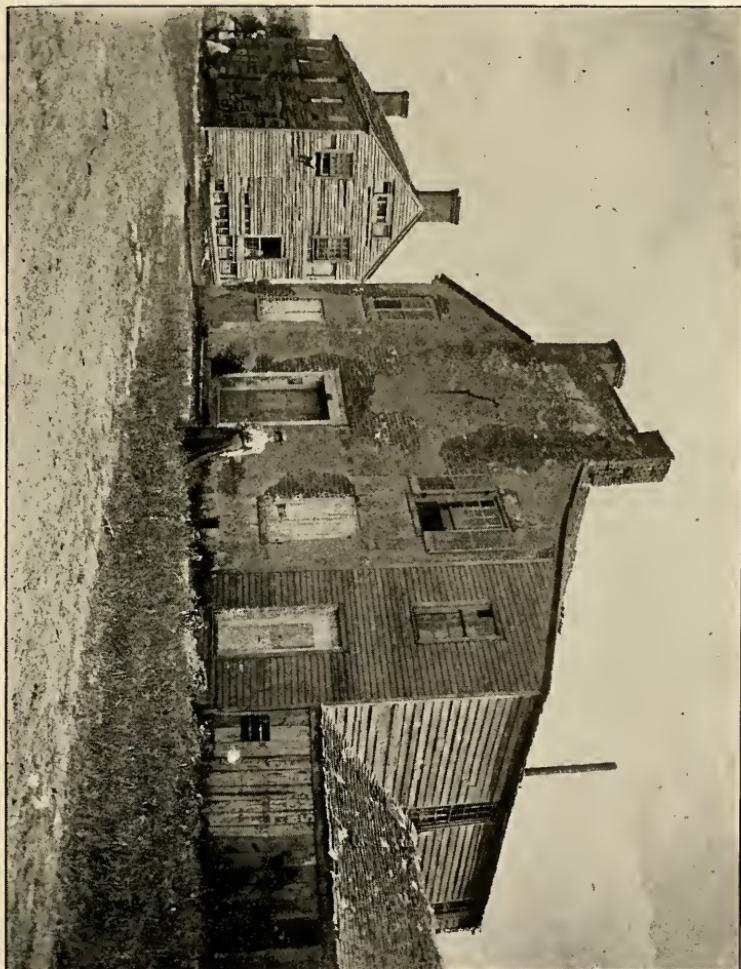
THE PASSING OF KASKASKIA.

Illinois' First Capital Almost Entirely Obliterated by the Mississippi
—Some of the Events Which Made It a Historic Spot—Governor Cole's Curious Prophecy.

Kaskaskia, the second oldest town of Illinois, once the state capital and a historic Indian spot, has been practically destroyed by the encroachments of the Mississippi River. But two hundred feet of the site of the old town remain, and these will be swept away in a short time. Where once stood the business, political and social metropolis of the entire Northwest, the waters of the Mississippi now roll. Where Lafayette kissed the prettiest girls of the then frontier is now ruin. Kaskaskia is no more.

"Sir, when the waters of the Mississippi, generations hence, are traversed by carriers of commerce from all parts of the world; when there shall live west of the Father of Waters a people greater in numbers than the present popu-

This is probably the oldest building in Kaskaskia. In it was held the session of the First Territorial Legislature of Illinois. It was one of the first, if not the first, brick building built west of the Alleghany mountains. The bricks in it were made in Pittsburg, Pa., and sent down the Ohio and up the Mississippi river on keel boats. The house on the left was formerly a hotel.



lation of the United States; when, sir, the power of England, always malevolent, shall have waned to nothing, and the eagles and stars of our national arms be recognized and honored in all parts of the globe; when the old men and the children of to-day shall have been gathered to their fathers and their graves have been obliterated from the face of the earth, Kaskaskia will still remember and honor your name. Sir, as the commercial queen of the West, she welcomes you to a place within her portals. So long as Kaskaskia exists your name and praises shall be sung by her."

So Governor Edward Coles, executive head of Illinois in 1825, spoke to General Lafayette at Kaskaskia seventy-six years ago. And now Kaskaskia itself is removed from the face of the earth. Time is ruthless and man a child, building houses of sand on a shore where the waves always destroy.

Kaskaskia was an Indian camping-place prior to 1673, and for many decades after that time. Its name came from the Kaskaskia tribe, a subdivision of the principal tribe of the territory—the L-in-ni-wek. Cahokia was an older settlement than Kaskaskia, but the latter for generations was the more important point. Both were situated close by the Mississippi and not far from the mouth of the Missouri, directly on the great highways of the early traders and hunters. Their climate was mild, the soil productive and the vast forests full of game, of nut and fruit bearing trees and of vines. For years after their permanent settlement, both Cahokia and Kaskaskia were protected by the guns and soldiers of Fort Chartres. About this fort also grew up the forgotten towns of St. Philip, New Chartres and Prairie du Rocher. In 1722, at Kaskaskia, there was erected a parish church, a stone residence for the Jesuit priests and large mills and storehouses. In proportion to its population at the time Kaskaskia transacted more mercantile business in 1722 than Chicago did in 1860.

Illinois at this time comprised over one-half of the present territory of the state and all that country between the Arkansas and the forty-third parallel of north latitude,

from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. It included the present states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and parts of Arkansas and Colorado. These were the times when the resentful Chickasaws, happening one winter morning to capture several distinguished Frenchmen then ruling at Kaskaskia—Artaguiette, Vincennes, Father Senat, Tisne and young Pierre St. Ange—drove stakes into the ground and burned their captives alive. So, later at Kaskaskia, a white commander, taking offense at a minor crime committed by a negro slave (slaves were plentiful there), ordered him, too, to be burned at the stake and his ashes to be scattered on the bosom of the river. But, generally speaking, life was peaceful and happy at Kaskaskia. The settlers recognized but one church. The architecture of their houses partook of the simplicity of those who dwelt within. The house was a single story, surmounted by a thatch of prairie grass, rested upon four posts, whose rough sides were concealed by horizontal cross-ties, and whose interstices were filled in with clay and straw in lieu of mortar. The main entrance was protected by a primitive porch or shed. The floors were made of puncheons.

The agricultural implements were wooden plows, without a colter, and carts without iron. The people usually plowed with oxen, which were yoked by the horns rather than by the neck. Horses were driven tandem. Yet thousands of acres were under cultivation and yielded bountiful crops. Corn was raised only for the hogs and for hominy. Butter was made by shaking cream in a bottle, or by breaking it in a bowl with a spoon. As high as 4,000 sacks of flour a year were shipped to New Orleans. At the end of mass on Sunday there were always games, cards, idle gossip and dancing, the latter the favorite sport of the frontier. A year's board and lodging cost merely two months' work for your landlord—one month of plowing and one month of harvesting.

Yet with the primitive simplicity of their lives these pioneers were drunkards, slaves owners, given to debauchery, cruel and unjust to the Indians, holding a woman's

will as light as thistle-down. Kaskaskia was French and really did not have a so-called high moral atmosphere until after the Anglo-Kelt came into possession of its land.

In 1766 the French built for the protection of Kaskaskia and vicinity a fort, which cost 1,000,000 crowns, or the equivalent of about \$1,000,000 in United States money. At that time it was the best-built fort in North America. It was from this fort that Neyon de Villiers was dispatched to aid in overcoming "M. de Wachenston" (Washington), who was then fighting for England in the Ohio country. It was in sight of Kaskaskia that the French flag last flapped its folds on the North American continent, and there that it was taken down, never to go up again, the flag of England temporarily taking its place. Here, too, Pontiac, the great Indian chief, breathed his last. After the uprising of his band and allies and their defeat by the whites, Pontiac paid a visit to his old friends at St. Louis—Chouteau and St. Ange. Learning that a large party of Indians were carousing at Cahokia and Kaskaskia, Pontiac visited them. He drank deeply, and while drunk his death was planned. One Williamson, an English trader, hired a strolling Kaskaskia Indian for a barrel of whisky to take his life. This he did by stealing up behind him and burying a tomahawk in his brains. He lay on the spot where he had fallen until St. Ange, hearing of his end, claimed the body, removed it to St. Louis and there it was buried. At Fort Chartres, October 10, 1765, England formally took possession of the Illinois country. At that time Kaskaskia contained a population of 700; Prairie du Rocher, 110; New Chartres, 220, and Cahokia, 450. The mixed character of the population at the time is illustrated by the record of a marriage of a French soldier at Prairie du Rocher to an Englishwoman by a French priest in the British province of Illinois. The soldier was from the Spanish city of St. Louis.

Phillip Francois de Rastel, Chevalier de Rocheblave, a Frenchman in the service of England, was in command at Kaskaskia as early as October, 1776. In 1778 Kaskaskia was furnishing supplies and munitions of war to the

scattered settlements of Kentucky subject to Indian raids. It was Colonel George Rogers Clark, who, in 1777, determined on seizing the then Northwest for the struggling thirteen colonies. His spies visited Kaskaskia that year and reported that the place could be captured. On the evening of July 4, 1778, Colonel Clark, with less than 180 soldiers, was within three miles of Kaskaskia. His object was to capture the town and Fort Gage, the latter having been built in 1736, destroyed by fire in 1766, and partially repaired afterward. The night of July 4 Colonel Clark captured the town and the fort without shedding a drop of blood. To the conquered inhabitants he gave this message from Patrick Henry:

“Although you are a conquered people, and as such are at the mercy of the conqueror, nevertheless the policy, no less than the desire, of the American government is to make you free, and if I can have surety of your zeal and attachment to the American cause you shall immediately enjoy the privileges of government and your property be secured to you.”

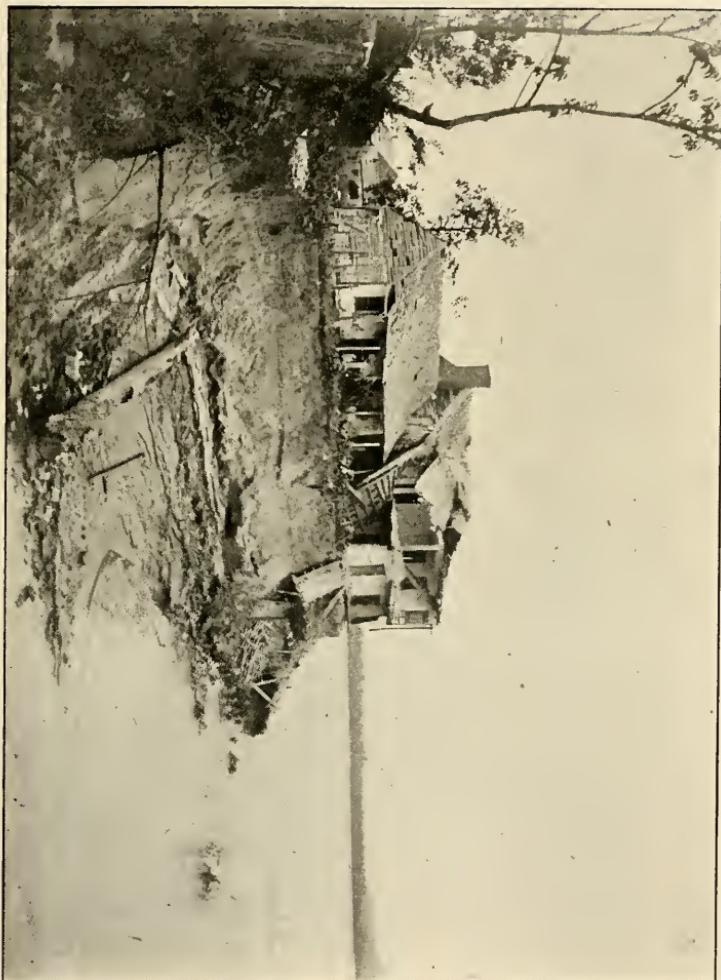
It was at Cahokia that Colonel Clark consummated treaties with twelve powerful and hitherto hostile Indian tribes. On February 7, 1779, the inhabitants of Kaskaskia came out in their holiday attire to bid adieu to Colonel Clark as he departed on the expedition to recapture Vincennes from the British. Father Gibault made a patriotic speech and “gave all the soldiers absolution.”

In May of 1779 Colonel John Todd of Kentucky became the first American governor of Illinois, with headquarters at Kaskaskia. Supplies were not always plentiful in the Kaskaskia country at that time. Witness this extract from the letter of a militia captain, describing the condition of his larder after a long siege by the Indians: “We are now able to drink brandy, taffia and wine, and with your (Colonel Clark’s) good assistance, whisky, too, but it has not made us so saucy but we can drink all the whisky you can send us.” It was at Kaskaskia, in 1780, that Colonel Moltin de la Balme, who had come to this country with Lafayette, organized an expedition for the

capture of Detroit. He was killed at the River Aboite. Governor St. Clair arrived at Kaskaskia in 1790, and then St. Clair County was named after him. Randolph County was created in 1795 and Kaskaskia became the county seat. Aaron Burr was at Kaskaskia in 1806, engaged in his great scheme of forming Mexico into an independent republic, of which he should be president. His arrest the fall of that year "for treasonable practices" put an end to the plan. Disease was as common in those days as now, and Kaskaskia did not escape. Malignant fevers were common. A prevalent disease was what was called the "fever and ague." It was not, howeyer, a fatal disease, and generally yielded to the then universal remedies of "tartar emetic, calomel and jalap and Peruvian bark." Another disease peculiar to these times was the "milk-sick," which, it was claimed, was induced by drinking the milk or eating the butter or meat of an animal affected with poison. The sickness was generally fatal to both man and beast. The first Illinois land office was established at Kaskaskia in 1804. The inhabitants of the town at that time wore dressed skins of the deer, wolf or fox, while those of the buffalo and elk supplied them with covering for their feet and hands. Their log cabins were destitute of glass, nails, hinges or locks. The furniture and household utensils were home-made. Spoons were pewter and knives and forks iron. Crimes against person, property or public order were of so infrequent occurrence as to be practically unknown. Good farm land sold for forty cents an acre. The women manufactured homespun garments. A "feast" consisted of johnny cake, bacon, bear and deer meat, turkey and an abundance of vegetables. Whisky was drunk by the men, women and children.

Large stores existed in Kaskaskia early in the century. They supplied at wholesale or retail the "villages of St. Louis, St. Genevieve and Cape Girardeau." A heavy and profitable trade was carried on with New Orleans and Pittsburg. Transportation was by oxen overland, or flat barges on the rivers. The first lawyer in Illinois—John Rice Jones—settled in Kaskaskia in 1790. It was at Kas-

This is the Chenue House, formerly called the Union Hotel, at which it is said LaFayette was entertained. The river having gradually undermined



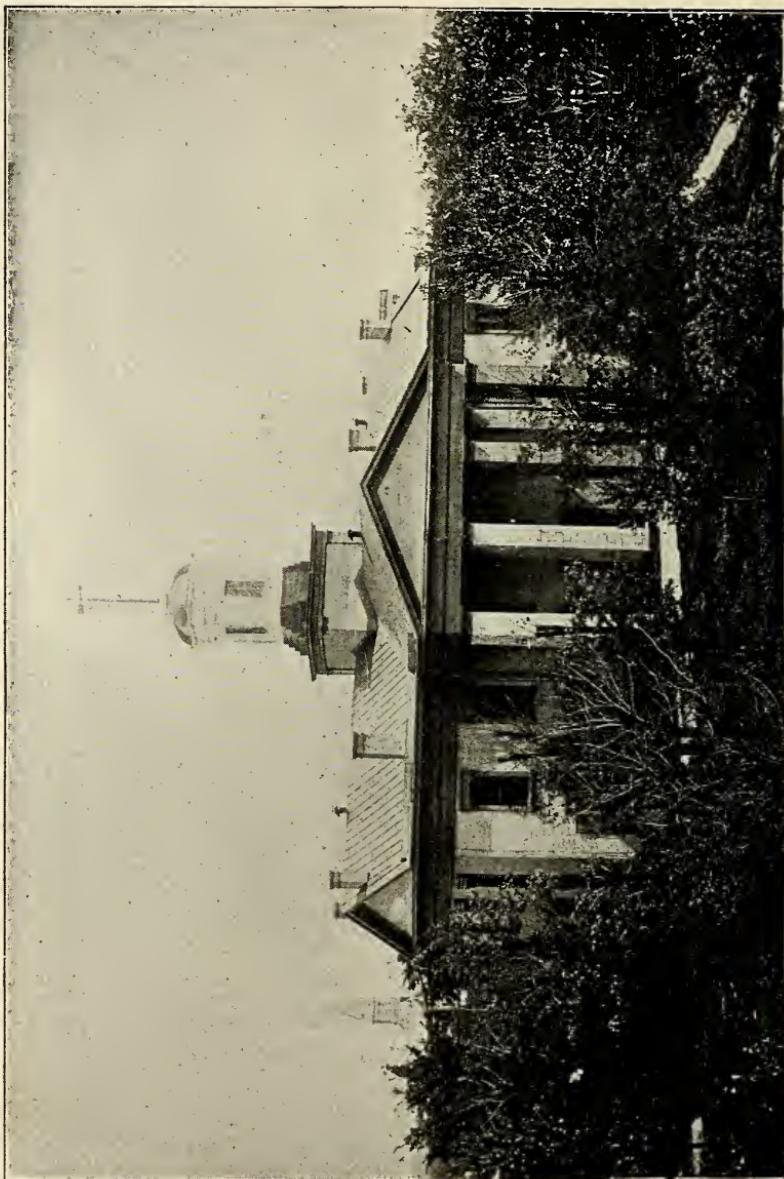
kaskia that his son, Rice Jones, was assassinated in 1806. Isaac Darnielle, the second lawyer in the state, settled at Cahokia. Governor Reynolds said of him that "while he was never married according to law, to all appearances he was never without a wife or wives." Nathaniel Pope, the father of Major-General John Pope, settled at Kaskaskia in 1808. William Morrison, a relative of former Congressman William R. Morrison, was also a resident of Kaskaskia. His stone residence was one of the finest in the town. Pierre Hypolite and Francois Menard came to Kaskaskia in 1790 and were prominent in the early history of the state. Looking over the account books of some of the early merchants of the town, the scale of prices is found. A pound of coffee or sugar or a quart of whisky cost 50 cents. Lard was 25 cents a pound and flour \$8 a barrel. Bohea tea was 66 2-3 cents per pound. The price of calico per yard was 50 cents; corn, 50 cents a bushel; nails, 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound; hams, 25 cents per pound. Governor Edwards had saw and grist mills at Kaskaskia and stores. He was the foremost merchant of his day. The first pork-packing establishment in Illinois was established at Kaskaskia. The first General Assembly of the state met there, and Pierre Menard was president of the council. One doorkeeper was sufficient for both bodies, and all the members were entertained at one tavern.

The legislators at Kaskaskia determined that forgers should be punished with exposure in the pillory three hours; bigamy, by whipping and later by death; larceny, by whipping; Sabbath-breaking, by a fine; profanity, by a fine; drunkenness, by placing in the stocks; dueling was called murder. Slaves were among the taxable articles. A reward of \$50 was paid for every Indian killed in white territory. If he was killed in his own land the reward was increased to \$100. One of the federal judges who presided at Kaskaskia was described as "a correct, honest man, a good lawyer; paid his debts and sung David's psalms." Cahokia was settled in 1699. Kaskaskia was founded in 1707, was half a century older than Cincinnati and had passed the meridian of its fame and into the deca-

dence of the sere and yellow leaf before Chicago was more than a spot. In its best days the population did not exceed 800 whites. The state capital was removed from it in 1821, and it ceased to be the county seat of Randolph County after 1847. The floods of 1844 dealt it a deadly blow. For over half a century, however, it was the metropolis of the upper Mississippi Valley, and during this period it was the Mecca of all explorers and the focus of commerce in the Northwest Territory. Governor Coles and General Lafayette had become friends in France, and when Lafayette returned to this country in 1825 he was persuaded to visit Kaskaskia. The legislature extended the invitation and appropriated one-third of the tax receipts of that year (\$6,473) for the General's entertainment. Lafayette came from St. Louis on the Natchez, and was received at the residence of General John Edgar, and later given a sumptuous dinner at the tavern of Colonel Sweet. The entertainment concluded with a ball at the stone mansion of William Morrison.

The remorseless Mississippi has now practically taken the last of the historic ground and swept it as silt out to the gulf and the ocean beyond. Where all these great and little men of one hundred and two hundred years ago trod and planned and worked, just as men do in this day, there are now muddy waters and quicksands. Nevertheless the history of Kaskaskia is one of the most important chronicles in the story of the Northwest, and the tale of the first beginnings of the republic.

In the Legislature at that time appeared Abraham Lincoln—the incomparable—very tall, six feet four inches, awkward, ungainly, careless in dress and appearance, entirely free from vanity, averse to display, void of self-assurance, and serious of countenance. Kind, sincere, earnest and impressive in speech, blessed with good sense and proverbially sound judgment, intelligent, ambitious and of acknowledged sterling integrity. It is no wonder that, thus equipped in that arena, when wisdom and worth were more highly prized than power and pelf, Lincoln wielded great influence in his party.



STATE HOUSE AT VANDALIA WHERE SHIELDS SERVED AS MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

He was the undisputed leader of the Whigs during the session, while Stephen A. Douglas, well-built, though but five feet five in height, with a massive head, covered with curly black hair, was the leader of the Democrats.

He was noted for sound sense, good judgment, great self-confidence, a remarkable memory, keen perception, with a strong, penetrating voice. His manner of speaking was earnest, impassioned and effective. As a Jacksonian Democrat of ability and energy, he was ever on the alert to score a point for his party.

James Shields was a man of medium height, five feet nine, slight in build, urbane, witty, bright, intelligent, resolute and energetic. In dress he was scrupulously neat, in manner courteous, frank and manly. In speaking, he was lucid, forcible and fearless, always master of his subject and well equipped for attack or defense. It would be strange if such a charming personality did not soon become one of the most popular members of such an assembly of truly great men. He was a well-read lawyer, thoroughly versed in the principles of law and equity, and was warmly attached to his profession, which determines the criterions of right and wrong, which seeks to establish right and prevent or punish wrong, and as a science investigates the causes of existing evils, while as an art it applies proper remedies therefor, "whose seat is the bosom of God, and whose voice is the harmony of the world."

Nearly all of those whose names are hereinbefore mentioned in connection with the annals of the Prairie State were members of the legal profession. The republic in a great measure owes its existence and perpetuity to lawyers, much as carping critics have unjustly derided this deservedly honored class of citizens, from whose ranks wise legislators ever have been, and always will be, recruited. None can be so well prepared to amend existing laws, repeal obnoxious statutes or frame new and desirable enactments as members of the legal profession, since, having opportunities to discover the evil that affects the body politic, they possess the skill to suggest the necessary remedies.

It is to be regretted that many estimable people, and some reputable newspapers, seem to think it smart to ridicule or deride lawyers, while they pour out unstinted praise at the feet of judges, many of whom never were, and never will be, lawyers, but are merely skillful politicians. In early days, history records the fact that colonial governors of this country complained to their home governments of the troubles brought about by a class of men who had taken up the study of Blackstone, and such complaints are fine tributes to the patriotism of colonial lawyers. Every lawyer must be proud to belong to the profession which furnished more signers of the Declaration of Independence than all others—lawyers being more than the majority of those immortals.

In every contest that has arisen since 1776, in peace and in war, in storm and in battle, lawyers have proven themselves patriots and heroes. In the War of 1812 they addressed their fellow-citizens, roused their enthusiasm, shouldered the musket with them, or were elected by them to lead in the paths of glory, which too often led but to the grave. In the Mexican War, in every company of volunteers, lawyers were found—first on danger line, “in battle’s stern array.” No regiment of volunteers from any state can be named that participated in that conflict in which at least a score of lawyers were not enrolled, and whether among the rank or file or elsewhere, they always did their level best and were second to none.

In the Civil War the influence of the legal profession was the greatest of all—in fact, greater than all others combined. Without lawyers’ speeches ranks would have been thin and regiments but skeletons.

Adjutant-generals’ reports in every state will show that over a hundred lawyers fought for the integrity of the Union to one banker, capitalist or editor. They fought and fell on many an ensanguined field, and by so doing proved their fidelity to the eternal principles of right which they learned as students, and to love the institutions under which they lived, to maintain which and transmit to future generations many of them poured out their last drop of blood.

Peace to their ashes! Never shall their memory fade while valor and patriotism are cardinal virtues of Americans, and Liberty has devotees in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

Little that would be of special interest to readers was accomplished by Shields during that session of the Legislature. Lincoln and Douglas attacked or defended as leaders, while Shields was one of Douglas' most active supporters, yet his manner was so agreeable that, while he was a hard hitter, he made no personal enemies. Committees are the eyes and ears of all legislative assemblies. In them hard workers and profound thinkers frequently distinguish themselves, though some of them are seldom heard on the floor. In committee, measures are perfected for presentation, and much tact and wisdom are shown in such meetings, of which no note is taken by the assembly. Yet reputations are often made and lost in committees. Parliamentary law, as well as political sagacity, is frequently brought into play, saving a good measure or defeating a bad one. It was as a shrewd lawyer, more than as a politician, that Shields distinguished himself during the session by his work in committee.

CHAPTER V.

State Auditor—How He Saved the State Credit and Made Political Enemies Thereby—How Lincoln Attacked Him Anonymously, and How Miss Todd, the Future Mrs. Lincoln, and Miss Jayne, the Future Mrs. Trumbull, Also Ridiculed Him Through the Press Anonymously—Lincoln's Espousal of the Paternity of the Articles in Question—His Refusal of a Retraction Upon Shields' Demand—Shields' Challenge of Lincoln—Actions of His and Lincoln's Seconds—Intervention of Friends—Start for the Place of Meeting, and the Sequel.

The next office which Shields held was that of state auditor for two terms. During his second term the effects

of the panic of 1837 were severely felt in Illinois, and it was only by Shields insisting upon the payment of taxes in silver or gold that the state credit was maintained, while that of many other states was ruined. Much credit having resulted to him and the Democracy of the state by the wisdom shown in adhering to this rule, the Whigs sought to despoil him of his civic honors by ridicule, and Lincoln led the attack in an anonymous letter, dated August 27, 1842, signed "Rebecca of the Lost Townships."

Before writing it he disclosed his purpose to Miss Todd, Lincoln's future wife, and Miss Jayne, whom Senator Lyman Trumbull subsequently married. They encouraged him in his project, and offered to lend their aid, which offer they made good by writing one letter in prose and another in verse.

Lincoln had the columns of the Springfield Journal, a Whig newspaper, at his disposal, and directed the letter to "Mr. Printer," and had it published. It and the other two letters, as well as all the correspondence connected therewith or resulting therefrom, can be found in Herndon's real Life of Lincoln, which is in three volumes, now out of print, it is said, because his son Robert purchased the original plates and had them destroyed. It is believed that his object in so doing was to clear up some ancestral points, or to remove a cloud therefrom, as well as to wipe out some particulars relating to the duel in question. However, those that desire to get the bottom facts in regard to these particulars can do so by applying at the public libraries of most of the large cities, in which the three volumes containing Herndon's entire life of Lincoln can be found. Most other lives of Lincoln are mere parodies on his real life, written for revenue only or for the purpose of hiding or apologizing for some very important facts in regard to his ancestors, or events in his own career.

The style of the first letter written against Shields by Lincoln alone may be ascertained from the following extracts, which refer to a conversation between Rebecca and another farmer: "How are you, Jeff?" "Why," says he, "I'm mad as the devil, Aunt 'Becca.' 'What about?' says I.

'Ain't its hair the right color?' 'None of that nonsense, Jeff; there ain't an honest woman in the Lost Townships.' "

Her husband speaks of the "damn officers of state," for requiring taxes to be paid in silver, "that Shields may get his \$2,400 a year." Denouncing that notice, or rule, the husband says: "That's a lie; I say, it is a lie. Is there anything in law requiring them (collectors), at the bidding of James Shields, to perjure themselves? Will the greedy gullet of the penitentiary be satisfied with swallowing him instead of all of them, if they should venture to obey him? Why, Shields didn't believe the story himself; it was never meant for the truth. If it was true, why didn't Carl Lynn and Carpenter sign it as well as Shields? I say it is a lie, and not a well-told one at that. It grins like a copper dollar. Shields is a fool, as well as a liar. With him truth is out of the question, and as for getting a good, bright, passable lie out of him, you might as well try to strike fire out of a piece of tallow. Shields is a Whig, and the auditor of this Locofoco—I mean Democratic—state. If I was deaf and blind I could tell him by the smell."

Then Lincoln describes a fair "where married women and widows and all the gals about town were finickin' about tied tight in the middle and puffed out at both ends, like bundles of fodder that hadn't been stacked yet, but wanted stackin' pretty bad, and fellows were bowin' and scrapin' and conjurin' about 'em." They wouldn't let no Democrats in for fear they would disgust the ladies or scare the little gals or dirty the floor. I looked in at the window, and there was this same fellow Shields floatin' about in the air, without heft or earthly substance, just like a lock of cat fur where cats had been fighting. His very features, in the ecstatic agony of his soul, spoke audibly and distinctly: Dear girls, it is distressing, but I cannot marry you all. Too well I know how much you suffer; but do, do remember it is not my fault that I am so handsome and so interesting. As the last was expressed by a most exquisite contortion of his face, he seized hold of one of their hands and squeezed and held onto it about a

quarter of an hour. If that was one of our Democratic gals in the Lost Townships, he'd get a brass pin let into him about up to the head. He's no Democrat. Nobody but a Whig could make such a conceited dunce of himself. I'll be a Democrat if it turns out that Shields is a Whig.

"Mr. Printer, let me know whether Shields is a Whig or a Democrat. It may help to send the present hypocritical set to where they belong and to fill the places they now disgrace with men who will do more work for less pay and take on fewer airs while they are doing it. If some change for the better is not made, any of us will not have a cow left to milk or a calf's tail to wring."

Within a week another epistle from Aunt Rebecca appeared, written by Miss Todd and Miss Jayne. The closing part of it reads as follows:

"You say that Mr. S. is offended at being compared to cat's fur, and is as mad as a March hare (that ain't fur) because I told you about squeezin'. Now, I want you to tell Mr. S. that rather than fight I'll make an apology, and if he wants personal satisfaction let him only come here and he may squeeze my hand as hard as I squeezed the butter, and if that ain't personal satisfaction I can only say that he is the first man that was not satisfied with squeezin' my hand. If this should not answer, there is one thing more that I would rather do than get a lickin'. I have long expected to die a widow, but as Mr. S. is rather good looking than otherwise, I must say I don't care if we compromise the matter by—really, Mr. Printer. I can't help blushing, but I—it must come out—I—but widowed modesty—well, if I must I must—wouldn't he—maybe sorter let the old grudge drop if I was to consent to—be—be—h-i-s w-i-f-e? I know he is a fighting man and would rather fight than eat, but isn't marryin' better than fightin', though it does sometimes run into it? But I don't think, upon the whole, that I'd be such a bad match, neither; I'm not over sixty, and am just four feet three in my bare feet, and not much more around the girth, and as for color—I wouldn't turn my back to nary a gal in the Lost Townships. But, after all, maybe I'm countin' my chickens before they are hatched, and dreamin' of matrimonial bliss, when the only alternative reserved for me may be a lickin'. Jeff tells me that the way those fire-eaters do is to give

the challenged party a choice of weapons, etc., which bein' the case, I'll tell you in confidence that I never fights with anything but broomsticks or hot water, or a shovelful of coals or some such thing, the former of which, bein' somewhat like a shillalah, may not be very objectionable to him. I will give him choice, however, in one thing, and that is whether, when we fight, I shall wear breeches or he petticoats, for I presume that change is sufficient to place us on an equality. Yours, etc.,

REBECCA."

"P. S.—Jist say to your friend, if he concludes to marry rather than fight, I shall only enforce one condition—that if he should ever happen to gallant young gals home from our house of nights, he must not squeeze their hands."

These ladies wrote poetry, signed "Cathleen," in which Shields is spoken of as "The pride of the North from Emerald Isle," and they wrote of his "soft-blarnied store" as "relics of yore." Shields was made the object of merriment and ridicule on every side. When Shields demanded the name of the author of the letters, the editor consulted Lincoln, who told the editor of the Journal "to give his name and say nothing about the ladies."

Shields wrote Lincoln, and gave the note to General Whiteside to deliver to Lincoln, who, he was informed, was the author of the article in question, requesting him to retract the offensive allusions contained in said articles in relation to his private character. Lincoln refused to answer the first note, claiming that it contained a menace. Shields wrote another, disavowing any intention to menace, and requesting a retraction of the offensive matter in relation to his private character. Lincoln refused to answer unless the first note was withdrawn.

Shields then chose Whiteside as his second, who found Lincoln in an adjoining circuit, forewarned of the challenge. Lincoln chose broadswords, insisting upon their being of the same size in all respects, and since dueling was forbidden by law in Illinois, both parties and their seconds started for Missouri. Lincoln's friends suggested leaving the matter to four friends for settlement. Shields

declined to leave it to any other than the friend he had selected to stand by him on that occasion. The friends of both parties, however, withdrew the papers temporarily, so that Lincoln's friends could explain, when they explained fully, without Shields' knowledge, who refused to accede to the arrangement until his three friends declared the apology sufficient.

Lincoln abandoned his defense of the ladies, and said: "I did write the Lost Townships letter of the 2d instant, but had no participation in any form in any other article. I had no intention of injuring your personal or private character, or offending you as a man or a gentleman, and I did not then think, and do not now think, that that article could produce, or has produced, that effect against you, and had I anticipated such an effect I would have forborene to write it. And I will add that your conduct toward me, so far as I know, had always been gentlemanly, and that I had no personal grudge against you and no cause for any."

Shields certainly had nothing to blush for in this proceeding. No gentleman of spirit of that day of dueling could obtain satisfaction in any other manner from one who had reflected on his character and upon demand had neglected or refused to apologize or retract. To mutely submit to such ridicule as was contained in those articles would be to play the coward. Even in our day and hour, what public officer of equal importance would tamely submit to be told that he should feed "the greedy gullet of the penitentiary," and to have his rules denounced as requirements "to commit perjury." To be called "a fool as well as a liar" and to have it said "truth with him was out of the question," and to have it circulated through the press that his personal habits were such that the writer was justified in saying, "If I was deaf and blind I could tell him by the smell," were things that no spirited man would submit to. He and his associates were accused of filling places that they disgraced, and of "taking on airs" at a fair that they would not be admitted to, "for fear they would disgust the ladies, or scare the little gals, or

dirty the floor." Shields was depicted as "floatin' about in the air, without the heft or earthly substance, just like a lock of cat fur where cats had been fighting," and to have it said that "nobody but a Whig could make such a conceited dunce of himself" was anything but pleasant.

No one would fail to demand satisfaction from the author of such ridicule and reflections, or could avoid feeling hurt to find that they emanated from Lincoln and his lady friends. How unjust and unprovoked they were appears from Lincoln's letter on the subject when, writing to Shields, he was compelled to admit that "your conduct toward me, so far as I know, had always been gentlemanly. I had no personal grudge against you and no cause for any."

It was well known that Lincoln was to marry Miss Todd, whom he had abandoned or shunned on the day set for their wedding, about a year and a half previous, and when Shields learned through his second that she and Miss Jayne had written some of the letters, of which Lincoln had assumed the authorship, Shields promptly withdrew his challenge and accepted the explanation heretofore referred to.

Many imagined that Lincoln's great reach and his requirements in regard to the size and length of the swords to be used, and other precautions taken by him, would have secured his safety in the event of the duel, but since Shields, before he left Ireland, was a good swordsman, and had taught fencing in Quebec sixteen years before, and all through life claimed that he feared to face no man with the sword, the result of the duel would be apt to have been different from that anticipated, based, as it was, upon the disparity in size of the combatants.

Merriman, Lincoln's second, as well as Whiteside, Shields' representative, concede Shields' bravery and high sense of honor shown thus early, when he may have been supposed by people in general to have been only a carpet knight.

All that Herndon, Lincoln's real historian, could induce Lincoln to say of this duel is that Lincoln was will-

ing to forget the duel with Shields. In after years he seldom, if ever, referred to it. Herndon says: "In 1858, in the Eastern states, I was often asked for an account of the duel, and told Lincoln of it." "If all the good things I have ever done," he said regretfully, "are remembered as long and as well as my scrape with Shields, it is plain I shall not be forgotten."

CHAPTER VI.

Shields Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois—His Illustrious Associates—Distinguished Practitioners and Leaders of the Bar of Illinois—Appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington by President Polk—His Plan for an Irish Colony in Iowa—Resignation as Land Commissioner.

Shields' unparalleled success as a financier during the two terms that he was auditor of the state of Illinois rendered him so popular that on August 16, 1843, the governor of the state appointed him justice of the Supreme Court of the state of Illinois, Stephen A. Douglas having resigned therefrom June 28, 1843. Justice Semple's term expired August 16, 1843, and Shields was appointed to fill the vacancy. By law the terms of the justices of the court expired at the end of the next succeeding session of the Legislature. On February 17, 1845, the General Assembly elected Shields justice of that court. His commission was dated February 18, and his resignation therefrom bears date April 2, 1845. His associates during the different portions of the terms that he was on the Supreme bench were William Wilson, Samuel D. Lockwood, Thomas C. Browne, Thomas Ford, Sydney Breese, Walter B. Scates, Samuel H. Treat, John D. Caton, Richard M. Young, Jesse B. Thomas, Gustavus P. Koerner and Norman H. Purple.

The following are a few of the great lawyers who practiced at the bar when Shields was on the Supreme bench: Abraham Lincoln, Lyman Trumbull, E. B. Wash-

burne, John M. Palmer, J. A. McDougall, O. H. Brown-
ing, E. D. Baker, who, with the exception of Lincoln, be-
came United States senators of different states, J. J. Har-
din, J. Butterfield, J. Young Scammon, B. C. Cook, Ste-
phen T. Logan, O. Peters, H. O. Morrison, D. J. Baker,
J. C. Conkling, C. Gilman, N. Bushnell, W. A. Minshall,
W. F. Bryan, O. C. Pratt, B. S. Edwards, N. B. Judd, J.
Gillespie, C. S. Hempstead, W. H. Underwood, Grant
Goodrich, D. A. Smith, Josiah Lamborn, Isaac N. Arnold,
Patrick Ballengall, A. T. Bledsoe, C. Spring, William
Thomas and George Manierre.

The students of the history of Illinois and sister states, as well as of the nation, are familiar with many of these names. In peace and in war they rank high. As framers of constitutions, judges of federal and state courts, organizers of the Republican party—one of the greatest in America—during Lincoln's administration, as scholars, orators, legislators and statesmen of renown, no state in the Union at that time, or since, had greater men. They were hard students, profound thinkers and honest public servants.

It was by no chance—nor by family influence, wealth or lineage—that Shields attained such rank and acquired such eminence among associates whose names are immortal, and whose words and deeds will illumine historic pages for all time.

It cannot be said that there was anything of national importance in Justice Shields' decisions while on the Supreme bench. That he ranked high as a justice, that he was industrious, painstaking, impartial and strictly honest, never has been doubted. More than that no judge can be. He wore the ermine without a stain, and resigned the highest position which a lawyer can hold amid the regrets of his associates on the bench and of the great lawyers of the state.

At the bar, as a legislator in the House, as a financier in the auditor's office and on the bench, he had often been weighed in the balance and never found wanting. His extraordinary career had outleaped the boundaries of the

state and attracted the attention of the nation. His sphere of usefulness seemed to be unlimited. Without doubt many of his acquaintances often wondered if this marvelous man should prove "their morning's envy and their evening's sigh." Would his sun of prosperity never set, or would Fortune, which seemed to have adopted him for her son, prove a fickle goddess? Was Illinois broad enough to furnish scope for his comparatively limitless capacity and extraordinary abilities? Would he be called upon to adorn the highest elective office of the state, or what would become of him in the future? were, without question, the thoughts of many of his countrymen.

The fact is that Shields resigned from the Supreme bench to accept from President Polk the commissioner-generalship of the land office at Washington. While filling that position he had nearly every section of land in Iowa bored, tested and examined, with a view of establishing an Irish colony in that state, knowing that his countrymen were good farmers in Ireland, and that they longed to be free from landlords and to eat the bread of independence, raised by the sweat of their brow, upon farms of their own.

Shields was one of the pioneers in Irish colonization in America, which, unfortunately, Archbishop Hughes of New York throttled at its birth, through ignorance and short-sightedness, and thereby left the Irish emigrants, in many cases, the prey of the vile and designing in large cities, to eke out a miserable existence in unhealthy tenements, and often to be consigned to paupers' graves.

My recollection is that it was after Shields had served his six-year term as one of the senators from the state of Illinois that he spent some time in the city of New York, endeavoring to organize an Irish colony to settle in Iowa. He had discussed the matter with most of the prominent Irish Catholics in the East, who approved of it, and had succeeded in interesting several zealous, intelligent Catholic priests, and held meetings from time to time in their parishes. When matters had progressed so far that practical steps were to be inaugurated to fix the time of the

departure of a committee of investigation to go West with the General and others to select a location and devise ways and means to carry on the work, a meeting was held in the basement of one of the churches. Many of those present gave their views, the parish priest included, and the General furnished, as it seems, much of the information desired, and made such a favorable impression that everything was ripe for action, and bespoke success, when, to the surprise of all, a man stepped upon the platform, and, removing his disguise, he proved to be Archbishop Hughes. He at once frowned upon and denounced the undertaking in unstinted terms. He was very severe in censuring the priest, who, he said, was advising his parishioners and other good Catholics to imperil their faith by emigrating to the Western wilds, where they would be without the benefit of clergy, in danger of losing their souls, as well as exposing their bodies to the privations of frontier life. He practically broke up the meeting and prevented others being held. He was very careful in his remarks not to reflect upon the motives of General Shields, who spoke to the Archbishop as he descended from the platform, and said, in substance, that he regretted exceedingly to notice the failure of his grace's sight, whereupon the Archbishop remarked: "I was not aware that my sight was failing." "It was quite evident to me," said the General, "and to many of the audience that you can't see the length of your nose, otherwise you would not have delivered the address that you did, whereby you have frustrated my hopes and that of others for the present, and doomed many of your deluded followers in temporal affairs to be hewers of wood and drawers of water during their lives, and to leave their children without a reasonable hope of success in the future. You cannot prevent some of these people from getting homes in the fertile West and becoming independent there. They will go there singly, or in small groups, in preference to huddling here in great numbers to starve. They will go where there are no Catholic churches, and if other archbishops and bishops are as narrow as you are they will be left without priests or

churches, but that will be your fault, not theirs. No general sends a corporal's guard into an enemy's country, but he sends regiments and brigades, able to protect themselves and attack their enemies, and thereby merits success. Like him, I would take a colony, or advise one of a hundred or more heads of families, to settle in a county in the beautiful state of Iowa, along the banks of some beautiful stream, on as good land as the sun ever shone upon, which they can have for almost nothing, under the homestead law, which I helped to pass. It's as free as the air to those who have the enterprise to go and take it up. Think you such a colony would fail, after their cottages are built, to erect a church on the highest point in their midst, and to fit up a school in the basement? If you have any doubts on the subject, I haven't the slightest. They would thereby not only benefit themselves, but they would prove benefactors to your poorly-paid and apparently half-fed curates, one of whom they would invite to come and dwell in their midst as their honored parish priest. You, nor no other sensible man, can say truthfully that such a plan is not feasible, and that if carried out it would imperil the faith of those who engaged in it. The trouble is you and your subordinates think you build churches, but you do not, and never did to my knowledge. The people, the parishioners, the business men, the mechanics, the laborers and hired girls, with their savings, build them, and no others."

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the eminent poet, scholar and statesman, I believe, was present at that meeting. It is well known that he was one of the strongest advocates of colonization about that time, and would have succeeded but for Archbishop Hughes' opposition thereto. While the archbishop was a great patriot, and, at Lincoln's request, during the rebellion, went to France and materially assisted in preventing intervention by that nation, yet he was not omniscient, and, like other archbishops, erred in temporal affairs, as many believe some have done, when 'tis said that they have meddled in politics.

CHAPTER VII.

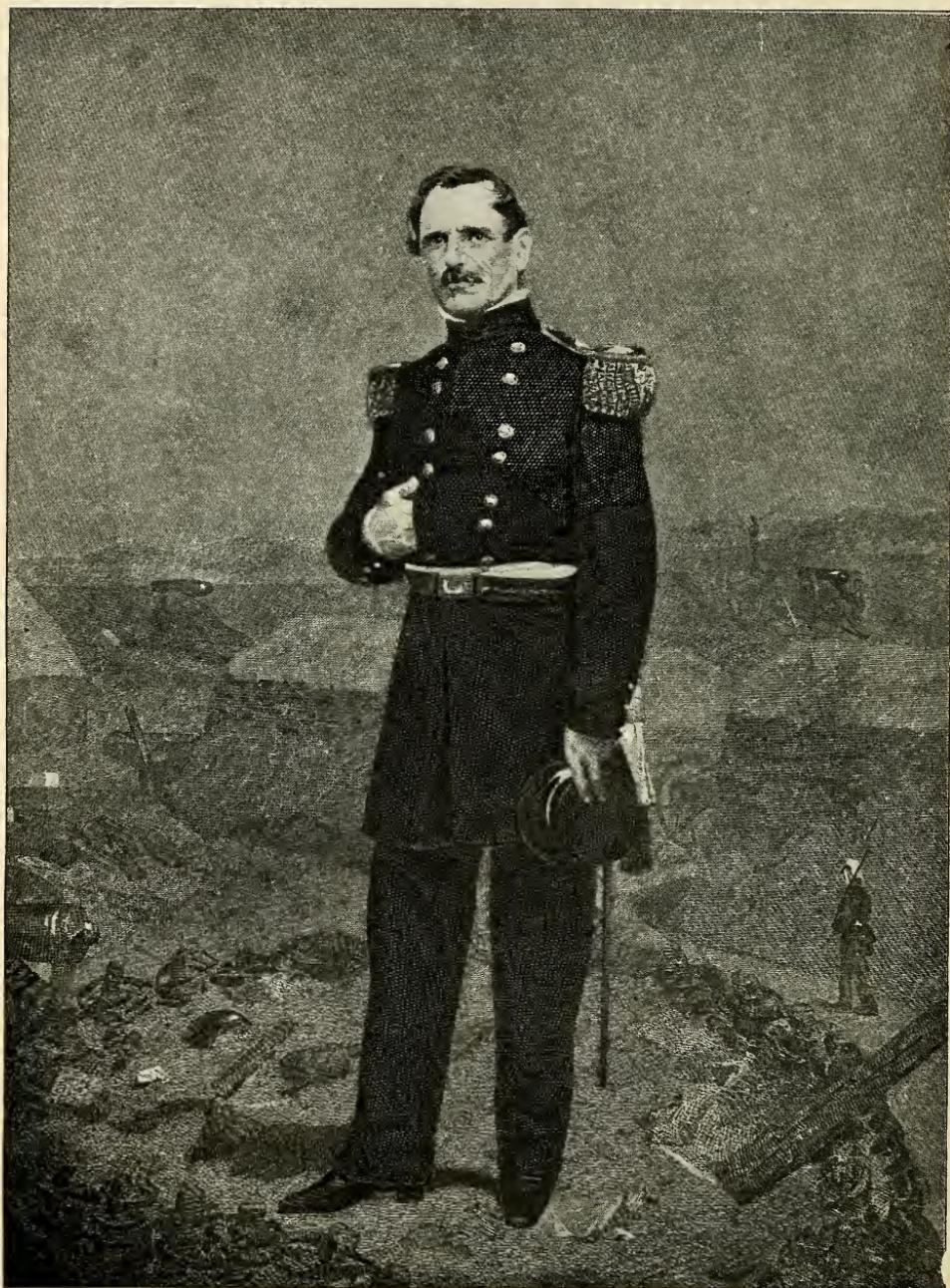
Resignation as Land Commissioner—Commission as Brigadier-General—Assigned to Command the Illinois Regiments—Transfer from Taylor to Scott—at Cerro Gordo a Grapeshot Passes Through His Body—Extraordinary Means Adopted to Save His Life—Irish Surgeon and French Doctor Push a Silk Handkerchief on a Ramrod Through His Right Lung and Out of His Back Near the Spine.

The language of Shields' resignation as land commissioner proclaims the soldier. It stated that he desired to assist in the Mexican War "in the field." From which it was evident that he was eager for the fray and that his idea of a volunteer's duty differed materially from that of a sutler's. He had never been in the public service—state or national—for revenue only.

On July 1, 1846, he was commissioned a brigadier-general and assigned to the command of the Illinois regiments. During that war he served respectively under Generals Taylor, Wool and Scott, but it was under the latter that he won most of his laurels.

Wilcox, in his history of the Mexican War, says:

"General Taylor, on August 17, 1846, organized the twelve-month volunteers into divisions and brigades, preparatory to moving on Monterey. The second division was commanded by Major-General Robert Patterson; First Brigade, Brigadier-General James Shields, two regiments afoot, Illinois and Missouri; Second Brigade, Brigadier-General Gideon J. Pillow, two regiments afoot and one of cavalry, all of Tennessee; Third Brigade, Brigadier-General John A. Quitman, three regiments afoot, one of Alabama, one of Georgia, one of Mississippi, and the Baltimore and Washington battalion.



GEN. SHIELDS IN MEXICO.

"On the 27th of October the Mexican garrison evacuated Tampico and General Taylor ordered Brigadier-General James Shields to proceed to that place, and upon his arrival to assume command.

"General Scott arrived at Tampico February 15, 1847, and instructed General Patterson after the order in which his troops should be embarked for Lobos Island, preparatory for the attack of Vera Cruz.

"Quitman's division, composed of Shields' brigade of two regiments—New York and South Carolina volunteers—and Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. Watson's brigade, in which were the Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, and a detachment of the United States marines, moved on the morning of the 8th of August from Pueblo toward the city of Mexico."

THE BLOODLESS VICTORY OF VERA CRUZ.

On the 1st of January, 1847, General Scott arrived at the Brazos and began to collect his troops for the invasion. He had orders to withdraw from General Taylor's column four thousand regulars, and ten new regiments, which had been recently voted by Congress, were to be raised and sent forward to him with all dispatch. General Scott arrived on the 6th of March in the steamship Massachusetts off Vera Cruz.

Major-General Patterson had under his orders Brigadier-Generals Quitman, Pillow and Shields. On the night of the 18th the trenches were opened and taken possession of by the troops. On the 22d General Scott formally summoned the city to surrender. To his summons a polite reply was returned by General Morales, the commandant of both city and castle, to the effect that he meant to defend himself to the last extremity. General Scott, at a quarter past four that afternoon, ordered the mortar batteries to open fire upon the city, which was done with much spirit and effect. The navy, now in command of Commodore Perry, took up a position within effective range of the city, and poured in its fire also. Bringing themselves within a mile of the castle and city walls, their

fire was very effective. The enemy opened fire with all his batteries that would bear upon the attacking line and the fleet, and began to throw at least shell for shell. The castle was armed with some heavy mortars, and now and then threw a shell of immense size and destructive force.

With the aid of heavy artillery, landed from the navy and ably handled, assisted by our artillery, it was about 2 o'clock p. m., on the 28th, when the enemy's batteries all ceased, except now and then a random shot. The city was beaten, and on the same afternoon we had the satisfaction of seeing a white flag pass into General Scott's camp. By the aid of our glasses we could see that both the forts abreast of us and with which we had had such hot work were completely demolished, the guns dismounted and the walls knocked into a heap of ruin, and that our efforts at breaching the city walls had been successful beyond our expectations. General Morales, being unwilling to surrender himself a prisoner on parole, made his escape with the commandant of militia on the night of the 25th in a small boat, devolving the command on General Landero. Thus was achieved what has been called the "bloodless victory" of Vera Cruz. Our army lost in killed only ten persons, including those who died of their wounds; the navy lost in its battery nine persons killed, including one who died of his wounds, making a total of nineteen, while the enemy estimated his loss at a thousand souls in killed and wounded, most of them killed, as is always the case in artillery contests.

The battle of Cerro Gordo was hotly contested. Wilcox, in his history of the Mexican War, gives an interesting account of the battle, and some of the preliminaries as well as the internal dissensions that prevailed at the city of Mexico. He says that after the defeat of the Mexicans at the battle of Buena Vista, Santa Anna and his troops retreated about thirty miles, where he learned of factional disputes in the city of Mexico and elsewhere, as to which party should control the government. Deputations of rival parties waited upon him as he approached the capital, endeavoring to persuade him to take sides, but



BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

finally the passions that their contentions had aroused were subdued and a compromise was effected, after which the Polkas and the Puras staked their arms. A Te Deum was sung in the Guadalupe church in thanks to the Almighty for the victory won at Buena Vista. At night a Congressional committee waited upon him to administer the oath of office, that he might again exercise the functions of president, and the following morning, accompanied by a brilliant staff, and escorted by the Hussars, he entered the national capital.

All eyes were turned eastward: Vera Cruz had succumbed to the enemy, who must be met and defeated, or the capital itself would be lost. The troops from the north, as they descended into the valley, bore off to the east and marched toward Vera Cruz, without passing through the city, and Santa Anna did not tarry there, but, with an energy exciting the surprise and admiration of his countrymen, hurried the troops garrisoning the city (the National Guards) from Pueblo and from other parts of the republic down toward the coast, to be halted at Cerro Gordo. Of the troops from the north, the brigade of General Vasquez was composed of four light corps and the flying artillery; General Ampudia's, of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Eleventh of the line; the cavalry under General Juvera, of the Fifth and Ninth Morelia and Coraceros. Of infantry there were 4,000; cavalry, 1,500; artillery, 150; in all, 5,650. Active preparations for the campaign continued. Troops marching from the capital and Puebla to reinforce those on the road to Vera Cruz moved by brigades, and expeditiously, for it was important to seize points of natural strength, capable of good defense, and there was but little time to utilize the skill of engineers.

On April 2, Santa Anna, President of Mexico, set out from the capital with his headquarters, the executive power ad interim having been confided to General Anaya by the National Congress. He had chosen Cerro Gordo, on the Vera Cruz road, twenty or twenty-five miles in advance

of Jalapa, famous during the War of Independence, as the spot to meet and turn back the advance of Scott.

He reached and established provisionally his headquarters at the hacienda of Encero, April 5th, six miles below Jalapa, on the road to Vera Cruz. At Perote he learned that General Canalizo had fallen back from the national bridge, leaving there four cannon of large caliber, and, annoyed at this, he ordered him to return and save the artillery, which, having been dismounted, had to be drawn off by oxen. Mexican history relates that "many of the dispersed soldiers who had taken the oath at Vera Cruz (paroled at the surrender) were compelled by Santa Anna to re-enter the service, and were assigned to different corps, the officers being sent to San Andres Chalchicomula."

Lieutenant-Colonel Robles, a paroled prisoner, being ordered by Canalizo to make a reconnoissance of Cerro Gordo and report upon its fitness for defense, found it, in his opinion, advantageous for harassing an invading army on its march to Jalapa, but not the best point to dispute its passage or to attempt a decisive battle. His opinion was based upon the fact that the road could be reached in rear of the position—in other words, the position could be turned, and the best that could be expected, if the enemy should attack in front, was to repulse him, without being able to prevent him re-forming his forces on the heights of Pala Gacho. The want of water was another objection to its selection, but, notwithstanding this unfavorable report, Canalizo, by Santa Anna's express order, directed Robles to commence fortifying Cerro Gordo.

April 9th Santa Anna arrived at Cerro Gordo, made a reconnoissance of the Plan-del-Rio, found Colonel Robles engaged with working parties at the foot of the Cerro Telegrafo, and ordered him to fortify, in addition, certain hills on the right of the road, Lieutenant-Colonel Cano to have charge of the works on its left. He passed the night of the 9th at Plan-del-Rio, and Twigg's division, on the march from Vera Cruz, bivouacked some twenty-five or thirty miles from that place.

Santa Anna returned to Encero, but came back to Cerro Gordo on the 11th, and established his headquarters there. Twigg's division reached Plan-del-Rio on the same day. By the 12th the brigades of Generals Rangel and Pinzon, the Nationals of Jalapa and Coatepec, and the Angostura troops had all arrived at Cerro Gordo, and field works were being hurried forward with the greatest activity by the engineers. Patterson's division joined Twiggs' at Plan-del-Rio, and the latter, aware of the presence of the enemy in his immediate front, sent out, early on the 12th, reconnoitering parties, who ascertained that the main Mexican army was in position about three miles from the Plan-del-Rio, that there was a battery intrenched in the road, commanding with its fire a distance of six or seven hundred yards, and that the hostile line at this battery crossed the road. Captain Joseph A. Johnston, topographical engineer, leaving the National road and following a blind footpath to the left, discovered the position and direction of the line, also batteries in position along it, and while engaged in a close reconnaissance received two severe wounds from musket balls.

Lieutenant S. H. Brooks, aide to General Twiggs, followed a path to the right of the road, about one thousand yards in front of the Mexican battery, and which, owing to a dense tropical undergrowth, was indistinct and difficult to trace, yet he made his way over it for nearly a mile. It was thought that the enemy's position, if found too strong to be attacked in front, might be turned by this route.

General Scott, as anticipated, arrived at the head of his columns and was informed of the enemy's position, supposed strength and the developments up to date. He directed reconnoissances to be resumed early in the morning (15th) toward the Mexican left, Captain Lee, who had accompanied him from Vera Cruz, being in charge. Upon arrival at Atalaya, Lee and the other engineers ascended it, and from its crest had an extended field of view, embracing the deep ravine separating it from the Telegrafo, and also one still deeper to the right, apparently encircling

the Telegrafo, and whilst so engaged Beauregard passed around the right of Atalaya and advanced more than half way to the Telegrafo.

The position selected by Santa Anna in which to resist Scott's further advance was a very strong one. His line crossed the National road, over which the latter must march, some three or four miles from the Plan-del-Rio. Its right rested on an almost precipitous rocky bank over one thousand feet high, rendering it secure from a flank attack by infantry. To the left, and between his right and the National road, were three ridges, with intervening depressions, the former terminating in rather elevated knobs, from which the surface declined to the front. On these several elevations were batteries, with infantry supports, each covered by defensive works. A dense chapparal in front of the batteries and infantry had been cut down for the space of two or three hundred yards and formed an excellent abatis. In the road was a battery of six heavy guns, with epaulement, having a raking fire of six or seven hundred yards. On either side was a rocky bank, nearly perpendicular, twenty feet or more in height, and on the north side it rose up into a high, rocky ridge (Atalaya), covered with timber. In rear of the road battery some three hundred yards was a conical hill over two hundred feet high, along the base of which ran the Jalapa road. This height, known as Cerro Telegrafo, was crowned with artillery and strengthened with palisading and breastworks on the north and east sides, less than a hundred yards from its summit. Three hundred yards beyond the Telegrafo were several huts, known by the Mexicans as the Rancheria de Cerro Gordo. Near these huts, and between them and the Telegrafo, a depression ran up to the road from the north, and was regarded (so reported) by Santa Anna as impracticable for infantry. Northeast of the Telegrafo, separated from it by a valley, was the Atalaya, and to the north of these two high elevations was a deep and rugged ravine, sweeping around the Telegrafo, and, as stated, reaching the road west of it.

The Mexican commander, still believing that his right

would be attacked, ordered two twelve and one sixteen pounders to be placed during the night in position on the Telegrafo, but the sixteen-pounder was left on the roadside about midway to the top. The cavalry was ordered forward from Corral Falso, and the engineers, Robles and Cano, to strengthen the defensive works on and about the hill. In the morning, before dawn, Santa Anna himself placed a battery (F) in position near his headquarters, to command the ravine on the west side of the Telegrafo. General Vasquez, commanding on the Telegrafo, ordered an occasional shot to be fired at Atalaya during the night, believing it to be occupied by the Americans. The Fourth of the Line remained on the hillside during the night. A portion of the Third of the Line and the Eleventh held the summit, and before daylight was reinforced by the Fourth Infantry, the Third and Second Light. With this force Santa Anna was sanguine of success should the Telegrafo be attacked, and much enthusiasm prevailed among the troops, the fact being recalled that during the War of Independence the brave and patriotic insurgents had fought and poured out their blood freely upon this very hill, defeating the Spaniards. Now among the rank and file, including the commander, confidence reigned and success was regarded as certain. Before sunrise Santa Anna had his engineers engaged on the works on the declivity of the hill confronting Atalaya, the American artillery on that elevation playing at the time upon the Telegrafo, and, leaving the road, he proceeded beyond the right center, where, hearing artillery and observing the activity of the fire, he sent orders to General Vasquez, on the Telegrafo, to economize ammunition and shelter his men from the enemy's projectiles.

The American artillery, eighteen-pounders, twenty-four-pound howitzer, mountain howitzer and Racket battery, fired with the greatest activity; the latter, with rockets, directed upon the enemy's left at and near the base of Telegrafo, and next with shells among his infantry near the heavy battery in the road. The United States forces on the Atalaya were commanded by Colonel Harney, Second Dragoons.

The artillery on Atalaya proved very effective, solid shot, shells and rockets falling among the enemy on the top and along the slopes of the Telegrafo, down into the valleys and deep ravines adjacent, in the camp, about Santa Anna's headquarters and often far out among his reserves. General Twiggs had been ordered "to move forward before daylight (to-morrow) and to take up position across the National road in the enemy's rear, so as to cut off a retreat toward Jalapa." After the artillery had been engaged some time he (Twiggs) ordered Riley's brigade "to move forward through the valley, passing to the right of Telegrafo, turn the left of the Mexican line and seize the Jalapa road in the rear." Riley's brigade was guided by Captain Lee, assisted by Lieut. John G. Foster, with ten men of the engineer company, and Lieutenant Calvin Benjamin, Fourth Artillery, in command of a company, was escort to Lee and party.

Brigadier-General James Shields, with three regiments of his brigade, the Third and Fourth Illinois, Colonels Ferris Foreman and E. D. Baker, and the Second New York, Colonel Ward H. Burnett, was ordered by General Twiggs to support Riley's brigade, and the Mexicans being seen extending to their left, Shields was ordered to cross the ravine on the right and keep up the left bank, previously reconnoitered by Captain Lee. Riley, to reach the Jalapa road, advanced under a heavy fire of artillery from the Telegrafo, during which Captain George W. Patten, Second Infantry, was shot through the hand by a grapeshot. The enemy appeared in force on the sides of the mountain, along the base of which the brigade must pass, and opened with an annoying fire upon its left flank. Riley detached two companies of the Second Infantry, one under Captain James W. Penrose, and one under Second Lieutenant N. H. Davis, who, engaging the enemy in greatly superior numbers, were joined by two companies of the Fourth Artillery, and Riley was compelled to turn his entire brigade to the left to oppose the enemy under General Urango, moving down the side of the mountain opposite Atalaya.

The artillery duel between the American battery on Atalaya and that of the Mexicans on Telegrafo continued without intermission. Riley actively engaged and Shields well advanced, now led by Lee toward the Jalapa road. General Twiggs ordered Colonel Harney to assault the Telegrafo vigorously and carry it at all hazard. Harney, knowing there was an infantry force on his left, near the battery on the road, ordered one company of the rifle regiment, under Lieutenant D. M. Frost, to move in that direction, engage it and hold it in check, "and when the rifles were heard the advance would be sounded." Loring and his lieutenants rose above the crest of Atalaya, and as they descended to the left were exposed to a severe artillery fire, inflicting losses, and an infantry force being seen moving along the road up toward Telegrafo, Harney, without waiting to hear the fire of the rifles, gave the order to advance.

It was obeyed promptly. The stormers rose, passed over to the crest of Atalaya, the Seventh Infantry on the right, the Third on the left, with the First Artillery in rear to support, and under a heavy artillery fire dashed down the slope of Atalaya and up the steep, rocky sides of Telegrafo, not halting until within sixty or seventy yards of the summit. Here, being below the plane of the enemy's fire, they re-formed, and the men, being much blown, remained a few minutes lying down, when Lieutenant G. W. Smith, of the engineers, approached the hill top, reconnoitered the hostile line within pistol shot, and reported to Colonel Harney that there was no obstacle that could not be overcome without a halt.

Harney, in clarion tones and with a rough energy of expression that proved as effective as "Up, guards, and at them," gave the order for assault. His men rose, dashed forward over the short intervening space, were at the palisading and breastworks in an instant; a sharp, bloody struggle with swords, bayonets and butts of muskets for a few minutes, and Harney and his soldiers were in possession of the works crowning Telegrafo, the key-point of the Mexican position.

General Twiggs' order to Harney to charge was well timed. Santa Anna had directed a part of his forces on the Telegrafo to oppose Riley, who (hard fighter that he was) met and drove them back just as Harney's men carried the works on the crest. Harney's left had been made secure by Loring, and Riley now freed his right of danger.

The Mexican guns captured on the Telegrafo were turned upon their camp and battery on the road, also on the main line beyond, upon which there was both a plunging and reverse fire. General Shields in the meantime reached the Jalapa road, and halted to reform his lines preparatory to charging the battery in his front. A discharge of grape while advancing disabled many of his men and gave him a grievous wound, supposed at the time to be mortal. The brigade, under Colonel Baker, moved forward and captured a part of the battery, and Riley's brigade, under Lieutenant Nathaniel Lyon, Second Infantry, the other guns (three).

The Telegrafo being captured, there was but a feeble and brief resistance offered at other points.

General Pillow marched his brigade by a flank through the chaparral toward the center of the enemy's right. At this point, which was fortified, were 700 men and eight guns, under Aranjo, a naval captain; on his right were seven guns and an infantry force; on his left an infantry force and nine guns, and all of these twenty-four guns in position could bear more or less upon Pillow's men. It had been predetermined by the Mexicans to allow the latter to approach to a certain point, then to open fire with all the guns, loaded mostly with grape, followed by the infantry with volleys. The brigade had marched by the right flank, and was in that order at a halt when it received the Mexican fire. A Kentucky company at the head of the brigade, under Captain John S. Williams, came into line and advanced toward the enemy's works. Colonel Haskell's regiment, the Second Tennessee, endeavored to charge, but the abatis, tangled undergrowth, and the heavy fire in front and flanks, forced him back with serious losses. The 8-inch howitzer, on the

south side of Plan del Rio, had in the meantime been enfilading the Mexican line, and with a reverse fire had no doubt aided in demoralizing them.

The *Telegrafo*, which dominated the entire field, being held by the Americans, Riley and Shields on the Jalapa road, North's division at hand fresh and compact, and it being impossible to escape surrender was inevitable to the entire right of the Mexican army, which they conceded, and, throwing down their arms, marched back to the Plan del Rio.

In Shields' brigade Lieutenant Cowarden was killed, Lieutenant Murphy mortally and Lieutenants Scott and Johnson, all of the Fourth Illinois, severely wounded; Captain Pearson, New York Volunteers, Lieutenants Maltby and Froman, of the Fourth Illinois, and Lieutenant Rose, Third Illinois, slightly wounded.

Lieutenant Semmes of the United States Navy, in his "Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico," writes, that on April 18th, 1847, at Cerro Gordo, as General Shields was about to debouch upon the main road, a battery of five guns, hitherto undiscovered, and supported by a body of lancers, opened upon him with grapeshot.

The gallant general immediately ordered a charge, and, pushing forward briskly at the head of his men, drove the enemy from his guns and effected a lodgment in the road—not, however, until he had been, as it was thought at the time, mortally wounded.

CERRO GORDO—GENERAL SCOTT'S OFFICIAL DISPATCH.

Headquarters of the Army, Plan del Rio, fifty miles from Vera Cruz, April 19, 1847.

We are quite embarrassed with the results of victory—prisoners of war, heavy ordnance, field batteries, small arms and accouterments. About 3,000 men laid down their arms, with the usual proportion of field and company officers, besides five generals. Our loss, though comparatively small in numbers, has been serious.

Brigadier-General Shields, a commander of activity, zeal and talent, is, I fear, if not dead, mortally wounded.—Winfield Scott.

Scott was greatly rejoiced to hear shortly after the battle that Shields was not only still alive, but had a very favorable prospect of recovering. Mounting his horse, he galloped to where his gallant but prostrate lieutenant lay, which was five miles distant from headquarters, and most tenderly embraced him. The meeting, which was an affecting one, is illustrated in Mansfield's History of the Mexican War.



This is the size of the ball that pierced Gen. Shields' body at Cerro Gordo.

Mansfield, in his history of the war in Mexico, says: "At Cerro Gordo a cannon grapeshot an inch and a third in diameter entered General Shields' right lung and passed out near the spine. He was carried to the rear. Turning to Richard J. Oglesby, an officer in one of the Illinois regiments, Shields said: 'I am no further use to my country. You

are. Lay me down and let me die. I may as well die here as to be taken off the field to die. You are all strong, able-bodied men, able to do your country some service. For God's sake lay me down and go to your duty.' "

The American surgeons decided that he could not survive, when a Mexican surgeon or a French doctor, who was serving in their army, expressed the opinion that he could save the General's life if permitted to treat him in his own way. Consent was given and in about five minutes after the injury was received, with the aid of a ramrod, he drew a silk handkerchief through the wound, thus removing the extravasated blood and thereby saving the patient's life. At a lecture at the Tabernacle in Chicago I heard the General state that he was presumed to be a dead man according to military records, since General Scott, after the battle of Cerro Gordo, had reported Shields as mortally wounded. The General added that his wound and method of treatment had been written up in medical journals, and the conclusion arrived at was that it was well that several minutes had

elapsed after his injuries for the parts affected to purge themselves of the blood caused by the ball, and that when that had been done it was necessary to have that blood removed in some such manner and the wound dressed and cared for, otherwise he would have soon bled to death.

THE GENERAL'S WOUND.

The General claimed that he owed his life, after having been shot at Cerro Gordo, to Dr. McMillan, an Irishman, who alone among all the army surgeons expressed the belief that there was some hope to save the General's life. He was a French doctor in the Mexican service who had been taken prisoner. He drew a silk handkerchief wound around a ramrod through the General's body, thereby removing the coagulated blood and saving his life. All through life the wound became affected whenever the General caught cold, and he often predicted that it would be the cause of his death, which proved true. Dr. McMillan had been in the French army and there had seen the operation successfully performed.

On December 6, 1893, at the unveiling of the Shields statue in the Capitol, while Miss Shields was on the platform, a gentleman introduced himself and said that he was a descendant of Dr. McMillan and had at his home in Virginia in a silver case the handkerchief that had been passed through her father's body at Cerro Gordo.

I find in Jenkins' History in the War with Mexico the following account of the battle of Cerro Gordo:

Fires were built underneath the cliffs upon a line occupied by General Twiggs' division, and the work of transporting the heavy artillery to the captured hill was soon after commenced. This duty was performed by the 4th Artillery and the volunteer brigade of General Shields, and occupied nearly the entire night. With the aid of picket ropes one twenty-four-pounder gun and two twenty-four-pounder howitzers were drawn up to the crest of the height and placed in battery under the superintendence of Captain Lee. On the same night, under the direction of Lieutenant Tower, of the engineers, and Lieu-

tenant Laidley, of the ordnance, an eight-inch howitzer was put in position across the ravine, and opposite to the enemy's right battery, by a detachment of the New York Volunteers, commanded by Major Burnham.

Lighted only by the flickering rays of their watch fires, save when the rising moon appeared above the horizon, the soldiers detailed to perform this arduous task toiled on without cessation until the work was completed. They complained not of fatigue or exhaustion. No danger appalled, no labor wearied them. Zealous and enthusiastic, they panted for the coming struggle; and they were strengthened, too, by the confidence of anticipated success, the feeling of assurance that their efforts would not be in vain.

When the first waves of the morning light surged up over the mountain tops from the distant gulf the whole American army, from the right to the extreme left, were in motion. The storming of Cerro Gordo was the first object to be achieved. At seven o'clock on the 18th the heavy guns planted on the hill opened their fire upon the height above it, and were served with effect by Captain Steptoe and Lieutenant Brown of the 3d Artillery, Lieutenant Hagner of the ordnance, and Lieutenant Seymour of the 1st Artillery. The assaulting party consisted of the first brigade of General Twiggs' division, commanded by Colonel Harney, to whom the execution of the enterprise was intrusted, reinforced by the 3d Infantry, Captain Alexander from the second brigade, and a company of sappers and miners under Lieutenant G. W. Smith of the engineers. Before the attack upon the main work of the enemy was ordered, a large succoring force were discovered advancing on the National road, in a direction which would have enabled them to turn the assaulting column. The rifle regiment, now commanded by Major Loring, Major Summer having been wounded on the previous day, were immediately ordered to the left to hold the approaching force in check until the assault commenced, when they were directed to join in it on that flank.

The order was faithfully obeyed in the midst of a withering fire upon the front and flanks of the regiment from the enemy's batteries and intrenchments. In the meantime Colonel Harney formed the remainder of his troops for the attack, the 7th Infantry on the right, the 3d Infantry on the 1st Artillery in the rear, with orders to support the infantry. A few moments passed in silence and then the charge was sounded. The welcome note was echoed and repeated along the entire line. As one man they sprang over the crest of the hill, dashed down the declivity and ascended the opposite height.

The 2d Infantry, Captain Morris, and 4th Artillery, Major Gardner, forming the remainder of the second brigade, commanded by Colonel Riley, moved forward at an early hour in the direction of the National road, in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy, under the guidance of Captain Lee, who was supported by a company of the 4th Artillery, in command of Lieutenant Benjamin. Their course lay directly across a ravine swept by the Mexican batteries and they soon became also exposed to an annoying fire of musketry from the hill of Cerro Gordo on their left, upon the western slopes of which the enemy appeared in force. A detachment consisting of two companies of the 2d Infantry, under Captain Penrose, were promptly deployed as skirmishers, with directions to drive the enemy from the hill at every hazard.

Observing that Santa Anna was now extending his line to the left to keep open his communications with the rear, General Twiggs ordered General Shields to cross a deep ravine on the right and advance up its left bank with his brigade against the Mexicans in the road. The skirmishing party sent up the hill in the rear of the main work was warmly engaged with the enemy in a short time, and two additional companies of the same regiment were detached in like manner. Captain Lee continued his course toward the National road with his escort, but the remaining companies of the 4th Artillery, accompanied by General Twiggs, followed the movement up the re-

verse of Cerro Gordo, preceded by the skirmishers, who gallantly charged upon the enemy and drove them from their positions. Colonel Riley also commenced ascending the hill with the remainder of the 2d Infantry.

A plunging and destructive fire of round shot, grape, canister and musketry was poured upon the party of stormers moving to the assault of Cerro Gordo in front. The section and rockets of Talcott's battery, under Lieutenant Reno, returned the fire with spirit and effect. The hill was steep and difficult to ascend. Loose craggy rock and tangled chaparral impeded the progress of the assaulting column. The tops of the smaller trees had also been cut off by the enemy from four to five feet above the ground and pointed down the hill, as an obstacle to the advance of an assailing force. A brief delay took place at the breastwork near the foot of the height, but the bayonet did its work truly and well. The barrier was surmounted and the stormers pushed on with redoubled zeal. The steepness of the acclivity rendered the fire of the enemy less sure and certain than it might otherwise have been; but it was sufficiently severe to make the stoutest hearted stand in awe had they not been impelled and sustained by a courage that could not falter. Animated by the words and heroic bearing of the undaunted Harney, whose tall and manly form was conspicuous to friend and foe as he cheered his men on to the conflict, the Americans pressed forward with accelerated speed. The fate of the day never for a moment remained in suspense. Within musket range of the breastwork around the tower they halted to deliver their unerring fire. Again the charge was ordered. Wreaths of mingled smoke and flame encircled the combatants. Anxious eyes were turned in that direction from every quarter. The colors of the 1st Artillery and of the 3d and 7th Infantry were planted upon the breastwork, but the Mexican standard was still flying. A few rapid volleys were fired, then the crushing steel bore down everything before it and the flag which had waved over so many beating hearts in the hour of victory.

Upon the extreme right the brigade under General Shields, consisting of the 3d and 4th Illinois, Colonels Foreman and Baker, and the New York regiment, Colonel Burnett, were more successful. Crossing a ravine, which the Mexicans deemed impassable, and which up to that time had never crossed (as shown by the *Vindication of Santa Anna*, by Manuel Maria Jimen, published in *El Diario del Gabineto*, May, 1847), "under a canopy of cannon-balls," they gained its left bank and advanced against the rear battery with a celerity which filled the enemy with astonishment. Santa Anna had evidently given up the contest in front and was hurrying with the greater part of his forces to the rear. General Shields was upon them in a moment. While forming his men for the attack, under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, a grapeshot passed through his lungs and he fell to the earth completely paralyzed. Happily for the General himself and for the service, the wound did not prove to be mortal. Colonel Baker assumed the command, Major Harris taking charge of the 4th Illinois, and the column was again ordered to advance. General Shields at this time was supposed to have been mortally wounded and the brave volunteers were determined to avenge his loss. They charged upon the enemy's line with spirit and enthusiasm and drove them from their loaded guns. Captain Lee, with the company commanded by Lieutenant Benjamin, followed by Colonel Riley at the head of the Second Brigade, approached on the other flank and completed the capture of the battery. At this point the rout was complete.

CHAPTER VIII.

Contreras—Churubusco and Chapultepec—Key to Painting in Capitol at Washington, D. C.—Bravery Shown in Each Battle and Wounds Received—When Shields Was Nearest Death.

Just before the battle of Padierna, known generally as Contreras, General Persifer F. Smith in command, had arrived in the village of Contreras, when the following incident occurred, which showed in glowing colors the chivalrous nature of General Shields. "Soon after General Smith's arrival in the village Colonel Riley's brigade, which had been skirmishing with some detachments of the enemy, came up and reported to him. It was now after sunset and nothing more could be accomplished that night. An hour or two afterward, and when General Smith's plans for an attack on the enemy's intrenched camp on the following morning at daylight had all been arranged, General Shields, in command of the New York and South Carolina regiments, arrived on the ground. General Smith, acting on the belief that he was the senior of this officer—they were both brigadiers—directed him to hold the village of Contreras, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the enemy after his camp should be carried in the coming assault, or to operate on the flank of his reserve, should he change front and attack him (General Smith) while moving toward Padierna. General Shields, perceiving General Smith's mistake with regard to his rank, and being unwilling to deprive this officer of the credit of carrying out the arrangements he had already so ably made, with great tact and delicacy forbore to undeceive him and gallantly executed the part assigned him. A victory over the egotism of our nature

which his friends should cherish more than a thousand victories on the battlefield."—Semmes' Campaign of General Scott, pages 270 and 271.

This historian, in writing of the battle, says: "General Shields' brigade, under his skillful management, not only protected in a great measure the movement of Smith, but intercepted great numbers of the fugitives, who were either cut down under the sure fire of the South Carolina rifles or were made prisoners. Seven hundred of the enemy were killed in this battle and fifteen hundred made prisoners and the road opened to the capital."

JENKINS' ACCOUNT OF CONTRERAS.

About midnight General Shields reached San Geronimo, and on being informed of the arrangements for the morning, though the senior officer present, magnanimously declined interfering with the plans of General Smith, but reserved to himself the double task of cutting off the retreat of General Valencia and holding the other force in check. Captain Lee was dispatched to General Scott to request that a division might be made in front simultaneously with the attack in rear. He succeeded in crossing the pedregal and the necessary instructions were issued for a compliance with the request.

The day broke heavily. Dark masses of clouds drifted across the sky or rested gloomily over the distant mountains. The dusky lines of the force under Santa Anna were soon discovered making preparations to beat off the attack which they had anticipated. General Shields occupied the hacienda of Ensaldo and the hamlet of San Geronimo and directed his men to build their fires as if to cook their morning meal. The enemy in front was thus kept in ignorance of the movement going on in his rear until it was too late to make a successful diversion.

Immediately after the works on the hill of Contreras were carried, the Mexican reserves, commanded by Santa Anna, began to retire toward Churubusco.

After a brief interval General Pierce, though suffering severely from the injury he had received, but still

able to keep the saddle, was dispatched by a third road further to the left to turn the right flank of the enemy and gain their rear with his brigade and the howitzer and rocket battery now commanded by Lieutenant Reno; and immediately thereafter General Shields, with the New York and South Carolina volunteers, forming the brigade under his command, was sent in the same direction with orders to take command of the left wing.

The brigade of General Smith, with which General Twiggs moved upon the defenses of San Pablo, was soon warmly engaged. One of the most terrific fires ever witnessed was poured upon the column from both musketry and artillery. The leading companies of the 1st Artillery were almost swept away. Captain Taylor brought his battery up and opened on the enemy, persisting in holding his position, though fearfully exposed, regardless of the carnage produced around him.

Having advanced far enough on the road which he was directed to follow to gain the Mexican rear, General Pierce turned to the right with his brigade. Making their way through the fields of corn and floundering through the difficult morasses, his troops approached the enemy at the hacienda of Portales. General Shields arrived in a short time with his command and moved further to the left. Sheltered by the stone buildings upon and near the causeway, the Mexicans delivered a most effective fire upon the columns, and the action now became general along the entire line. For more than two hours a continuous roar of artillery shook the earth. The sharp roll of musketry was incessant. Broad torrents of flame rolled down from the enemy's fortifications. Lurid columns of smoke shot up toward the sky and mingled in a heavy canopy over the field of combat. The air seemed "full of daggers."

The clangor of the battle was wild and high and the voices of the officers could no longer be heard in the din. Numbers fell at every discharge, yet resistless and impetuous as the waters of the ocean on swept the Ameri-

can soldiers, wave upon wave, bearing everything before them.

On the extreme left, the brigades of Generals Shields and Pierce had sustained themselves manfully. Fainting from pain and exhaustion, General Pierce was borne from the field. The 9th Infantry under Colonel Ransom, the 12th under Captain Wood—Lieut.-Col. Bonham having been wounded in the morning—and the 15th under Colonel Morgan, advanced against the enemy with the steadiness of veterans. Colonel Morgan was severely wounded and transferred the command of his regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. Colonel Butler of the South Carolina volunteers fell dead in the thickest of the fight, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson also receiving a mortal wound, Major Gladden assumed the command. Colonel Burnett was likewise dreadfully wounded and Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter took charge of the New York regiment. It was a noble sight to witness the strife between the Palmettos and the New Yorkers. Side by side and shoulder by shoulder they moved against the enemy, each striving to be foremost in the encounter. Twice were the colors of the New York regiment shot down, but they were snatched up again by some brave spirit, ready to peril all in their defense. Both regiments lost more than one-third of their number in this fearful struggle and the clothing of the survivors was literally riddled by the bullets. At length the fire of the American muskets and the howitzer battery actively served by Lieutenant Reno, aided by the panic communicated by the troops giving way in front, and followed by a charge of the bayonet, caused the enemy's infantry to falter and with their supports of cavalry to retreat toward the capital. General Shields instantly followed and succeeded in taking a number of prisoners. Major Summer had been ordered to support the left wing, understood to be hardly pressed, with the rifles, previously held in reserve, and a troop of the 2d Dragoons under Captain Sibley, but he did not come up until the contest was over.

The Mexicans no longer made serious resistance.

The causeway was covered with the masses of the retreating troops, and General Shields, with his command, meeting the forces of Generals Worth and Pillow in the road, joined them in the pursuit. At the special request of Colonel Harney the way was cleared and he was permitted to follow the enemy with part of his brigade up to the gate of San Antonio, interchanging saber cuts with the Mexican lancers and cutting down all who refused to surrender. The recall was sounded when the battery at the Garita opened on the pursuing force; but Captain Kearney of the 1st Dragoons, who headed the charge with his troop and that of Captain McReynolds of the 3d, persisted in remaining until Major Mills of the 15th Infantry, who accompanied him, was killed, and most of the officers of the squadron, himself among the number, were badly wounded. The trophies of this memorable day, which had witnessed such a series of brilliant triumphs, including the capture of Contreras, were thirty-seven pieces of siege and field ordnance, large numbers of small arms, standards, pack mules and horses, and vast quantities of shot, shells and ammunition. The enemy lost 4,000 men in killed and wounded and there were 205 officers and 2,432 rank and file taken prisoners. Among the captured officers were Generals Carey, Anayda, Salas, Mendoza, Blanco, Garcia, Arellano and Rincon. The first two, being members of the Mexican Congress, were unconditionally released by order of General Scott. Generals Frontera and Mexia were killed.

The American loss, though much less in proportion, was still very severe. There were 137 killed, embracing some of the bravest and most estimable officers, 879 wounded and 40 missing.

In relating his experience in one of the battles in Mexico (Churubusco, I believe) I heard him state that Captain Robert E. Lee selected the battleground for him, Shields, and that the Mexicans outnumbered the Americans to such an extent that it was impossible for the latter to hold their position. In retreating the only place of safety to be found was in a valley which formed a kind of a cave,

into which Shields with two regiments, the New York and Palmetto, I believe, sought safety. Mexican cavalry soon approached, followed by infantry, and were surrounding the position, when Shields summoned his officers and quickly decided that it was certain death to remain where they were and that they must cut their way out at any cost. He dispatched Lee on horseback to General Scott to obtain reinforcements. The General then formed one of the regiments with their backs to the entrance, placed himself in front on horseback and had the color bearers line the colors on the General. While this was being done the other regiment kept up a constant fire at their assailants, and when all was in readiness the General wheeled the regiment into line and, leading them, charged up and out of the valley onto their foes, who disputed every inch of ground and decimated the ranks of the attacking column, which never faltered, and when it reached the open space, reinforced by the other regiment, fiercely attacked the Mexicans and routed them before reinforcements arrived. In that charge the colors were carried away three times, two of the color bearers having been killed. The flanks of the General's horse were bleeding from wounds and bullets had pierced his clothing at the shoulder and one passed through his hat. When asked if it was a general's duty to lead a charge in that manner and thus expose himself, he said: "No; he is never required to do so; but as necessity knows no law, exigencies arise in battles that demand any sacrifice to secure victory. In that case the danger was so great that it required the greatest bravery on the part of the troops to extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they were, and my act was for the purpose of inspiring them as well as to show them that I was willing to share the danger with them. Had I acted otherwise it is doubtful whether we should have won the victory."

A friend present then asked the General: "When during the Mexican and Civil wars, or during life, in your opinion, were you nearest death?" He replied: "In a bar-room at St. Louis before the war in Mexico. I was

practicing law at Kaskaskia and received a letter from a client requesting me to go to a place below St. Louis to draw his will. I mounted my horse and started for the place, equipped, as lawyers usually were in those early days in Illinois, with a saddlebag containing a book of forms and a brace of pistols. I reached my friend's house, transacted the business and reached a tavern in St. Louis on my homeward journey. It was a very cold, wintry day. I was almost frozen and had to be helped from my horse. On alighting I went to the bar-room and had prepared a glass of brandy-sling, which I was sipping slowly and trying to warm myself by the stove, when I overheard a conversation, quite animated, between two strangers, who were present. There were perhaps a dozen people in the room, and after the parties I refer to had excitedly contradicted each other two or three times in an excited manner, one, a tall, swarthy man, with a slouch hat, addressed me and said: 'Stranger, you can settle this dispute for us, I believe, and I wish you would.' I replied that I did not want to have anything to do with any dispute between him and his friend, whereupon his friend spoke up and politely requested me to decide the question which they were debating, which he said was a simple one, and, being a traveler, and probably from Illinois, no doubt I could decide it in a minute. I again declined, but perhaps not as forcibly as at first, whereupon both begged me to let them state the question, and, if not a difficult one, to kindly favor them with the information desired.

"Unfortunately I was prevailed upon to listen to them, when the first one spoke to me, stated the question correctly, as his friend conceded. It was as to the qualifications of a voter at a federal election in Illinois. Without a moment's hesitation, as I was familiar with the question, I answered it. Instantly the man who asked the question said: 'That's a damned lie.'

"I never could recall what happened the next moment, but I shall never forget what immediately followed, because then I saw the man referred to with blood stream-

ing from his forehead, trickling over his face and he glaring at me. In less time than it takes to tell it he slowly reached his right hand to a pocket and drew therefrom a handkerchief, never having taken his eyes off of me, and with the handkerchief he wiped the blood from his face, looking at it from time to time, as it stained his handkerchief. Then slowly replacing his handkerchief in his pocket, he sprang to his feet, put his right hand to his belt and began drawing therefrom a long bowie knife. I knew from the cool, deliberate manner with which he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, used it and replaced it, as well as from the fiendish glare in his eyes, that my life was in peril. It then having dawned on me that I had smashed my tumbler or glass on his forehead. 'Tis said by bystanders, and I have no reason to doubt it, that I was on my feet as soon as he and had my brace of pistols fully cocked, pointed for his heart, and as he drew his bowie knife at every inch, my pistols drew nearer to his body and 'tis said that eyes never shot fire worse than mine and that not a word was said, since none of us hardly breathed during the excitement, and that the moment that my opponent ceased raising his knife I stamped the floor with my right foot, and, pushing the muzzle of my pistols forward till they touched his breast, that I, in a loud voice, yelled: 'Put up your knife, you cowardly rascal, or I'll make a corpse of you in an instant.' Without a moment's delay the nerveless wretch obeyed, when I ordered him to leave the room, and with pistols in hand, I drove him from it and from the tavern. In a moment everyone was on his feet, doors were locked and shutters put up, and inquiring what the reason was for such precautions, I was informed that my opponent was the worst desperado in Missouri; that he was a noted gambler and more than once had killed his man. I was not permitted to leave the house that night, and the next morning, after much urging, was prevailed upon not to return by a road through the bushes that led to the ferry, but to take a longer route through the settled portion of the town, which I did. While riding to the ferry I hitched my horse in front of a watchmaker's

to have my watch regulated, and on entering the store at some distance from me I saw the notorious gambler apparently making a purchase of the watchmaker. I lost no time in cocking my revolver and the sound was so familiar to him that the moment he heard it he quickly turned his head, and, seeing me, said: 'I guess I'll not make the purchase to-day,' and quickly left the store. I kept my eye on him while he was in it until he was out of sight. I transacted my business, mounted my horse and reached my home in safety. For killing a man at a racecourse he was hanged not long after. That is when I was nearest death."

SEMMES' ACCOUNT OF CHURUBUSCO.

When General Scott arrived at Coyoacan, one mile from Churubusco, he halted a short time, as General Worth had done, to make a hasty reconnaissance. This being accomplished, he dispatched General Twiggs, with one of his brigades—that of General Smith, less the Rifles—and Captain Taylor's field battery, to attack the fortified position of San Pablo, following the movement soon afterward. He then directed General Pierce, with his brigade (Pillow's division) to follow another road, to the left, with a view to attack the enemy's right and rear, and at the same time favor Twiggs' movement. This brigade he subsequently reinforced by Shields' brigade, composed, as the reader knows, of the gallant South Carolina and New York regiments. Shields, being Pierce's senior, assumed command of the whole; and as he had a bad habit of getting into hot places, he was obliged to be still further reinforced, before the close of the action, by the Rifles, which, up to this time, had formed General Twiggs' reserve, and by Captain Sibley's company of dragoons. Twiggs was soon hotly engaged, and Taylor's battery, which had imprudently been placed in an exposed position, was disabled by the enemy's heavier metal, and compelled, by superior orders, to retire. Shields, advancing about a mile toward the right and rear of the enemy, on the road leading in that direction, left the road, at this point, and

bent his course more toward the causeway, passing through a heavy cornfield and reaching a position in a swampy meadow, in which was situated the Hacienda de los Portales. His object was to penetrate to the causeway, if possible, and attack the enemy in the rear, or intercept his retreat when he should be driven from his position in front by Worth and Twiggs. There were four thousand of the enemy's infantry drawn up on the causeway, covered by some three thousand cavalry, extending on their right. Shiends, at first, endeavored to outflank this force, by a movement to the left (his left); but finding the enemy to answer his movement, by extending himself to the right, and to do this faster, because of the firm ground on which he maneuvered, than he (Shields) was able to move, he withdrew his men to the hacienda, and resolved on a front attack. "I selected," says he, "the Palmetto regiment as the base of my line, and this gallant regiment moved forward firmly, and rapidly, under a fire of musketry as terrible, perhaps, as any which soldiers ever faced." The Palmetto thus forming the center of the attack, the New York, Twelfth and Fifteenth regiments were deployed in support, on the right, and the gallant Ninth, under my friend, Ransom, was moved to the left. The whole line now advanced steadily, opening their fire as they came up. They were faced by overwhelmingly superior numbers, however, and a most deadly conflict ensued. Of the two hundred and seventy-two men of the gallant Palmetto regiment who went into action on this occasion, one hundred and thirty-seven fell on this bloody field. Among them were the lamented Colonel Butler, first wounded, but refusing to retire, and then shot dead, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson, mortally wounded. In consequences of the bad ground on which the gallant brigadier operated, and the vastly superior forces of the enemy, he must have been cut to pieces, but for the events which followed in other parts of the field. The moment the enemy had begun to waver, and show signs of confusion, Shields, with the remnants of his gallant regiments, had rushed forward and now reached the causeway, just as the head of Worth's

column came up. He fell into our ranks and joined with us in the pursuit.

Much of the loss, as well as the glory of this battle, fell upon Worth's division, although the strategic skill of the commander was put in requisition to spare his men as much as possible. The relative numbers of the killed and wounded, gathered officially, after a battle, always show where the fighting was done. Worth's loss on this occasion was three hundred and forty-nine; General Shields', whose command was much less numerous than Worth's, was two hundred and forty; General Twiggs', whose division was about the size of Worth's, was two hundred, and General Pillows', whose division was the largest on the ground, something short of two hundred.

Thus was fought, on the 20th of August, 1847, the battle of Churubusco, one of the most brilliant exploits of our arms, and in which larger numbers had been engaged, on both sides, than in any previous battle of the war. General Worth, who had seen much hard fighting in two wars, after having described the movement of his division, expresses in the following language his sense of the triumph we had achieved: "When I recur to the nature of the ground, and the fact that the division (2,600 strong of all arms) was engaged from two to two and a half hours in a hand-to-hand conflict with from 7,000 to 9,000 of the enemy, having the advantage of position, and occupying regular works, which, our engineers will say, were most skillfully constructed, the mind is filled with wonder, and the heart with gratitude to the brave officers and soldiers, whose steady and indomitable valor has, under such circumstances, aided in achieving results so honorable to our country; results not accomplished, however, without the sacrifice of many valuable lives." General Scott generously and eloquently expressed his appreciation of the services of his subordinates, as follows: "So terminated the series of events, which I have but feebly presented. My thanks were freely poured out on the different fields, to the abilities and science of generals and other officers; to the gallantry and prowess of all, the rank and file in-

cluded; but a reward infinitely higher, the applause of a grateful country and government, will, I cannot doubt, be accorded in due time to so much merit of every sort, displayed by this gallant army, which has now overcome all difficulties—distance, climate, fortification, ground and numbers.” General Shields, in his official report, makes the following honorable mention of my gallant friend and co-lieutenant, Shubrick, who joined the staff of this officer just before our march from Puebla: “Lieutenant Shubrick of the navy, who accompanied me, attached to the Palmetto regiment of his native state and fought in its ranks,” and is spoken of handsomely in the report of its commander.

He was one of the hundred and thirty-five who escaped unhurt out of the two hundred and seventy-two of the gallant South Carolinians who had gone into battle.

“There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower,
For fame is there, to say who bleeds,
And honors high on daring deeds.”

Wilcox, in describing the battle of Churubusco, says that General Scott, immediately on his arrival at Coyoacan, dispatched Captain Lee, with Captain Phil Kearney’s company of First Dragoons, supported by one company of mounted rifles under Lieutenant Alfred Gibbs, to reconnoiter. In speaking of the disposition of other forces he says Riley’s brigade had also been ordered forward, and the battle being now joined by Twiggs, Worth and Pillow, General Scott ordered General Pierce’s brigade, conducted by Captain Lee, to move by the road leading north from Coyoacan, across the Churubusco River by a bridge on that road, then turn to the right and seize the causeway in rear of the tete-de-pont. In a few minutes General Shields was ordered to the same point with his two regiments, and was directed to take command of all the troops on that part of the field.

Captain Lee returned to Coyoacan, and, reporting to General Scott that Shields, engaged in rear of the Mexican lines, was hard pressed and in danger of being outflanked,

if not overwhelmed by superior numbers, Major Summer was ordered to move with the Mounted Rifles, under Major Loring, and Captain Sibley's company, Second Dragoons, conducted by Captain Lee, to support Shields.

Brigadier-General Franklin Pierce, with a battalion of the Twelfth Infantry under Captain Allen Wood, and the Fifteenth Infantry, led by Colonel Morgan, ordered to turn the Mexican right and cut their communications, was followed by Brigadier-General Shields, Quitman's division, with the New York and South Carolina regiments, Colonels Ward B. Burnett and Pearce M. Butler. Shields was directed to assume command of the two brigades, with the same order as given to Pierce. The Ninth Infantry (Colonel Ransom), Pierce's brigade and the mountain howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Reno, followed Shields' regiment, which moved on the road for a mile, then crossed several ditches (the ground being low and wet), next inclined to the right, passing over some marshy ground, and through fields of full-grown corn, beyond which long lines of the enemy were formed on the turnpike leading from San Augustin, via Churubusco, to the city.

General Shields attacked the Mexicans by regiments, first with the battalion of the Twelfth Infantry, under Brevet Major Allen Wood. As Shields' two regiments approached the field, the line, owing to the difficulties of the march, had become much extended; time was consumed by the New York regiment in forming, and when it advanced the enemy was seen endeavoring to turn its flank, the regiment being at the time under a distant fire. Owing to a number of horsemen and the Mountain Howitzer Battery entering the column, there was an interval of 300 yards between these two regiments, and the Ninth Infantry of Pierce's brigade was about the same distance in the rear of the Palmetto regiment. When the latter, ordered into action on the left of the New York, moved forward, only two of its companies had formed, but as it advanced other companies came up into line. The New York retiring to cover of the hacienda on its right, the South Carolina regiment became exposed to fire in front and from the

houses of Lavillera on its left. The great eagerness to reach the road, and thus cut off the retreat of the main Mexican force fighting at Churubusco, precipitated the attack by regiments, and a new and more united formation being evidently indispensable, the South Carolina moved by the right flank and rear, until it joined the left of the New York regiment. General Shields and staff having marked out a line on which the regiments were to re-form, the companies of the left wing of the Palmetto formed on this line in good order; those of the right wing, becoming mixed up with men of other regiments, were in some confusion, but this was remedied when the advance was ordered. A part of the New York regiment formed on the right of the Palmettos, when the order "to charge" was given, Major Gladden leading the latter, and not halting until the road was reached and occupied. The Ninth Infantry and Mountain Howitzer Battery joined in battle; the latter, in position on the right of the hacienda, threw spherical case shot and canister into the Mexican ranks formed on the road, the Ninth Infantry on the left and the Twelfth and Fifteenth on the right of the volunteers.

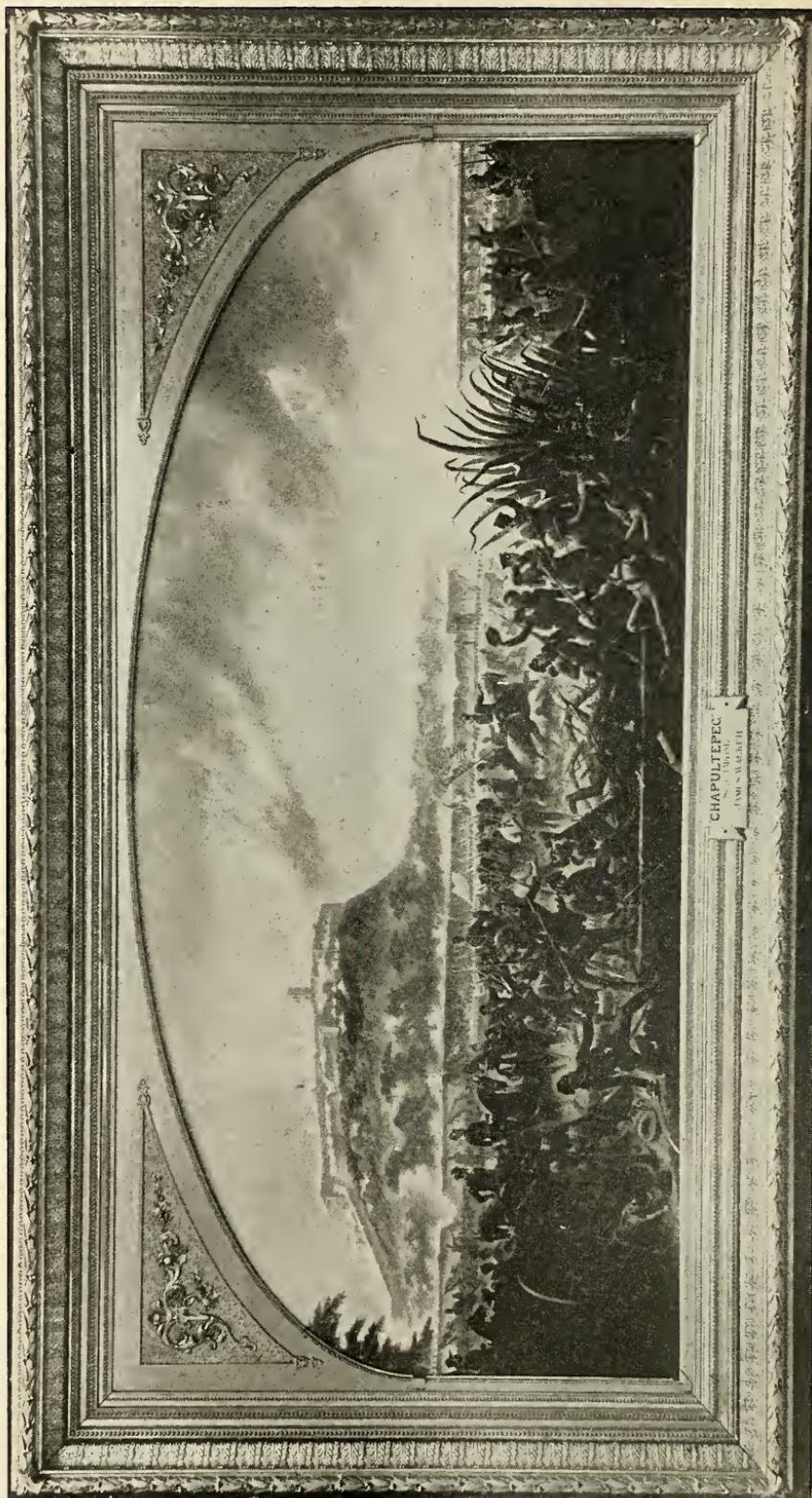
The above mentioned regiments, the South Carolina, New York Twelfth and Fifteenth Infantry on the right and the Ninth Infantry on the left joined in the pursuit on the turnpike toward the city, then in full view, and less than three miles distant. The tete-de-pont and convent had been carried, and the enemy was in flight from the points along the main highway before Shields' command gained the road.

Worth's division, Shields' and Pierce's brigades of Quitman's, Pillow's, division, and the Eleventh Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Graham of Cadwallader's brigade, followed the retreating enemy, as he fell back in tolerable order, until Lieutenant Ayers, Third Artillery, with one gun, captured at the tete-de-pont, joined the column, and turning it upon the fleeing Mexicans, caused them to rush on in great disorder.

The loss in General Shields' command was serious in the higher grades of officers. Brigadier-General Pierce

when ordered to turn the Mexican right was sick. General Scott referred to him in his report as "just able to keep the saddle." Colonel Burnett, of the New York regiment, fell painfully wounded in the battle; Colonel Morgan, of the Fifteenth Infantry, was also disabled by a serious wound after being in battle a short time; Colonel Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, had his horse killed, then advanced on foot, a few minutes subsequently was wounded in the leg, and turned over his regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson, but resumed command, re-formed his regiment under a heavy fire on the line indicated by the brigade commander, and was gallantly leading his men in the thickest of the fray when he fell dead, shot through the head. Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson was mortally wounded about the same time, and Adjutant James Cantey shot through the jaw. These great losses, three regimental commanders being disabled, naturally had a depressing effect, but General Shields and his staff exerted themselves to encourage the men, re-form the ranks and lead them against the enemy; in no part of the field and at no time during the memorable day was more gallantry displayed or more dangers confronted than at Portales by Shields and staff. When Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson fell he was bearing aloft the Palmetto flag; Lieutenants Abney and Sumter were wounded early, but continued with their companies until the last shots were fired. Captain J. D. Blanding, regimental commissary, joined a company and shared its dangers until wounded. Captain Hammond, quartermaster, aided the several regimental commanders by bearing orders to subordinates. Lieutenant Shubrick, of the United States navy, a volunteer aide to General Shields, having lost his horse, joined Company F from his native city, and fought as private soldier with musket. Private Earle, of the quartermaster department, and not required to be in battle, joined his company and fought throughout the battle.

In the New York regiment Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Baxter displayed great coolness and courage, and had two horses shot under him. The sergeant-major, L.



CHAPULTEPEC F.
No. 1000 (1870).
JAMES W. MATH.

O'Reilly, fell in front of the colors of his regiment, while advancing upon the enemy. Color-Sergeant Romaine, having the national colors, after being disabled in his right arm, carried them with his left hand until shot dead. Corporal Lake, of the color guard, then seized them, and, falling immediately, Orderly-Sergeant Doremus, of Company A, took charge of them until the contest closed.

Key to Walker's painting of the Battle of Chapultepec.

This splendid work of art is twenty feet long by ten feet high and cost \$6,500. It is located near the west staircase at the Senate side of the Capitol in Washington, D. C.

In the Irish World of June 14th, 1879, appears the following:

SHIELDS AT CHAPULTEPEC.

In reply to a question asked him in Washington last spring, whether the painting of the battle of Chapultepec over the Senate staircase, where he is represented as standing in his shirt-sleeves, was a fancy sketch, General Shields said: "No; we were taken just as we stood by a photographer, who followed the army, to take sketches whenever he could. It was afterward transferred to canvas. The incident which it commemorates was one of the most notable and curious in my history. I had been ordered by General Scott to make a demonstration on the City of Mexico, from the Chapultepec side. I gathered up the magnificent Palmetto regiment, Colonel Butler, the Mounted Rifles, the New York Volunteers and O'Brien's battery, and led a sudden dash along the aqueduct toward the city. The enemy gave way, and, seeing that, we pressed them all the harder to prevent re-forming. General Scott, who intended that General Worth should take the city by the San Cosme route, instead of the Belen route, saw from the heights that I was making rather rapid progress, and immediately detached two aides-de-camp to stop me. I saw them coming, and suspected their errand. (Lord Nelson, you know, at Copenhagen, was the second in command. When the signal was given to him not to attack, one of his officers called his attention to it. He put his glass to his blind eye and said:

'Damned if I can see any signal. Attack!). I didn't want any message from General Scott at that precise moment, and when the aide-de-camp got within speaking range and said, 'General Scott sends his compliments to General Shields,' I hollered out, 'All right, but I haven't time to talk with you now; wait a bit.'"

"General Scott, seeing that we were still pushing ahead at a breakneck pace toward the city, sent General Quitman to me, and my horse having been shot under me, I was on foot, explaining to General Quitman that it would be madness for us to desist from our advantage, and that General Scott never would have ordered it if he knew how gloriously we were advancing. Oh! But he was a gallant soldier, that General Quitman, and a generous one, and, instead of ordering me back, he told me to go ahead. So, on we went, and in less than twenty minutes we entered the garita, or city gate, and unfurled the first American flag in the City of Mexico—the flag that was borne by the gallant Palmetto regiment. The artist happened to get his camera in focus just while I was talking to General Quitman, and so I apprehend it is a more correct battlepiece than the most of those that ornament our public buildings."

CHAPULTEPEC.

Wilcox says General Quitman was met at the adobe houses, and near him was Brigadier-General Shields, bleeding freely from a wound in the arm; the difficulties of the storming party were explained, and the troops then approaching were ordered to turn off to the left at right angles to the road and move against the castle through an opening visible in the surrounding wall.

The enemy was also behind the aqueduct, at and near the gate leading into Chapultepec, in houses and on the azoteas, strengthened with sand bags, but the castle had been taken before the firing ceased at the foot of the hill near the gate.

Of Quitman's troops, the South Carolina regiment on reaching the wall broke through it. The New York and Pennsylvania regiments, inclining to the left, passed

through at the redan, where Johnston had crossed. The South Carolinians, having broken through the wall, ascended the hill and joined the foremost, as did the New York regiment, notably the company commanded by Lieutenant Mayne Reid, who had been guarding battery No. 2. When this battery ceased firing, he moved forward at a run, joined the advanced troops in the ascent, and fell wounded near the ditch. General Pillow was wounded at the foot of the hill, and Colonel T. B. Ransom, of the Ninth Infantry, was killed, shot through the head, while leading his regiment near the storming party.

Lieutenant Brower, of the New York regiment, is credited with the honor of receiving personally the surrender of General Bravo and escorting his prisoner to General Cadwallader, who states in his report that "The Mexican flag which floated over the fortress, and which had been three times shot down by our artillery, was lowered and handed to me by Major Thomas H. Seymour, of the Ninth Infantry.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

After the capture of Chapultepec General Quitman ordered his staff to refill cartridge boxes, preparatory to an advance along the aqueduct toward the Garita-de-Belen, and rode up to the castle to have a more extended view of the valley and approaches of the city.

Napoleon, when speaking of the siege of Valencia, in Spain, by Moncey, in which the latter was beaten off, says, "A city with eighty thousand inhabitants, barricaded streets, and artillery placed at the gates, cannot be taken by the collar;" but this was precisely what we had to do, with regard to Mexico, with two hundred thousand inhabitants. There were four principal garitas, or gates of the city, on the side on which we were operating—from south to west—to wit, the gate of San Antonio, that of the Nino Perdido, that of Belen, and that of San Cosme. The first stood at the entrance into the city of the great causeway of San Antonio, leading direct from San Augustin, and passing through Churubusco; the second commanded the causeway leading into the city, from a point a short dis-

tance this side of San Angel; the third commanded the causeway leading from Chapultepec into the city, and the fourth, that of San Cosme, leading from Tacuba, and joined also by another causeway from Chapultepec. The ground between these several causeways was low and marshy, and in the rainy season—in which we were operating—partially inundated by detached pools of water. It was, therefore, impracticable. Several cross-roads passed from one causeway to another; sometimes two or more of these entering the city, at or near the same gate. These various approaches were cut out from point to point, and were defended by breastworks and artillery. In addition to the batteries which commanded the direct approaches, other batteries were placed on the flanks of these, so as to fire across the road, and, at the same time, upon the flanks and the rear of the first batteries, when these should be carried. Each city gate was a fortress, and the walls of the city were surrounded by wet ditches of great width and depth, constructed for the purpose of drainage, and now coming conveniently into play for defense. Meanwhile, General Persifer Smith ordered the ditch across the Tacubaya road to be filled and the parapet leveled, to permit the passage of artillery.

The pursuit, with a short pause at Chapultepec, was pressed vigorously on the two roads (map xiv) into the city. The more direct of these, the one followed by Quitman, led to the Garita-de-Belen, about two miles distant. Worth advanced over the other and longer, which entered the city through the San Cosme Garita. These roads were broad, level avenues. In the center of each was an aqueduct, consisting of an open stone trough, resting on arches springing from stone piers and right and left of the causeway were ditches filled with water.

The Mounted Rifles, under Major W. W. Loring, followed by Captain Drum's guns, the remainder of Quitman's command, Smith's brigade of Twigg's division, and a portion of the Sixth Infantry from Clarke's brigade, Worth's division, under Major Bonneville, led Quitman's advance along the Belen causeway, on which, a mile from

Chapultepec, was a bridge, called the "Bridge of the Insurgents," near and beyond which was a battery with guns, and on its right a parapet several hundred yards long, for infantry. At this battery and along the parapet was posted the battalion of Morelia. The resistance here for a short time was spirited, but the fire of the Mounted Rifles, of Drum's eight-inch howitzer, and a fraction of the infantry, drove the Mexican from this position. A section of Duncan's battery, supported by Colonel C. F. Smith's light battalion, advanced to the south side of the San Cosme aqueduct, and fired upon it, and toward the Paseo. Lieutenant FitzJohn Porter, Fourth Artillery, was temporarily disabled near this work by a severe concussion from a spent ball.

Passing this battery and intrenched position, Quitman's command continued to advance on the causeway, the Mounted Rifles leading, followed by Drum's guns, moved by hand. The spaces between the piers, under the arches of the aqueduct afforded good shelter for the troops from the fire of the works at the Belen Gate, now sweeping the level and straight causeway, but for the artillery, or for the men by whom the guns were moved forward, there was no cover, and they had to face the fire from the fortified gate.

As the riflemen in front, intermingled with infantry, advanced from arch to arch and approached the garita they were exposed to a body of Mexican infantry, under cover of houses on the right of the road. The advance was checked, but Drum's guns and the rifle fire drove off the Mexican infantry. As the gate was approached still nearer, the South Carolina regiment was placed in front with the rifles; "three rifles and three bayonets under each arch," supported by the residue of Smith's and Shields' brigades, and the Second Pennsylvania, with a part of the Sixth Infantry, under Major Bonneville. The advance from arch to arch was made under a close artillery fire and from numerous infantry at the garita batteries, at the breastwork on the Paseo, and on the Piedad road, extending from the right of the gate. One of Drum's guns, a

sixteen-pounder, under Lieutenant Benjamin, was directed upon the garita with effect, and when the enfilade fire from the Piedad road obstructed the advance of the column, Drum, with the sixteen-pounder and an eight-inch howitzer, threw rounds of grape and canister and cleared the way for the column. The Rifles, well sustained by the South Carolinians, rushed on in the face of a quick infantry fire, from the gate and roofs of houses near the breastworks on the Paseo, amid the sheeted fire and roar of thundering guns and captured the Garita-de-Belen, at which point the Mexican capital was entered at 1:30 p. m., September 13. The division commander, General Quitman, was among the first to mount and cross the breast-work on the side of the aqueduct fronting the citadel.

Near the city gate I saw General Quitman standing on the parapet at the gate, facing the rear and waving his handkerchief. The General immediately directed that a flag be displayed from the aqueduct, in order that those of his command, not yet up, might see where we were. General P. F. Smith arrived at this time, and with watch in hand, remarked: "General, it is twenty minutes after one."

As soon as ordered I ran back from the gate thirty or forty yards to the South Carolina regiment and requested Lieutenant Frederick W. Sellock of that regiment to bring his flag forward to be waved as a signal from the aqueduct. Inside the garita, on the south side, was a plank scaffold resting against the aqueduct; using this as a banquette, the Mexicans could fire over it, having their bodies well protected. Sellock soon appeared with the Palmetto flag, accompanied by several men of the regiment, and mounted the scaffold by the aid of the men; he then gave me his hand, and with his assistance I was soon up by his side. The flag was handed to us, but it was inconvenient for two to hold; it was then waved alternately, first by Sellock, then by myself. This account of the raising of the Palmetto flag on the Garita-de-Belen is verified by the report of the United States Senate committee in December, 1855, on an investigation as to the

first American flag hoisted in the City of Mexico after the entrance of the American troops.

Upon the display of the flag, there was cheering among the men near the gate; the firing had been lively all the time, but the waving of the flag and the cheering of the men caused a concentration of both artillery and musketry upon the garita. After the flag had been thus displayed several minutes, General Quitman remarked: "That will do; get down."

Two hours after the capture of the Belen Gate I was directed by the General to have the men withdrawn from the inside of the gate, and to order them to shelter themselves near it as well as they could. About seventy yards within the gate I found Major Gladden, commanding the South Carolina regiment, standing with the colors of his regiment in his hand and leaning against the aqueduct, a stream of blood over a yard long running from his feet. He had been shot through the leg near the body, but did not leave his regiment until ordered to the rear.

The fire of two Mexican guns, posted at the college of the Belen de los Mochas, was very effective, and, together with other pieces in the citadel, battered the gate fearfully. An effective infantry fire was also delivered from the roof of the college. Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin were mortally wounded, the first inside, the latter outside, the gate; Lieutenant Mansfield Lovell, of Quitman's staff, and Lieutenant Earl Van Dorm, Seventh Infantry, painfully wounded by spent balls. The losses, killed and wounded, were large. It is still well remembered that the aqueduct was raked by artillery and that shots came also obliquely from the Paseo on the left, one of which killed three South Carolinians under the same arch with Major Bonneville.

Quitman's force, however, could not be driven from the garita and remained there under an annoying and effective fire of artillery and musketry, which continued until dark. During the night a battery and other intrenchments were constructed inside the gate under the supervision of Lieutenant Beauregard, assisted by Lieutenant

Henry Coppee, Third Artillery; the former had accompanied Quitman's command in its advance upon and capture of the Belen Gate, and was struck several times during the day by musket balls and grape, but remained at the front. The battery was completed a little before day, and in it were placed one twenty-four-pounder, one eighteen-pounder, and one eight-inch howitzer, under Captain Edward Steptoe, Second Artillery.

At dawn of the 14th a white flag was sent from the Citadel on the Garita-de-Belen, the bearers of which requested General Quitman to take possession, reporting that the city had been evacuated by Santa Anna and his army. Lieutenants Beauregard and Lovell moved forward to ascertain the truth of this report, and at a signal given by them from the parapet of the citadel, Quitman, leaving the South Carolina regiment as a guard to the Belen Gate, marched his command, Smith's brigade leading, and took possession of the citadel, finding there fifteen guns mounted and as many not in position, with an extensive variety of military stores. The Second Pennsylvania regiment was left there as a garrison. General Quitman, learning that great depredations were being committed in the National Palace and other public buildings, marched his command, followed by Steptoe's battery, to the Grand Plaza, and halted it there, the troops being on the west and south sides of the plaza, and having the National Palace and cathedral in front.

Soon after the arrival in the plaza the stars and stripes were displayed from the flagstaff of the National Palace, and were greeted enthusiastically by the troops, although much exhausted by the labor and excitement of the preceding day and by the fatigue of the cold, cheerless night, passed without fires and within the range of the enemy's guns. As soon as the Grand Plaza was occupied, General Quitman dispatched Lieutenant Beauregard to report the fact to the general-in-chief.

About eight a. m. General Scott, accompanied by his staff and escorted by the cavalry, all in full dress, entered the Grand Plaza at the northwest angle, filed to the right

along the west side and when on a line with the front of the cathedral turned to the left; arms were then presented, colors lowered, and drums beaten. General Scott dismounted, uncovered his head, then passed through the porte-cochere of the National Palace, followed by General Quitman and Smith and staff officers. In the patio he turned to them and said: "Gentlemen, we must not be too elated at our success;" then, after a slight pause, "Let me present to you the civil and military governor of the City of Mexico, Major-General John A. Quitman. I appoint him at this instant. He has earned the distinction and shall have it."

The operations of the 13th of September were successful in every detail, the assault upon Chapultepec and its surrounding works being well planned and executed with a skill that baffled and again misled Santa Anna as to the real point of attack. The American commander did not, on this occasion, permit his adversary to recover from the shock experienced by the loss of Chapultepec, but by a prompt pursuit and good fighting entered the capital through two of its gates, and held them despite the determined efforts of Santn Anna, especially at the Garita-de-Belen, to dislodge him. The fall of Chapultepec, speedily followed by the capture of the Belen and San Cosme gates, was the finishing stroke in the campaign in the Valley of Mexico, and forced Santa Anna with his dispirited, demoralized and greatly depleted army to abandon the capital during the night. Reduced as it was in numbers, it was equal to the American army when it first appeared in front of the city, for we learn from Mexican authorities that soon after nightfall of the 13th there were about 5,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry at the citadel, the troops holding the Nino Perdido, La Profesa and San Fernando not being included in these estimates.

The loss in the American army in its various collisions with the Mexican, including the street fighting of the 14th and 15th, was 2,703; of this number 383 were officers. Deducting this number from the force (10,300) that marched from Puebla, would leave 7,697; and if from this

we take the garrison of the Mexcoac—the general depot—that of Tacubaya, and the force left to guard prisoners and captured property at Chapultepec, there would remain less than 6,000 who took possession of the City of Mexico.

In his official report General Scott writes: "On the other hand, this small force (his army) has beaten, in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army of (at the beginning) 30,000 men, posted always in chosen positions, behind intrenchments or more formidable defenses of nature and art; killed or wounded of that number more than 7,000 officers and men; taken 3,730 prisoners, one-seventh officers, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been president of this republic; captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, besides fifty-seven wall pieces, 20,000 small arms, an immense quantity of shot, shell, powder, etc."

Lieutenants Mansfield Lovell, Fourth Artillery, and C. M. Wilcox, Seventh Infantry, were the aids of General Quitman. The former had been acting assistant adjutant-general from the 11th of August until the 18th of September. Captain F. N. Page, acting adjutant-general, and Lieutenant R. P. Hammond, Third Artillery, the first on duty with General Shields as adjutant-general, the latter as aid, were ordered, September 15th, to report to General Quitman, General Shields being disabled by a painful wound, which made it probable that he would not return to duty for several months.

Six weeks after the capture of the City of Mexico a large train with a strong escort was sent to Vera Cruz, under Colonel Harney's command, Second Dragoons, to bring up much needed supplies and aid in transporting the reinforcing detachments so long expected. Being the first down train, it carried with it a number of wounded officers and men and many on the ordinary sick leave; among the former was Brigadier-General Shields, whose wound, received at Chapultepec, had proved to be very serious and had endangered his life.

The United States forces employed in the invasion of

Mexico aggregated about 100,000 armed men—26,690 regulars, 56,926 volunteers and the balance in the navy, commissariat and transportation departments. Of this number 120 officers and 1,400 men fell in battle or died from wounds received there; 100 officers and 10,800 perished by disease, always more fatal than bullets, and many were ruined in health or disabled by wounds—in all about 25,000. The cost, exclusive of pensions granted in late years, was from 130 to 160 millions of dollars.

Turning from the debit to the credit side, the United States gained in Texas and the ceded territory about 1,000,000 square miles of land, increasing their area one-third and adding 5,000 miles of seacoast and three great harbors; but the paramount gain from the Mexican war was one not measurable by square miles or to be estimated by dollars—a national prestige inspiring confidence at home and respect abroad. Its momentum generated a force which, flashing forth in 1861, removed the blot of slavery from the national escutcheon and is not yet spent. Three presidents—Taylor, Pierce and Grant—bore in it honorable service; the roll calls of the Congresses immediately succeeding it were almost echoes of the muster rolls at Scott's and Taylor's headquarters, and in the Civil War (thirteen years later) the great leaders on both sides owed their pre-eminence in skill and strategy to preliminary training in Mexico, where, planning attacks, masking batteries, turning positions or in the rhythmic flow of iron and flame in siege and assault, they received their baptism of fire.

THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The fortress of Chapultepec stands on a rocky and picturesque mound, at the head of the causeway of the same name and within close cannon range of Tacubaya. The waters of Lake Tezcoco formerly washed its base, and in the days preceding the conquest it was a favorite resort of the unfortunate Montezuma. He had a palace here, and the cypress grove on the west of the hill, through which we fought our way to the fortress, afforded him a gloomy, but picturesque promenade, in the hours of

recreation and retirement. Many of the venerable old cypresses in this grove, which afforded us such friendly shelter from the enemy's balls, are three and four feet in diameter, and have probably stood from four to five hundred years, like the "cedars of Lebanon," witnessing the coming and going of many generations, and preaching eloquently to the nothingness of man. On the north, the hill is entirely inaccessible, it being a bluff precipice; and it is surrounded, in its other parts, by two massive stone walls with ditches. The inner of these walls is from twelve to fifteen feet high. Within this wall, and on the apex of the rugged height, stands a tasteful and rather elegant building, with dome and colonnades, commanding an extensive view of the City of Mexico and the magnificent valley around. This is, at the same time, the military college of the republic and the citadel of the fortress. Hence proceeds all the science which has taught and prompted the Mexicans, for so many years past, to make a domestic battlefield of their unfortunate country. On the west, the hill descends, by a gradual slope, to the grove of cypresses, before described, and it was seen at a glance that this was the side on which to assault it.

All necessary arrangements being made, at daylight on the morning of the 13th of September, General Scott ordered his batteries to open upon Chapultepec, directing Pillow and Quitman to move forward to the assault upon the cessation of his fire. This occurred about eight o'clock, and both generals immediately put themselves in motion. Quitman's storming parties were composed, besides the reinforcement from Twiggs' division, under Captain Casey, of a picked volunteer force, under Captain Reynolds, of the Marines, and of one hundred and twenty men, under Major Twiggs, of the same corps. The road over which he advanced, besides being cut so as to render it nearly impassable, was swept by a battery in front, and fired up in flank, by other batteries on the causeway. Long lines of infantry lay behind dikes, and occupied every other point which afforded them the least shelter.

It seemed impossible for men to advance in face of such obstacles, but the gallant Mississippian, with his storming parties in front, moved forward boldly to the assault. On his left, a short distance from the road, there were some stone and adobe houses, which afforded him partial shelter, and thither he moved by a flank. Before these houses and the outer wall of the fortress, there was a low meadow, intersected by wet ditches, partially covered from view by long grass. General Shields was directed to move obliquely over this meadow, in the direction of the fortress, preparatory to the assault; which he did gallantly in the face of an appalling fire, from which he suffered severely, being himself among the wounded.

After the capture of the fortress, Worth, without waiting for instructions, pushed forward on the San Cosme road. Quitman did the same thing on the Chapultepec road. The Chapultepec road runs to the city in a straight line, whereas that of San Cosme makes an elbow or angle to the north. Both roads are broad avenues, flanked by deep ditches and marshy grounds on either side and an aqueduct, supported by arches of heavy masonry, runs along the middle of each. Each causeway thus presents two roads, one on either side of an aqueduct; and the reader perceives at a glance the facilities afforded by such avenues, both for attack and defense. Quitman was soon met and checked by a breastwork and ditch thrown across the road, which it was impossible to turn, and which he must have been compelled to carry, by a front attack, at great loss, had it not been for the friendly assistance of Worth, who, delaying the march of his own division, pushed Duncan boldly forward on a cross-road, with a section of his battery, covered by Smith's light battalion, to within four hundred yards of the enemy's position, and opened one of those destructive fires upon his flank and rear which nothing could withstand. The enemy soon gave way, and, while falling back, in great confusion, Duncan's grape told with fearful effect upon his flying ranks. Quitman, who had, at the same time, been gallantly bearding the work, with a howitzer, under Drum,

and with Smith's Rifles, followed up his advantage with spirit, and fought his way bravely to the gate of Belen, which he carried by assault (being among the foremost in the assault himself), some hours before Worth entered that of San Cosme.

The gate of Belen is a remote suburb of the City of Mexico, and Quitman, when he entered it, found himself bearded, not only by a formidable battery on the patio, but by the citadel, a heavy armwork of large extent, which was not only sufficient (taken in front) to hold him, but the whole army, in check. General Scott sent him reinforcements and intrenching tools, and he employed himself the whole night endeavoring to fortify himself in his position, and in constructing new batteries, to be opened upon the enemy in the morning. But when morning came a white flag was hoisted on the citadel as a token that the city had surrendered.

Quitman had effected a lodgment within the gate of Belen, and consequently within the City of Mexico, during the afternoon, and early the next morning proceeded to the Grand Plaza, and hoisted on the capital the proud emblem of our nation, the glorious stripes and stars, which we had borne in triumph from Vera Cruz.

Our troops, to the number of six thousand, entered the great City of Mexico, in the undress uniforms in which they had marched so many weary miles and fought so many desperate battles. To behold so novel a spectacle, the various streets poured forth their thousands of spectators, and the balconies and housetops were filled besides with a gay and picturesque throng. So dense was the crowd that it was frequently necessary to halt until the pressure was removed. Almost every house had prepared and hung out a neutral flag, as English, French, Spanish, etc., as a means of protection, and the fashionably dressed women, who showed themselves without the least reserve at doorways and windows, gave one the idea rather of a grand national festival than of the entry of a conquering army into an enemy's capital. General Scott, arrayed in full uniform and surrounded by his numerous

staff, dressed in like manner, the whole presenting a very imposing and military looking cavalcade, was escorted by harnessed dragoons to the National Palace.

The small scale on which our war with Mexico was conducted prevents this famous campaign from taking rank, in point of numbers, with those gigantic military operations of Europe which from time to time have absorbed the attention of nations; but in this respect alone. Tested by any other standard, it will compare favorably with any one of them. In marches, in successful strategy, in hard fighting and in its decisive results, it may be placed side by side with any of Napoleon's Italian campaigns, and gain rather than lose by the comparison. With a mean force of ten thousand men we landed in the season of tempests on a coast where pestilence annually sweeps off its thousands, and marched through a nation of eight millions of people triumphantly to its capital, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. This march, too, was performed, for the most part, in a mountainous region, so strongly fortified by nature that the Spanish government, and after it the Mexican, never dreamed of the possibility of its being invaded, or so much as thought of the necessity of constructing a single defensive work with a view to such a result, until the heads of our columns already began to show themselves on the steps of the mountains.

The Irish World of October 5, 1878, also published this brief account of General Shield's career:

War soon broke out with Mexico, and he was appointed brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of the Illinois volunteers. He served under General Taylor on the Rio Grande; under General Wool in his campaign against Chihuahua, and next under General Scott, where he entered on his campaign for the capture of the City of Mexico. At the siege of Vera Cruz he distinguished himself for activity, energy and fearlessness. After the fall of Vera Cruz the American army under General Scott had to encounter the whole Mexican army at Cerro Gordo, the strongest natural position on the con-

tinent. Here General Shields was assigned to attack the Mexican reserve, under the command of General Santa Anna in person. This he accomplished with such intrepidity and consummate skill that he fairly surprised the Mexican force and swept them before him, carrying a battery of six pieces of cannon at the point of the bayonet. Unfortunately, before this battery, he received a terrible wound, deemed at the time mortal—a cannon grapeshot measuring an inch and a third in diameter having punctured his right lung, tore through his body, and passed out near the spine. To the surprise of everybody and the astonishment of the medical staff of the army, in ten weeks he was again in the saddle and at the head of his command. He entered the Valley of Mexico with the American army and was the first American to plant the stars and stripes in the captured city—his brigade consisting of the New York volunteers, the Palmettos of South Carolina, and a battalion of United States marines.

The first battle fought in the Valley was that of Contreras, where the enemy were strongly posted within their intrenchments. General Persifer Smith was sent against them in the afternoon, and General Shields was sent to join him the same night, and, being senior in rank, was entitled to take command, but finding that General Smith had made his dispositions to make an attack upon the enemy about daybreak, and approving of the arrangements, he declined to deprive General Smith of the honor of the achievement—"an act of magnanimity," says the historian, "hardly or never heard of in military history." He served under him next morning, and aided him essentially in the attack, which was eminently successful.

The next day was fought the battle of Churubusco, which was one of the most bloody engagements of the war. In this battle General Shields was assigned the command of a division and appointed again to attack the Mexican reserve, under his old antagonist, General Santa Anna. This he accomplished with rapid and fearless audacity, and although the enemy were five to one, he carried their posi-

tion, captured their artillery, and drove them broken and shattered into the City of Mexico; but this daring exploit cost him the lives of some of his bravest officers and about one-third of his entire command. The gallant and noble Palmetto regiment lost half its number in killed and wounded on that bloody field.

Next succeeded the storming of Chapultepec. In this he was again seriously wounded, a musket ball having torn through his arm, passing out near the elbow. Notwithstanding the wound, he pursued the enemy to the very gates of the city, having his horse shot under him. The capture of the city followed, and peace being soon after concluded, he returned home to Illinois.

Peterson, in his history of American wars of 1812 and Mexico, describing the battle of Chapultepec, says:

The veteran regiments of Riley and Smith, conquerors already on one field that day, never quailed. Though from their position they could but indistinctly see the foe, while the enemy from his elevation commanded a complete view of the whole field, they resolutely maintained the fight, cheering to each other, stimulated, from time to time, by glimpses caught through the smoke of the white flag of surrender, which, though pulled down as often as hung out, betrayed that the hearts of the enemy were beginning to fail. Thrice this sign was seen, and thrice greeted with huzzas. The roar of six pieces of heavy artillery and more than two thousand muskets, immediately at this spot, combined with the wild uproar now going on at the tete-de-pont, and the more distant crash of battle from the division of Shields, conspired to make the scene like pandemonium, a resemblance that was increased by the smoke that covered the battlefield, and would have turned day into night, but for the incessant and lurid fire that vivified the scene. At last, the division of Worth, having carried the tete-de-pont, a fire was opened, as we have seen, on the rear of the hacienda. The enemy held out still for half an hour longer, and then hung out the white flag, but not until two companies of the Second Infantry, led by Captains Alexander

and Smith, had forced the work with the bayonet and entered triumphantly.

While the battle had raged at these two points, Shields, reinforced by the brigade of Pierce, and subsequently by the Rifles, had waded across the meadows to the left, and reached by a winding route a point near the Acapulco road, somewhat in the rear of Churubusco. Here he found himself suddenly opposed by four thousand Mexican infantry, on whose sides hovered three thousand cavalry. Finding it impossible to outflank the enemy, he concentrated his division, with a little hamlet as its sustaining point, and began a resolute attack. The conflict was long, hot and varied. The troops were nearly all volunteers, but no regulars could have behaved with more heroism. To the officers is particularly owing the final success of the day. Pressing on at the head of their troops, they led wherever duty called, not merely showing the men where to go, but rushing forward, and calling on them to follow. General Pierce, still suffering from a hurt, persisted in keeping his horse, and fainted at last from exhaustion. Colonel Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, who had risen from a sick-bed, led on his troops, even after he received a wound, and fell finally at the head of the column, his last words being "Keep in the front with the Palmetto flag!" Such heroism could not fail of victory. The enemy, in the end, gave way. At this instant, Worth, having carried the tete-de-pont, was seen sweeping along the Acapulco road, and, soon effecting a junction with Shields, the united forces passed onward to the City of Mexico, driving the mass of fugitives before them as a mountain freshet whirls away opposing dams in its embrace. At the head of the pursuit rushed the powerful dragoons of Colonel Harney. The chase was continued by this bold leader to within a hundred yards of the city gate, not drawing rein until a masked battery opened on him. Captain Kearney lost an arm, and several of the troop were wounded. Worth, uncertain of the plans of the commander-in-chief, halted with the main body of the forces within a mile

and a half of the city. Meantime, Scott, arriving in person at Churubusco, drew up in front of the captured hacienda, where he was received with tumultuous cheers by his soldiers, whom he complimented on the spot for their gallantry.

The division of Quitman, indeed, had conquered as great, if not greater obstacles, than that of Pillow. Before it could reach the foot of the hill it had cut its way along a causeway, defended by ditches and batteries, manned with immense numbers of the enemy. Reinforced by General Smith and the Rifles, however, Quitman gallantly struggled along; but not without losing Major Twiggs and Captain Casey, who led his two storming parties. At last the New York, Pennsylvania and South Carolina volunteers, eager to reach the hill and join in the assault, leaped from the causeway, crossed the meadows in front, and, attended by portions of the storming parties, entered the outer inclosure of Chapultepec. They did not effect this without great slaughter on their part; but their object was gained; they arrived at the castle simultaneously with the men of Pillow, and entered it with his forlorn hope. Foremost in the advance were Lieutenant Reid, of the New York Volunteers, and Lieutenant Steel, of the Second Infantry. Cheers on cheers, breaking from the excited conquerors, now shook the welkin and carried terror to the heart of the capital itself. The garrison still fought in detachments, few asking quarter; fewer, alas, obtaining it; for the Americans, exasperated by the cruelties of Molino del Rey, turned the rout into a massacre. About fifty general officers, one hundred cadets and some private soldiers were, however, taken prisoners. The cadets resisted desperately, some being killed fighting, who were not fourteen years of age. But we draw a veil over this sanguinary day, when the passions of men, excited to frenzy, made them, for the time, like demons. During the assault the American batteries threw shells upon the enemy over the heads of our own men, and thus effectually prevented the hill from being reinforced. The castle was found riddled with balls. In less than a minute

after the last wall was surmounted, the great flag of Mexico was hauled down, and the stars and stripes, shooting, meteor-like, to the sky, announced that Chapultepec had fallen.

Immediately after the reduction of the place, the commander-in-chief arrived in person, and, ascending to the summit of the hill, from which the approaches to the city were seen as on a map, proceeded to direct the assault. Two roads led from the foot of Chapultepec to the gates of the town. One, on the left, terminated at the San Cosmo Gate, another, on the right, ended in the Belen Gate. Along each of these causeways ran an aqueduct on arches, the carriageway passing on either side. The reconnoissances on the preceding day had convinced Scott that the San Cosmo route was the weakest, and accordingly he had intended the main attack to be made here. For this purpose he had ordered Worth to turn the castle during the fight, in order to be ready to advance the instant Chapultepec had fallen. Pillow, just as the assault on the castle was about to begin, had sent to Worth for reinforcements, and the latter had dispatched Clarke's brigade, thus reducing his forces one-half; nevertheless, as soon as the hill was stormed, Worth pushed forward toward Mexico, though having but a single brigade. Scott, perceiving his weakness, hastened to send back Clarke's brigade, and to add to it Cadwallader's; and having left the Fifteenth Infantry to garrison Chapultepec, followed Worth himself. The Americans soon reached a suburb, not far from the San Cosmo Gate, where they found the enemy prepared to make another stand, admirably fortified behind ditches, and among houses. The moment Worth came within range a furious discharge of musketry was opened on him, the Mexicans firing from gardens, windows, and housetops. Cadwallader's howitzers were promptly ordered to the front, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with crowbars and pickaxes, to force windows and doors, or to hew their way through walls. Thus, literally hewing every inch of their progress, the assailants advanced, and by evening had carried two batteries, cleared

the village, and gained a position close to the San Cosmo Gate. Here, at eight p. m., Worth posted sentinels, and took up his quarters for the night. The assault on the gate was reserved for the morning when the troops should be fresh; and the gate once carried, the heart of the city would be open to the invaders.

Meanwhile, however, the ardor of Quitman and his troops had frustrated, in part, the intention of Scott, by converting the attack on the Belen Gate from a feigned to a real assault. As we have seen, only a portion of Quitman's men had participated directly in the storming of Chapultepec, the rest having been retarded by the defenses at its foot. These works, however, were finally carried, and the hill having fallen, Quitman, concentrating his forces, rushed forward along the Belen causeway. He was met by a terrific fire from artillery in front, and by crossfires from batteries on the flank; but, nevertheless, he pressed on, his soldiers availing themselves of the arches of the aqueduct as a partial cover, running from one to the other between the discharges of the foe. In this manner they advanced, riddled by the fire in the flank, until the batteries on the sides were silenced by the American artillery.

In this emergency the city council determined to make an appeal to the generosity of the conquerors and accordingly, at 4 a. m., on the following morning, a deputation from that body waited on Scott. The embassy being admitted to his presence, informed him of the flight of Santa Anna, and asked terms of capitulation in favor of the churches, citizens and municipal authorities. The commander-in-chief replied that it was too late to offer a capitulation, for the city was at his mercy, and that terms to which it would be admitted should be dictated by himself. In sorrow and alarm the deputation took its leave, for they had nothing to rely on but the clemency of the victors. It was not the intention of the American General, however, to take advantage of the defenseless condition of the citizens, and, except a contribution exacted from the authorities, Mexico suffered none of the evils attendant on being carried by assault. It is to the honor of

the American army that, notwithstanding its severe losses in the attack, and the remembrance of the many cruelties perpetrated by the enemy when in the ascendant, its entrance into the capital was signalized by no such scenes as took place at Badajoz and San Sebastian under Wellington, in the Peninsular war. No conflagration reddened the sky; no murders were committed that plunder might be unchecked; no women were violated; no shrines stripped; no riot and drunkenness prevailed. Never, in the whole range of modern history, has a city, carried by assault, exhibited such little misconduct on the part of the conquerors after the battle was over.

The morning had just dawned—it was the 14th of September, 1847—when Scott issued his orders for Quitman to advance to the great square. The troops of Worth were directed to enter the town simultaneously, but to halt at the Alameda Park, within a few hundred feet of the plaza. This was done that Quitman might have the honor of hoisting the American flag on the national palace, he having been the first to gain a foothold within the walls of the city. His division marched rapidly to the heart of the town, as if fearing to be anticipated, and at 7 a. m. planted the stars and stripes in the conquered capital.

JENKINS' ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

From three to four hundred yards in advance of the Belen Gate, on the Piedad causeway, was a battery with guns, with a breastwork for infantry, facing the west, intervening between it and the garita. At the gate there was a battery of three guns, with another battery of four guns eight hundred yards in its front, on the Chapultepec causeway. East and north of the garita of Belen was the citadel with its fifteen guns, near the northwestern angle of which, on a paseo running north from the gate, was a battery of two guns.

The remaining regiments of General Quitman's division—the New York and South Carolina volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter and Major Gladden, and

the Second Pennsylvania, under Lieutenant-Colonel Geary, Colonel Roberts being confined to a sick bed—led by General Shields, who had solicited the command of the storming parties, but had been refused on account of his rank, after proceeding about half a mile along the causeway, turned to the left, and making their way through the fields intersected by deep ditches, filled with water, under a severe fire of grape and musketry, approached the southern wall of Chapultepec. The Palmettos broke through it, and charged up the height, without firing a gun. Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter being mortally wounded, Major Burnham placed himself at the head of the New Yorkers and entered the enclosure, in company with the Second Pennsylvania, through an abandoned battery, to the left. Lieutenant Reid, with his company of the New York regiment, and a company of marines, moving still further to the left, passed through the breach made by the heavy guns, and was soon among the foremost of the parties who had assaulted the work from the west. A portion of the storming party from General Twiggs' division, under Lieutenant Gant, of the Seventh Infantry, also ascended the hill. A simultaneous rush was now made upon the east, south and west of the castle. Scaling ladders were applied on all sides. Major Seymour, of the Ninth Infantry, reached the flagstaff and hauled down the Mexican standard, and the national color of the New York regiment, the first on the fortress, was displayed by Lieutenant Reid, while the battle was raging at their feet. For a few moments the conflict was terrible. General Bravo and his soldiers made a sturdy defense. The elevens of military school fought bravely and gallantly. Swords clashed; bayonets were crossed and rifles clubbed. The cruelty of the enemy at Casa de Mata was not forgotten; and the ramparts and batteries were covered with those who had fallen, some maimed and disabled, but many cold and stiff as the rocks and stones that formed their resting-place. Carried away with indignation for a moment, the American soldiers seemed inclined to make no prisoners; but the earnest remonstrances of their officers checked the exhibition of a

feeling, which, though not unprovoked, would have sullied the flag under which they fought. Resistance, however, was in vain; the work was carried on; and General Bravo surrendered himself and men prisoners of war.

As soon as the command could be formed and supplied with ammunition, General Quitman advanced on the Chapultepec causeway, the more direct route to the city. Meanwhile Captain Drum had brought up a four-pounder captured gun, and was moving along the causeway, pouring a constant fire upon the flying Mexicans. The rifle regiment, commanded by Major Lorring, formed under the arches of the aqueduct, and the remainder of General Smith's brigade—the First Artillery and Third Infantry, under Major Dimmick and Captain Alexander—leveled the parapets and filled up the ditches in the road, so as to permit the passage of heavy artillery. This being done the whole column was put in motion.

General Scott arrived at the castle shortly after its reduction, and immediately ordered Colonel Clarke, with his brigade, to join his division, and also dispatched the brigade of General Cadwallader to the support of General Worth. The Ninth Infantry was ordered to follow the movement of General Quitman, and the Fifteenth was designated as the garrison of Chapultepec. Siege pieces were likewise directed to be sent forward to both columns. Having issued these orders, General Scott proceeded along the road taken by General Worth. Two heavy pieces under Lieutenant Hagner, escorted by a command of New York Volunteers and marines, under Captain Gallagher, and two pieces and a ten-inch mortar, escorted by the Fifteenth Infantry, followed as soon as they could be got in readiness. Captain Huger also sent heavy guns to General Quitman, and then joined the column of General Worth. The first obstacle encountered by General Quitman was the battery between the castle of Chapultepec and the garita of Belen. A short but effective fire from the eight-inch howitzer, brought up by Lieutenant Porter, directed by Captain Drum, aided by Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan's battery, which had been advanced, by direction of General

Worth, from the causeway along which the column was moving, supported by the light battalion, over a cross route to within four hundred yards of the work, together with the daring bravery of the rifle regiment, soon cleared the battery. The column was forthwith reorganized for an attack upon the work of the garita. The Rifles, intermingled with the South Carolina Volunteers, led the advance, supported by the remainder of General Quitman's division and the brigade of General Smith, and a part of the Sixth Infantry, under Major Bonneville, who had fallen into this road.

Springing boldly from arch to arch of the aqueduct, the advance moved upon the garita, under a tremendous fire of grape, canister and round shot from the battery, and of small arms from the paseo on their left and the Piedad causeway on their right. The enemy had been completely deceived by the movements of General Scott, and did not recover from their delusion until the American troops were seen streaming along the San Cosme and Chapultepec causeways. It was then too late to plant new batteries, or shift their guns. Still, a brave defense was made at the Belen Garita, by General Terres, who commanded the forces at this point, supported by a strong reserve under General Garey. Santa Anna also hastened thither; and for a few moments the conflict was warm and animated.

Several rounds of canister, thrown from a sixteen-pounder gun, pushed forward to the head of the American column by Lieutenant Benjamin, checked the annoying fire of the Mexican infantry of the Piedad causeway, who were soon after driven back by the Fourth Artillery, under Major Gardner, advancing for the purpose from their position near the church of La Piedad. Both gun and howitzer were then opened on the garita. The rifles, now under Captain Simonson, Major Loring having been severely wounded, from their partial cover, beneath the arches of the aqueduct, picked off the artillerists, one by one; the enemy's infantry refused to be led forward, and the removal of their guns was commenced. Discovering

this, General Quitman ordered a charge: The Americans sprang forward with eager impetuosity, entered the work at a few minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon and captured two of its guns. General Quitman was among the first at the garita, and, none of the colors having yet come up, attached a silk handkerchief to a rifle, and waved it over the battery, amid the joyous shouts of his brave soldiers.

The garita being taken, the riflemen and South Carolina Volunteers rushed on, and occupied the arches of the aqueduct, within one hundred yards of the citadel. The ammunition of the heavy guns having been expended, Captain Drum turned a captured nine-pounder upon the enemy, and served it with good effect, until the ammunition taken with it was also expended.

Daring as was the advance of the American column, they had proceeded too far without the necessary siege guns and ammunition. Yet they held their ground firmly under a most appalling fire. Captain Drum, Lieutenant Benjamin, and a number of their men, were killed at the gun which had been run forward in front of the garita, waging an unequal contest with the heavy artillery in the citadel. When the enemy perceived that the Americans had expended their ammunition, they rallied to drive them back from the lodgment which had been effected. Repeated, though ineffectual, sallies were made, and both sides of the aqueduct were swept by the iron shower poured from the citadel, the batteries on the paseo, and the buildings on the right of the garita. An attempt to enfilade the left flank of the column being apprehended, Captain Naylor took possession of a low sand-bag defense, about one hundred yards to the left of the causeway, with two companies of the Second Pennsylvania, and held it under a severe fire, till nightfall, when the Mexican batteries ceased firing.

Early in the afternoon General Scott had returned to Chapultepec. The remaining brigade of General Twiggs (Colonel Riley's), was ordered from Piedad to support General Worth, and Captain Steptoe was directed to

rejoin General Quitman's division with his battery. Intrenching tools and ammunition were also sent to General Quitman, whose men were busily employed, throughout the night, in constructing two sand-bag breastworks and parapets, at the garita of Belen, upon which two heavy guns and an eight-inch howitzer were placed in battery by Captain Steptoe. Late in the evening General Shields was forced to retire in consequence of a severe wound, received at the storming of the castle, but his place was filled by General Pierce, who reported for duty to General Quitman.

Toward the latter part of October, 1847, Generals Quitman and Shields returned to the United States, and General P. F. Smith was appointed governor of Mexico.

CHAPTER IX.

Noble Rescue of Women on the Eve of the Capture of the City of Mexico—Poem on His Noble Deed—Unparalleled in Any General's Career Under Similar Circumstances—Election to United States Senate.

The Irish World publishes the following.

Before the capture of the City of Mexico an English boy, arrested as a spy, asked private audience of General Shields, and told him that a Mexican desperado had sought his sister's hand, and, being refused, threatened vengeance. To accomplish his evil purpose he had obtained from Santa Anna the control of that part of the city in which the boy's father, mother and two sisters lived; had hired a gang of villains, who were to plunder the house, keep the booty, and deliver the girl to the tender mercies of this Mexican scoundrel. Properly disguised, the boy had entered the American ranks to beseech assistance of General Shields. The emergency was a rare one. It was certain that the commander-in-chief of the army would not authorize a rescue. To abandon the girls to their fate was foreign to the nature of Shields. He took

a sudden resolve, called for volunteers, selected four hundred men, and entered the beleaguered city unperceived. The ladies were rescued, the alarm was given by the bewildered Mexicans, and the daring band was obliged to cut their way through a host of enemies. They reached the ramparts in safety, and returned to the camp with the rescued ones. By that time, however, both armies were alarmed, and a scene of bustle and confusion ensued. General Scott flew into a terrible rage when he heard the story, and threatened all the penalties of a court martial on the culprit (Shields) for such gross disobedience of orders. The young ladies succeeded in pacifying the choleric old hero, and Shields entered the city with him after its capture, completely reinstated in his favor.

I heard the General confirm the above statement. He said that after reaching the house in which the ladies lived, they, unobserved, had almost reached the American lines when their presence was discovered, and considerable firing was the result.

My recollection is that no casualties resulted from the rescue, but that early the next morning inquiries were made as to the cause of the firing in the neighborhood of Shields' camp, and excuses and evasive answers having been made to inquiries, and the presence of the ladies in question in the General's tent becoming known, General Scott rode up, called for Shields and censured him for the rashness of his act, which, he said, might have imperiled the success of the work in hand. It was well known that General Scott was a strict disciplinarian, and many feared that trouble would result from his interview with General Shields, which closed in the following manner: General Scott said to Shields, "I will court martial you, take the stars from your shoulders and disgrace you." When Shields replied, "You can court martial me, the court may deprive me of my stars," but, striking his breast with his right hand, he said, with considerable feeling, "No one but Shields can disgrace me." During these remarks the ladies, on their knees, in tears, implored General Scott to forgive their deliverer from a fate worse

than that of death, and Shields' bravery that day at the storming of Chapultepec and at Belen Gate and the signal services he thereby rendered the nation, made General Scott grant the request of the ladies. It was well known that he, like every other gallant soldier in that army, honored Shields for the great risk that he took to defend the honor of women. The English ladies soon thereafter went to England and sent General Shields, as a memento of the affair, two breastpins connected by a gold chain an inch and a half in length. One contained a large and valuable diamond, surrounded by beautiful emeralds, while the other contained a smaller diamond. The larger diamond, with its emeralds, should appear in photographs of him. I saw it in March, 1894, at his homestead in Carrollton, Missouri, and advised his widow to leave it as an heirloom to her only daughter. I have vainly endeavored to procure a photograph of it, as well as of a pair of dueling pistols presented to him by Judge O'Gorman of New York, inscribed, "Presented by Richard O'Gorman to his friend, General James Shields," and a handsome double-barreled pistol, appropriately inscribed, the gift of General Frank P. Blair, whose statue Missouri has this year placed in statuary hall, with that of Senator Benton, being Missouri's quota to that national temple of fame. Benton and Shields served in the Senate in 1850, and thereafter, and Blair and Shields fought together for the Union.

INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF MEXICO.

In Memory of General James Shields, Hero of Three Wars and United States Senator from Three States.

By Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

"Halt!" 'Twas the picket's ringing cry,
And 'mong the cactus spears,
A little, trembling, wild-eyed lad
Lay smitten by his fears.
"Who comes there?" Not a soul replied,
And now the sturdy guard
Puts down his gun and drags the boy,
Half naked, from the sward.
All this was thirty years ago,
As many of you know;

It happened when the boys in blue
Laid siege to Mexico.

"What do you here, you skulking spy?"
The rough-voiced soldier said,
"To-morrow, boy, prepare to die,
A bullet through your head!"
The lad sprung up in terror then
And clasped the soldier's knees,
And moaned and moaned between his sobs
Such broken cries as these:
"Oh, soldier, by your English speech,
And English face, I know
You will not harm a Union lad
Who flees from Mexico."

The soldier's face grew grave and sad,
He thought him of his home,
And how just such a lad as this
Would joy to see him come.
Love lent a pathos to his speech,
A radiance to his face.
Till, grown more bold, the stranger boy
Made known his piteous case:
"Oh, sir, unto the General
One moment let me go,
To plead for her who cries for help
In cruel Mexico."

No braver man than General Shields
E'er wore the Union blue;
He curbed his soldier spirit
Till he heard the story through;
Then kissed the forehead of the lad
And said, "Godspeed us all;
This night my men shall pass the squares
Of Santa Anna's Hall."
The soldier's blood was hot and high,
He chafed that he might go
To rescue her who blessed our flag
In bonds of Mexico.

The camp was in commotion,
'Twas a cry for volunteers,
Men fit for any danger,
Men void of any fears.
" 'Tis not for fame or conquest,
To storm redoubt or line;
To save a woman's honor
Let hearts and swords combine!

A woman of the Union,
Who says a Spaniard "No,"
We'll dare a thousand deaths to wrest
From alien Mexico!"

By twos and tens they gather—
Four hundred men and true—
New York and Illinois they came,
And South Carolina, too;
By twos and tens they gather
To follow General Shields,
The man who never falters,
The man who never yields.
By twos and tens they scale the heights,
They pass the sleeping foe,
And one fair woman clasps our flag
In haughty Mexico.

What ho! the alarm! the foe awakes!
The muskets flash and roar,
The streets are filled with angry men,
A cloud behind, before!
"Unsheath your swords and follow me!"
The General led the blow;
And no man spared his sword for her
They bore from Mexico.

'Tis morning in the plaza,
And General Scott is there.
His conquering hosts around him,
And cheers rend all the air.
Above the stately palaces
The Stars and Stripes are run,
And music joins her clamor
With the booming of the gun.
But not a braver deed was done,
The conquering siege will show,
Than General Shields for woman wrought,
Defying Mexico.

Shout, little refugee, and toss
Your cap for General Shields,
The man who never falters,
The man who never yields,;
Break forth in merry laughter
With the sister by your side;
She shall be no ruffian's mistress,
She shall be a soldier's bride!
Cheers for the brave four hundred,
With their faces to the foe,
And three times three for General Shields
Who fought at Mexico.

CHAPTER X.

Army Disbanded—Elected United States Senator from Illinois for Term of Six Years—Appointed on Several Very Important Committees—Favored Land Grants to Soldiers and Sailors, to Agricultural Colleges and Railroads to Develop the West—Homestead Law—Against Slavery.

On July 28, 1848, Shields' brigade was disbanded, and on his return to the United States his achievements were on everyone's tongue, and brilliant receptions awaited him everywhere. At Springfield, Ill., he had a perfect ovation, and I regret exceedingly that I find it impossible to reproduce the proceedings on that occasion, when the greatest men of Illinois, in public and private, assembled to greet him and sound his praises. His speech on that occasion was eloquent and impressive, I am assured, by those who heard it. Cerro Gordo, on one of the principal railroads, no doubt, was named in his honor, and nothing that Illinois could control was too good for him. This fact is evident from his election, a few months afterward, United States Senator from Illinois for the term of six years, over Sidney Breese, the former Senator, and one of the greatest judges Illinois ever produced.

For the purpose of showing how strictly he attended to his duties as senator, from the first, I submit somewhat at length the details of the proceedings in the Senate during the first session. A man's standing in public assemblies is shown by the committees that he is selected to serve upon. Shields was appointed to several of the most important, and was made chairman thereof. His experience as land commissioner made him invaluable on the committee of public lands, one of the most important in

the country, and his record as a warrior found recognition in his appointment to the committee on military affairs.

Nothing was so important for the welfare of the West as the improvement of rivers and the building of railroads and canals, upon which the development of the western states and territories depended. No one understood this better than Senator Shields, and no one more faithfully assisted in committee and on the floor in securing necessary legislation therefor. Homestead laws, aid to agriculture, of colleges, and similar measures, secured the strictest attention from him, as the records of the Senate will verify.

On Monday, December 3, 1849, Mr. Mangum presented the credentials of the Hon. James Shields of Illinois, elected as senator by the Legislature of Illinois, for the term of six years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1849, which were read, and the oath prescribed by law was administered to Mr. Shields, and he took his seat in the Senate.

The Congressional Record, among other matters and things in which he took part, states that; on "December 31, 1849, on motion by Mr. Shields, ordered that leave be granted to withdraw from the files of the Senate the papers in relation to a railroad from the Falls of Ohio River to Alton, Ill."

January 15, 1850. Mr. Shields: Mr. President, I present a petition from soldiers who served in the Florida war, asking that they may receive the same bounty land that was granted to soldiers of the Mexican war. I trust the petition will receive a favorable consideration from the Senate, and that the petitioners will be put on the same footing with those soldiers who served in the war with Mexico. I move its reference to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Borland: If the honorable Senator will permit me to make a suggestion to him, I will inform him that similar memorials have been referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. They are now undergoing investigation there, and, as one report on the subject will answer all the purposes desired, it is better that all the memorials of this character should go to that committee.

Mr. Shields: I accept the Senator's suggestion. The petition was then referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Shields also presented a petition from George W. Billings, asking Congress to cause the proper officers of the Navy Department to complete a contract with him for water-rotted hemp, according to advertisement and his bid, which was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

Mr. Shields: I am also requested to present the memorial of Captain Mansfield Lovell, of the artillery service of the United States. The intention of the memorial is to improve the condition of the light artillery of the service of the United States, and it is seconded also by a strong letter from Colonel Bragg, of that service. I move its reference to the Committee on Military Affairs.

The motion was agreed to.

January 22, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Public Lands, to which was referred the numerous petitions of the registers and receivers of the General Land Office, asking increase of compensation for entry of military bounty land warrants, reported "An act respecting the compensation of the registers and receivers of the United States land offices for locating Mexican bounty land warrants."

On February 13, 1850, Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Public Lands, to which was referred the bill granting the right of way and making a donation of land to the State of Illinois, in aid of the construction of the Central Railroad, reported back the same, with amendments, which were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Shields, also from the same committee, reported a bill making a donation of land to the State of Illinois, in aid of the construction of the Mount Carmel and Alton Railroad, which was read and ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Shields, further, from the same committee, to which was reported the bill for the benefit of the Territory of Minnesota, reported the same, with amendments, which were ordered to be printed.

On February 13, 1850, Mr. Shields presented the memorial of the Rock Island and LaSalle Railroad Company, asking a grant of public land to aid in the construction of their railroad, which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

On February 25, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a petition of citizens of Illinois, representing that, in their opinion, the right to life includes the right to a place to live, and, in accordance with that opinion, they ask the passage of a law granting the freedom of the public lands in limited quantities, to actual settlers not possessed of other lands; which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

February 27, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee for the District of Columbia, to which was referred the petition of Owen Connolly, reported the following resolution: Resolved, That there be paid to Owen Connolly, out of the contingent fund, a sum equal to the amount of his pay from the time of his removal as one of the police of the Capital, on the 30th day of April, 1849, to the present time, in consideration of injuries sustained by him in the discharge of his public duties, and which have disabled him for life.

The said resolution, having been read a first and second time, was considered as in Committee of the Whole, when its further consideration was postponed until to-morrow.

March 11, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Public Lands, to which was referred the bill granting to the State of Missouri the right of way and a donation of public lands for making a railroad from the town of Hannibal to the town of St. Joseph, in said State, reported back the same without amendment, and recommended its passage.

On March 14, 1850, Mr. Shields presented the memorial of a convention of citizens of Illinois, held at Vandalia, in that State, asking the right of way and a portion of the public land to the Mississippi and Atlantic Railroad Company, incorporated by the state of Illinois, which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

March 15, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to which was referred the several memorials of seamen who served in the Gulf and Pacific squadrons during the Mexican war, in favor of allowing them bounty lands, submitted a report on the same, which was ordered to be printed, accompanied by a bill granting a bounty in land to the seamen of the Gulf and Pacific squadrons equal to that already granted to soldiers and marines who served in the Mexican war; which was read and passed to a second reading.

On March 22, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a petition of citizens of Illinois, setting forth that, in their opinion, the right to life includes the right to a place to live, in accordance with which opinion, they ask the freedom of the public lands, in limited quantities, to actual settlers; which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Also, of citizens of Wabash County, in the State of Illinois, deplored the evils of war, and asking that some substitute may be adopted therefor; which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Also, of citizens of Illinois, asking that all aliens may be removed from office, and that a part of the constitution of Illinois, in relation to aliens, may be expunged.

Also, of citizens of the same State, setting forth the danger of abolition, or the freeing of negroes, to the citizens of the United States and their posterity, and urging Congress to check at once the principle, as it was already alienating the affections of citizens from each other, and emboldening the advocates of abolition—that nature nor nature's God ever did make the negroes equal with the white citizens; one or the other is superior, and that superiority is in the white people, besides having high authority to believe the negroes were made for servants for the white citizens and their posterity.

Also, of citizens of Chicago, Ill., asking the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia; otherwise, that the seat of government may be removed to some free State nearer the geographical center of the nation.

Also, of legal voters of Wabash County, Illinois, asking that the Sabbath may be more sacredly observed by the different departments of government, and that the transportation of the mail on the holy Sabbath may be stopped, setting forth that, as we profess to be a Christian nation, and governed by laws based on the Holy Scriptures, and as this great and flourishing republic is held up in the order of Providence as an example of free government for all the nations of the earth, it therefore behooves the representatives to uphold it in its purity.

These several petitions were received and ordered to lie on the table.

On March 2, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a memorial of citizens of Illinois, asking that the public lands may be granted in limited quantities to actual settlers; which was referred to the Committee on the Public Lands.

April 8, 1850, Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Public Lands, to which was referred the memorial of a convention held at Vandalia, asking a grant of land for a railroad from a point opposite to Terre Haute, Ind., to a point on the Mississippi River, etc., reported a bill granting to the State of Illinois to aid in the construction of a railroad from a point opposite to Terre Haute, Ind., to a point near Illinoistown, Ill.; which was read and passed to a second reading.

April 29, 1850. Mr. Shields on the Illinois Central Railroad: Now, sir, this road, as contemplated by the amendment of the senator from Alabama, will form a great national thoroughfare, connecting the northern part of Illinois, by the way of St. Louis, with Mobile, as well as connecting Boston and the other eastern cities by the same route, through Illinois, with St. Louis and New Orleans, and Mobile. Perhaps there are no States in the Union more interested in this work than those of the East, represented by senators now objecting to the bill. For the benefit of senators who speak of the loss which the United States Government may sustain in consequence of this grant, I wish to state that when land has been ten or fifteen years in the market, the receipts therefrom do

not defray the expenses of the machinery of government employed in their sale. In this case, therefore, the Government can lose nothing, for these lands generally have been in the market for twenty years, and this road will be the means of making them salable. And I am not sure that the Government would not, in the end, be benefited by laying it down as a general principle that, where lands have been in the market for fifteen or twenty years, they shall be appropriated to this purpose, than which I know none more advantageous and beneficial, of making public roads. I will state, as the question has been asked by the senator from Maine, that in a portion of Illinois the public lands have been in market for some twenty years, and are now unsalable; and that of this million and a half of acres proposed to be granted, there will not be three hundred thousand perhaps that is in any other condition. The amount looks large on paper, I confess, but what I have stated in regard to it, all who have experience in the public lands will acknowledge to be the truth. I would beg of my friend from Wisconsin, if I had any influence with him, to withdraw his amendment. I can assure him he will not only seriously embarrass this bill, but if he propose his amendment, even to the bill in which his own State is interested, he may defeat the very end he proposes to attain. I will state further, that if the bill as it is will be any injury to Illinois, that injury will be for the benefit of the United States, and we who represent Illinois are responsible to our people for that injury. The Senator says that unless his amendment prevails, it will retard the settlement of our State. Perhaps it may, but we are willing to receive the bill, even under this apprehension, and I hope the Senator from Wisconsin will permit us to accept it, even if he considers it detrimental to us. I will say to him that when he proposes a bill of a similar character for his own State, I will not attempt to interfere with what Wisconsin may consider for her interests. I repeat, I am gratified that the senator from Alabama has introduced the amendment; he is perfectly assured, as I am, through some knowledge derived from a connection

with the public lands, that if you give away all those refuse lands in every State that have been in market ten, fifteen or twenty years, for the purpose of making roads, you cannot appropriate them to any national purpose more advantageous. By referring to the reports of the land commissioners, you will find it to be the case that where lands in any land district have been in the market twenty years, the revenue derived from their sale will hardly defray the expenses of the land office. I am not prepared to cipher out this matter just at the moment, but I am sure I can convince any gentleman of the truth of this proposition. Now, the State of Illinois has never derived a dollar from the Government; our rivers and lake are left without improvement, and we pay into the treasury a large amount of money every year, from which we derive nothing in return. And yet if we come here and ask for the grant of a few acres of refuse lands, we are met with such objections as senators have urged this morning. You are expending money every day on the seaboard, while this immense State, contributing as largely as it does to the revenues of the General Government, is totally neglected. And even when we ask for this feeble aid from the Government, for a work that is to benefit Maine quite as much as it will Illinois—which is to connect Boston with New Orleans, the North with the South—we are met with a mere quibble about a few acres of land. This road is to run from the northern part of Illinois right into Kentucky almost, and if my friend from Kentucky will give me his aid, I am willing to continue it quite into his State. I have no objections to it, believing, as I do, that purposes of this kind are the most beneficial and advantageous to which this refuse public domain can be appropriated.

I hope, therefore, that my friend from Wisconsin will withdraw his amendment to this bill, and let us manage it in our own way. I take great interest in the bill which he proposes, and promise him my assistance in securing its passage, whether it does or does not incorporate the principle of his proposed amendment.

May 7, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee

on Military Affairs, to which was referred the memorial of Colonel J. R. Creecy, asking remuneration for services rendered and expenses incurred in raising and subsisting volunteers for the Mexican war, submitted a report, which was ordered to be printed, accompanied by a bill for the relief of Colonel James R. Creecy; which was read and passed to a second reading.

On May 20, 1850, Mr. Shields presented two memorials of citizens of Illinois, asking that the right of way and a portion of the public land may be granted to the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad Company, to aid in the construction of their railroad; which were referred to the Committee on the Public Lands.

Also, two memorials from citizens of the same State, asking an appropriation for removing obstructions to the navigation of the Calumet River in that State; which were referred to the Committee on Commerce.

On May 22, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a memorial of citizens of Illinois, asking a grant of the right of way and a portion of public land to the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad Company, to aid in the construction of the said road; which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

On June 5, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a petition of citizens of the State of Illinois, asking that no State may hereafter be admitted into the Union whose constitution does not expressly prohibit slavery within its limits.

Also, a petition from citizens of the same State, asking that slavery may be prohibited by law in the Territories of the United States.

Also a petition from citizens of the same State, asking that slavery and the slave trade may be abolished in the District of Columbia, or the seat of government removed therefrom; all of which several petitions were ordered to lie on the table.

On June 10, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a memorial of citizens of Illinois, asking a grant of the right of way and a portion of public land to the Terre Haute and Alton

Railroad Company; which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

First Session Thirty-first Congress. Volume 21, Part 2.
July 1, 1850. Bounty Lands to Seaman.

On the motion of Mr. Shields, the Senate proceeded as in Committee of the Whole, to the consideration of senate bill No. 152, being "A bill granting a bounty in land to the seamen of the Gulf and Pacific squadrons, equal to that already granted to soldiers and marines who served in the Mexican war."

Mr. Shields: I move to amend by inserting in the fifth line, after the word "to" the words "petty officers and," so as to make it read "petty officers and non-commissioned officers."

The amendment was agreed to.

The bill was then reported to the Senate, and the amendment was concurred in.

The Vice-President: The question is on ordering the bill to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. Yulee: I hope that question may lie over for the present. It may be found advisable that this bill should be attached as an amendment to the bill which has come to us from the House, and I think also that its provisions should be extended, so as to embrace another class of seamen. I hope the Senate will permit the bill to lie on the table till another morning.

Mr. Shields: This bill merely provides for the seamen who were engaged in the Gulf of Mexico and on the Pacific coast during the war with Mexico, who suffered more, in fact, than the soldiers. The object of the bill is to put them on an equal footing with the soldiers. I may state that I have letters every day from these gallant tars, and they do not suspect that there is a man in the Senate who will oppose this bill, and they would be far from suspecting that the chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs would oppose it.

Mr. Yulee: They will learn, for the first time, from the speech of the honorable senator from Illinois, that

the chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs is opposed to it. I have expressed no such opinion. I have said, on the contrary, that justice might require an enlargement of the bill so as to include others; and also that there should be a discrimination, so that those who have received prize money should be put on a different footing from those who have not. I said I thought it might be advisable to attach this as an amendment to the bill of the House, granting bounty lands to a large class of persons not heretofore provided for. For these reasons, I have thought it best that it should lie on the table, that it may be so modified that all classes may be provided for.

But I would state to the senator from Illinois some facts, of which he may not be aware, but which have come to the knowledge of the committee to which I think this should go. I understand that a large portion of the seamen who served on the Mexican coast received prize money. The men of one squadron were entitled to the money from ten or fifteen ships captured by them. Whether they ever received the money or not, I do not know, but I understand the officers received it. All these matters are proper to be investigated by the committee, and if the senator from Illinois will consent to let it lie on the table for a few days, we can ascertain what amendments may be proposed to improve the bill.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi: When the Committee on Military Affairs took charge of this question, they had no intention whatever to trespass upon the rights, privileges and duties of the Committee on Naval Affairs. This bill was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, because it was confined to that portion of the naval and marine corps who had served on shore and who were not included in the original law. The bill reported by my colleague on the Military Committee (Mr. Shields) contains a provision merely for the marines and sailors who served on shore as infantry, and not for those seamen who merely served on board of vessels. Had it related to this class of seamen, then I grant the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs that the matter would belong partly to

that committee. I was, however, merely going to state that it was on account of the service these marines rendered on shore as infantry that the military committee thought proper to take charge of the case. If it be thought necessary to amend the bill, I have no objection whatever to its being referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, and I hope my colleague will agree to it.

Mr. Shields: I agree entirely with my colleague from Mississippi, and I will consent to this bill being referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. I will, however, take occasion to correct a slight mistake with regard to the prize-money. I do not believe that any of them have gotten prize-money. I know of no case in which they have had an opportunity; and I hope the matter will be fully investigated by the committee, because I have the statement of the officers and of the department, as well as of the poor sailors themselves; and they will see that, whether they were entitled to prize-money or not, they never received any. If the honorable Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs makes the motion to refer this bill to that committee, I am perfectly willing that it should be so referred.

July 2, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to which was referred the memorial of Ward B. Burnet, asking the repayment of the expenses incurred by the Common Council of the City of New York in raising volunteers, reported a bill to reimburse the Common Council of New York City for expenditures made for the First Regiment of New York Volunteers; which was read and passed to a second reading.

On July 16, 1850, on motion by Mr. Shields, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution from the House of Representatives, granting old brass guns to the Jackson Monument Committee. He urged its immediate passage, on the ground that the preliminary preparations were complete, and that the men were ready to cast the statue.

No amendment having been proposed, the joint resolution was reported to the Senate, and ordered to be read

a third time, and was read a third time, and passed. Mr. Shields, from the Committee on Public Lands, to which was referred the bill to authorize the State of Illinois to select the balance of the lands to which she is entitled under the act of 2d March, 1827, granting land to aid that state in opening a canal to connect the waters of Illinois River and those of Lake Michigan, reported back the same without amendment.

On July 17, 1850, Mr. Shields presented a memorial of citizens of Illinois, asking a grant of the right of way and a donation of public lands to the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad Company, incorporated by that state; which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

On July 18, 1850, on motion by Mr. Shields, the Senate, as Committee of the Whole, proceeded to consider Senate bill No. 10—being for the benefit of the Territory of Minnesota, with the amendment reported thereto.

The question being taken upon agreeing to said amendment, it was agreed to.

The bill was then reported to the Senate, the amendment was concurred in, and, no further amendment being proposed, the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. Shields called for the third reading of the bill.

July 23, 1850. Mr. Shields: I ask the Senate to take up bill No. 267. The object of the bill is to classify the clerks in the War Department, and to equalize their salaries. It has been reported by the Committee on Military Affairs, and I presume will meet with no opposition.

The bill to provide for the classification of the clerks in the military bureaus, and to equalize their salaries, was then read a second time, and considered by the Senate, as in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Downs: This seems to be a very important bill, and I should like to know where it came from. It is too important a measure to be taken up and passed on the spur of the moment, without consideration. It seems to provide for a great many extra and large salaries, and it appears to me that it would be rather hasty to dispose of

so important a measure without more information on the subject.

Mr. Shields: I will state, for the information of the Senator from Louisiana, that this bill does not increase the number of clerks at all. It leaves them just as they were with regard to numbers. It merely classifies them, and equalizes and graduates their salaries. It does not increase their number, but it is to put the War Department on the same footing with the other departments, which, at the present is not the case. This is all the change which is contemplated. This bill has been reported by the Military Committee, and has been lying on the table for a considerable time.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi: I hope there is no necessity for explaining further the object of the bill. Its design is well known, both to the Senate and the country. It must also be well known that in the organization of new bureaus, the clerks in these departments are receiving higher compensation than those of the older departments. In the War Department, which is the oldest, the clerks have been receiving a less compensation than in some of the others. Sir, I believe there is no class of the community so poorly paid, according to their attainments and the duties which they have to perform, as the clerks in the bureaus. There are frequently to be found there men of high classical attainments, and who render very important services to the country; and it is no reflection on the heads of the bureaus to say that it not infrequently occurs that the clerks are more competent than they are. In all the oldest bureaus, the law bears in this way with peculiar hardship, and so it has been considered by every committee who have examined this subject, from 1815 to this day. The bill which is now before the Senate is the same that was reported last session of the Congress, and I can add no better reason for its passage than those which I then gave to the Senate, and hope the bill will be passed without objection.

Mr. Downs: I did not rise to offer any objection to the bill, but merely to obtain such information in regard

to it as appeared to be necessary. And, having obtained such information as satisfies me, from the Chairman of the Military Committee, I have no objection to the passage of the bill. It appeared to me to be a very important bill, and as I knew nothing of its provisions, I was anxious to know what they were.

The bill was then reported back to the Senate, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, and was subsequently read a third time and passed.

July 24, 1850. Mr. Shields, from the Committee on the Public Lands, to which was referred the bill granting the right of way and making a grant of land to the State of Indiana to aid in the construction of a railroad from a point on the boundary line between Indiana and Illinois, near its intersection with Lake Michigan, to the city of Indianapolis, and a branch to intersect the Southern and Michigan Railroad at or near a point where the same enters said State of Indiana; reported back the same without amendment, and recommended its passage.

August 14, 1850. Mr. Shields, on Protest Against Admitting California:

I do not see that the fact of excluding this protest from the journal of the Senate will tend, in the slightest degree, to weaken the arguments which are therein set forth. The paper will go to the country, whether you enter it upon your journal or not; and so far as I can see, the Senator from Mississippi has not urged anything against it that has any force.

I agree with the Senator from Massachusetts that, according to parliamentary usage, this protest ought not to be recorded on your journal. But, sir, there are two rights, which when urged respectfully, I think, ought never to be denied—the right of petition and the right of complaint. Now, I go for the right of petition in all cases, without respect to the character of the petition, except where it is unconstitutional. I look upon this as a complaint—a complaint of a minority which is couched in the most respectful terms. They ask, as a favor, as I understood the honorable senator from Virginia, to have this protest

put upon the journal, and I hold that it is only generous and magnanimous to grant them that privilege. At the same time, let it be understood that it is not establishing a precedent, or a right to be acted upon in future.

August 26, 1850, Mr. Shields, from the committee on public lands, to which was referred house bill No. 244, being the bill granting bounty land to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States, reported back the same with sundry amendments, which were ordered to be printed, and the bill was made the special order for to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

August 28, 1850. Bounty Land Bill.

Mr. Shields: I move to postpone the prior special orders for the purpose of taking up the bill "granting bounty land to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States." It is a bounty land bill which the house has passed in a liberal spirit, but which has heretofore been kept back in the Senate for the purpose of allowing other important measures to pass. I hope it will be received in the same spirit which actuated the House, and that it will be considered and disposed of.

Mr. Bradbury: I perceive, from the manner in which business is transacted, that it will be impossible ever to reach the business on the table. I hope that we may be permitted to take up the special orders in their order, and dispose of them without departing from that order. I moved this morning to lay on the table a resolution by which it was proposed to change the rules of the Senate, without having an opportunity to explain my reasons at the time it was pending. I wish, therefore, now to say that I did it because I desired that we might have an opportunity to get through with the business in its regular order. I think it is too late in the session, and that we have too much important business before us, to undertake at this late day to engage in amending our rules. I hope the senator will consent to let this matter come up in its order, and probably we shall soon reach it.

Mr. Shields: I do not wish to waste the time of the

Senate in debate, and I will only say that this bill has been kept back in the committee, though pressed most earnestly by the House, for the purpose of permitting the fugitive slave bill and others of that character to pass. We determined not to interfere with the progress of those important measures, and I now appeal to the liberality of the Senate to take up and dispose of this bill, which, I think, can be done in a very short time.

Mr. Downs: I have not examined this bill, and, therefore, do not know at present the course which I shall pursue in regard to it. It is undoubtedly a bill of great importance and will perhaps give rise to considerable discussion. I would therefore suggest to the senator from Illinois, whether it is not better to make it the special order for some particular time? We certainly cannot get through with it now, and I am disposed, therefore, to proceed with the current business of the Senate and dispose of that while the opportunity offers. I agree with the senator from Maine, that it is time we should take up the calendar and act on it, which I believe we have not done this session. Everything has been taken up out of its order. If the senator will designate a particular day for the consideration of this bill, I will agree to it, but I cannot consent to act upon it thus suddenly.

Mr. Cass: I hope the Senate will agree to take up this bill, inasmuch as it concerns a vast number of persons who have rendered important services to the government, and is simply a proposition to give them land, as has been given to others under similar circumstances. It was debated in the House a month or six weeks ago, and I venture to say that if it be postponed another day there is not one member of the Senate who will look more into the subject than he has already done. I think we are as fully competent to commence and go on with it now as at any time. I repeat, it affects a vast number of very worthy men.

Mr. Badger: I desire merely to say that if this bill can be disposed of in the course of the next half hour, I, for one, have no objection to its being taken up, but it is in

the recollection of senators that when we adjourned yesterday it was with the understanding that at 1 o'clock to-day the Senate would resume the consideration of executive business and finish the work so auspiciously commenced yesterday. If the bill, as I suppose will be the case, will give rise to opposition, it will, for the purpose I speak of, the executive session, be fatal, and I hope, therefore, the Senate will not take it up.

Mr. Shields: I am really sorry to find so much opposition to the taking up of this bill. We have consumed almost as much time in discussing mere preliminary questions as would have served to dispose of the measure. This bill, on my motion, was made the special order for yesterday, and in order not to interfere with other matters it was allowed to lie on the table, and now this morning has been consumed in a similar way. The Senate seems disposed not to consider it.

Mr. Cass: Call for the yeas and nays.

Mr. Shields: Really, I think there is not much chance here for a modest man. I will say to my friends from North Carolina and Louisiana that if, after the amendments proposed by the committee are adopted, the bill gives rise to discussion, I will immediately consent to the postponement of its further consideration to another day. All I ask now is an opportunity to amend it, as proposed by the committee.

The motion to postpone the prior orders prevailed and the bill was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Shields: The committee on the public lands have reported several amendments, in which they ask the concurrence of the Senate.

The amendments were then read. The fifth caused much discussion and was finally postponed until the following day.

August 29, 1850. Bounty Land Bill.

Mr. Shields: I move to postpone the consideration of the prior special orders that the Senate may proceed to the consideration of the bill "granting bounty land

to officers and soldiers who have been engaged in military service in the United States."

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Shields then went on to say: Mr. President, the objections which were urged by the senator from Virginia and others yesterday have, I think, very great force in them. On consideration I, for one, as a member of the committee, believe that it is very imprudent to insist upon this proviso. It would not only endanger and hazard the bill, which I am very anxious should pass, but I think it is going a little too far, as suggested by the gentleman from Virginia, to throw this burden upon the treasury in any event. I am willing that we should surrender the whole proviso; I will not insist upon it. But it is a great object to prevent this scrip from floating about in the community as a species of speculating circulation. The amendment of the gentleman from Virginia would have the effect of throwing into the market a very large amount of land scrip, which would be assignable, of course, ad libitum, and would be likely to circulate over the country and fall into the hands of speculators. This is the great objection that we Western men have to it. This is a general measure. It applies to the whole country. We of the West are not specially interested in it, for it will prevent land from being settled. This is as beneficial to New England as it is to Illinois, so far as that is concerned. But I see a strong, I see a very powerful objection to throwing this scrip into the market for the sake of speculation. I hope, then, that the senator from Virginia will withdraw his amendment, and let this proviso be voted down, as I am willing it should be. I see a great deal of force in the argument urged by the gentleman from Virginia, so far as the Eastern States are concerned. It did not strike me in that light before. I am aware that volunteers and soldiers who reside in the East and in the South will find it very inconvenient to make these entries. I think the argument very forcible in that respect. My only fear is that speculators will derive the whole benefit from the scrip. However, I prefer that this amendment

should prevail rather than the one which the senator threatens, and I do not see that this amendment can affect the bill very materially. It may be a convenience to persons here in the East, in Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, and all along the eastern part of the country. If such be the effect, I have no objection.

September 4, 1850. Mr. Soule presented a bill for creating a mail line between New Orleans and Vera Cruz. Mr. Shields made an amendment, as follows:

Let us make it read "from Mobile or New Orleans," so as to leave it optional with the postmaster-general to select either place. I am in favor of the gentleman's bill, and I heartily return my thanks to him for introducing it. I believe it will have a very excellent effect upon the business operations of the country. I believe it is highly important to open a trade with Mexico by way of Tampico and Vera Cruz. But I wish the postmaster-general to have the privilege of selecting between Mobile and New Orleans as the terminus in this country.

Mr. Shields' amendment was rejected.

On September 5, 1850, Mr. Shields presented the petition of citizens of Illinois, asking the establishment of a mail route from Pittsfield to Montezuma, in Pike County, in that state, which was referred to the committee on the postoffice and post roads.

September 16, 1850. Bounty Land Bill.

The President: The first special order is a bill from the House entitled, "An act granting land to certain officers and soldiers engaged in military service in the United States."

Mr. Mangum: Mr. President, I think it of great importance that we should dispose of the business pending in executive session. The president ought to be allowed to have his nominations decided upon. I therefore move to lay this bill on the table, for the purpose of moving that the Senate proceed to the consideration of executive business.

Mr. Shields: Will the gentleman withdraw the motion for a few minutes?

Mr. Mangum: Certainly.

Mr. Shields: Mr. President, I hope the senator from North Carolina will not persist in his motion. This bounty land bill has been before the Senate for several weeks. It has been postponed from day to day and from time to time. I have yielded to almost every measure, and now, when it comes up at the close of the session and when it is burdened with amendments, it is to be postponed again. I had no wish to go into this subject. But I regret exceedingly that it is proposed now to reject this bill. After all, the bill is of no very great magnitude. It merely gives bounties to the surviving soldiers of our past wars, and to such of those surviving soldiers as have received no bounty. Nearly all our soldiers have received bounty. This bill will only appropriate a few millions of acres at best, and what are a few millions out of the vast domain which we have? Yet this bill has been put off from day to day and from time to time upon every little pretext. And now, when it comes up at the close of the session, it is to be postponed again.

I now call upon the friends of this bill, if we have a majority of these old soldiers, to stand by the bill, and let it be defeated or let it pass. Let us meet it candidly. Let us treat it as such a bill ought to be treated. Let us not kill it by postponement—by procrastination. Let us meet the question at once. If these men are not entitled to bounty, give them none. If your old soldiers have no claim upon you, let the bill be defeated. But this is not the way to treat such men. They have been treated with indifference and with superciliousness here, from day to day.

Sir, if there be any government under heaven that ought to pay its soldiers well, this is the government. And here, in this bill, is a little pitiful allowance of land—two or three millions out of your immense domain, out of the world of vacant lands you have, and you hesitate to give it to these men who have earned it by their bravery. I have, day after day, and time after time, given way to everybody and everything. And now, when this bill comes

up at the end of the session, it is to be procrastinated again. If you postpone this bill now, you may as well kill it at once. If it is to be killed, do it by a direct vote and not by postponement in this way. Treat it as you ought to treat such a measure. Treat it as you ought to treat a measure for the benefit of your old soldiers. I do not want to discuss the question. I have not discussed it. I have avoided discussion on this subject. But with me it is a matter of feeling. I say again, if these old soldiers have friends enough in this body, I want them to stand by this bill until it is defeated, or until it shall have passed.

And now I will say a word with regard to the amendments which have been offered to this bill. The gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Mason) has offered an amendment. That amendment is thrust upon us just at the close of the session. I, for one, am in favor of the principle of the amendment offered by the gentleman from Virginia. I want to give bounty to every man who served in the Revolutionary War. I want to redeem every warrant that Virginia issued during the Revolutionary War. That is just and right. But I will tell the gentleman from Virginia that this amendment will not accomplish the end they have in view. The great difficulty in relation to these Virginia warrants is that most of them are spurious and fraudulent. The great difficulty in legislation, and the great difficulty with the department, has been that it has been impossible to provide a mode of scrutiny by which the genuine warrants could be distinguished from the fraudulent ones. The genuine warrants ought to be paid. But this amendment provides for the payment of all warrants, without any qualification or reservation.

I do not see how the department could operate under such an amendment. I will now say to those gentlemen that they ought to bring in their bill separately and distinctly, because it is a separate matter. Let them introduce a bill and let it be referred to the committee on public lands. That committee, acting in concert with the department, can provide a bill well guarded, with proper

restrictions and a mode for discriminating between the warrants that are fraudulent and those that are genuine. Such a bill can pass both branches of Congress. But if you add that amendment to this bill now, you will defeat this bill and the amendment with it. It will never pass. And, as the amendment is framed, I say it ought not to pass. I understand from the department that most of those Virginia warrants that are now circulating around the country are considered to be spurious and fraudulent. Let the gentleman from Virginia bring in a separate bill in relation to this subject.

All I can do is to insist on action in regard to this bill. It has to go back to the House. And I fear that if the amendments be adopted—the one offered by the gentleman from Virginia, the other by the gentleman from Wisconsin—I fear the bill may be lost. I know the gentleman from Wisconsin would not embarrass this bill. Western men do not want to embarrass this bill. They are willing to give bounty to old soldiers. They are not only willing to fight themselves, but they are willing to pay men for fighting. And I hope the gentleman from Wisconsin will withdraw his amendment.

Mr. Mangum: I am very far from being other than a friend to the old soldiers, and I utterly disavow any purpose, either directly or indirectly, to defeat this measure. I have no such purpose.

Mr. Shields: I know that.

Mr. Mangum then moved to lay the bill on the table, which was negatived. A long debate followed, until the Senate adjourned.

While the Senate was discussing the question of slave property in the district (September 19, 1850) Mr. Shields made the remark that he "should vote against taking up any bill—I care not what it is—until the old soldiers' bounty land bill is disposed of one way or the other."

On September 27, 1850, Mr. Shields moved that the Senate resume the consideration of the bounty land bill, granting bounty lands to the officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United

States. He hoped the bill would be passed without further discussion or amendment.

Second Session Thirty-first Congress. Volume XXIII.

On December 12, 1850, Mr. Shields, in pursuance of notice, asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill granting to the state of Missouri the right-of-way and a portion of the public lands to aid in the construction of a railroad from Hannibal to St. Joseph, in said state, which was read a first and second time by its title, and referred to the committee on public lands.

On January 21, 1851, Mr. Shields, in pursuance of notice, asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill to grant the right-of-way to the Mississippi and Atlantic Railroad Company through the public lands in the state of Illinois, which was read a first and second time by its title and referred to the committee on public lands.

On January 23, 1851, Mr. Shields presented resolutions of the Legislature of the state of Illinois, in the shape of instructions to their senators and request to their representatives, in favor of the passage of a law granting a donation of land to aid in the construction of the Mount Carmel and New Albany Railroad, which were ordered to lie on the table and be printed.

Also, resolutions of the same Legislature in favor of granting land to any landless head of a family that will settle and cultivate the same, which were ordered to lie on the table and be printed.

On February 24, 1851, Mr. Shields presented a memorial from citizens of Bond County, in the state of Illinois, asking a donation of land for the establishment of an agricultural school and experiment farm, which was referred to the committee on public lands.

Also a resolution of the Legislature of the state of Illinois in favor of a donation of land for the improvement of the Kaskaskia River, which was read and ordered to be printed.

On the bill "to found a military asylum for the relief and support of invalid and disabled soldiers of the United

States," Mr. Shields said: I hold that this measure is not only humane, but it is economical. It is humane because it embraces three classes of objects—the wounded, the disabled and the superannuated—those who have become such in the army of the United States. I presume the senator from Kentucky would not object to give these men some kind of support, to give some kind of support to the wounded, the disabled, the superannuated, who have become such in the service of the United States. Now, the object of this bill is to provide a mode by which these classes of persons can be supported and provided for without placing them upon the pension list. Our pension list is becoming enormous. The honorable senator knows that. If such an asylum and such a provision as this had been in operation years ago our pension list would not now be one-tenth the amount which it is at this moment. This measure is to supersede the necessity of these large pensions and to give those who are entitled to a pension a home where they can live cheaply, live simply and be provided for in all respects. And how is this to be done? Not by the government of the United States, for there is no demand of that kind, but it is to be a self-sustaining project, sustained out of the pay of the soldiers themselves who are benefited by it. If the project fails we can but abandon it, without any loss to the United States. But I trust it will not fail. I trust that this provision will be allowed to be made for these men, and that we will thereby get rid of a large portion of these immense pensions that are now swelling our pension list to such an enormous extent.

On March 3, 1851, while an amendment to the navy appropriation bill was under discussion, Mr. Shields remarked: "I go for the amendment, and against 'the wooden walls of England.' "

CHAPTER XI.

Shields' Welcome to Kossuth—Resolution and Speech Against British Interference in Central America—Sound Monroe Doctrine—Bounty Lands Not a Gratuity But a Reward for Honorable Services.

On the motion of Mr. Foote the Senate proceeded to the consideration of a "joint resolution for the relief of Louis Kossuth and his associates, exiles from Hungary."

Mr. Shields moved to strike out the preamble, which is in these words: "Whereas, Louis Kossuth and his associates, whom the fortune of war has exiled from their country, have already suffered by a long and cruel captivity, and it has been understood that the sovereign in whose domains they are now located considers that his neutral obligations no longer require him to retain them in custody, provided they will consent to come to the United States of America; and whereas the American people have, in various modes, manifested a deep and pervading sympathy for these expatriated champions of civil and religious liberty, and have evinced a desire to secure them a safe and permanent asylum within the limits of this republic; be it therefore—" and insert a substitute, which being agreed to, the preamble and resolution were as follows:

Whereas, The people of the United States sincerely sympathize with the Hungarian exiles, Kossuth and his associates, and fully appreciate the magnanimous conduct of the Turkish government in receiving and treating these noble exiles with kindness and hospitality; and whereas it is the wish of these exiles to emigrate to the United States, and the will of the Sultan to permit them to leave his dominions; therefore,

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representa-

tives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, requested to authorize the employment of some one of the public vessels which may be now cruising in the Mediterranean, to receive and convey to the United States the said Louis Kossuth and his associates in captivity.

The resolution was reported to the Senate, the amendment was concurred in, the resolution was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, and was subsequently read a third time and passed.

BRITISH INTERFERENCE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Mr. Shields: Mr. President, I desire to submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to lay before the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interest, all the information in his possession touching the difficulties between the British authorities and San Salvador; the blockade of the coast of that republic by the British fleet; the invasion of Guatemala by the forces of San Salvador and Honduras, and such other matters connected therewith as materially affect the interests of the United States, or threaten the independence of Central America.

Mr. Shields: Mr. President, I take the liberty of offering this resolution, and hope, as it is merely one of inquiry, that it will be permitted to pass by unanimous consent. The information upon which I base it I gather from the public papers, and I seek by this resolution to procure more reliable information. That country, as is well known to Senators, has been for a long time in a most distracted condition. Dissensions of the most bitter and hostile character have prevailed throughout the states of Central America. Now, sir, these dissensions have had their usual consequence.

The President: The Senator's resolution must be received before he can discuss it.

Mr. Shields: I wish to state the reasons why I ask the consent of the Senate to consider this resolution now.

These dissensions placed the country in a most inexplicable condition. I stated that I have no information but that contained in the public papers. I have had no conversation, no communication with the departments, or any member of the departments; but I seek reliable information on this subject. I hold in my hand a paper—and it is one which I esteem very highly—and if the accounts in that paper be correct, or even substantially correct, it is time some action should be had on the matter. It seems from this paper that on the 16th day of last October, Mr. Chatfield, who is the British agent in Central America, notified San Salvador, or the government of San Salvador, that in ten days, unless they complied with his demand, the whole coast would be placed under blockade by the British fleet. In ten days! Something very prompt, decidedly. Mr. Chatfield must be a faithful disciple of his master. He only gave ten days to meet his requisitions, his demands; then, if they did not comply with these demands, he would blockade the coast by the British fleet.

I find from this paper, again, that the President of that little republic remonstrated against this outrageous conduct, and appealed to the mediation of the French consul. This mediation, so far as I can perceive, was wholly disregarded by the British agents, and servants, and authorities in Central America. The next step is the blockade of the coast—of the whole coast. The commander of the British frigate *Gorgon*, on this occasion, when notifying the commandant of Acatputla of this blockade, uses terms that are exceedingly characteristic. Sir, he tells that commandant that the whole coast is blockaded; that the squadron consists of eleven vessels; that that force is to recapture Tigre Island, and if there is any resistance, and if provisions and water are not supplied, the town is to be bombarded and the city and inhabitants all destroyed. This is a feeble country—the ally of Great Britain—and this is the way in which it is treated.

I will not enter further into details. The country has resented this aggression. The forces of San Salvador and

the forces of Honduras have now entered Guatemala. They have carried the war there—into the center of British power—to the headquarters of this British official dictator, Mr. Chatfield, and they have determined there to reverse that dictation or yield their independence to Great Britain. Now, we have entered into a treaty with Great Britain very recently. I was strongly in favor of that treaty. Its object I understood—

The President: The chair is again under the necessity of apprising the Senator that discussion is not in order until the resolution has been received.

Mr. Shields: Well, sir, I hope I shall have the unanimous consent of the Senate.

Mr. Walker: I hope the Senator from Illinois will be heard. He is speaking upon a subject upon which I have long wished to hear something. If, however, he cannot be permitted to make his explanation at this time, I hope the rule which prevents his explanation will be enforced on all future occasions in relation to all other Senators.

Several Senators: Hear him.

Mr. Soule: I hope the Senator will be permitted to proceed.

The President: If there be no objection to the consideration of the resolution it will now be taken up.

Several Senators: Agreed! Agreed!

Mr. Phelps: Let it lie over.

Mr. Dickinson: I hope the Senator will be allowed to proceed.

Mr. Foote: I hope the Senator from Illinois will be allowed to make his explanation.

Mr. Hale: I hope he will, for the Senator from Mississippi would not ask if it was not highly proper. He objected to my proceeding yesterday, and he would not to-day approve such a course if it were not right. (Laughter.)

The President: The chair has certainly no disposition to interfere with the honorable Senator, but he is here to enforce the rules, which are departed from in many

instances. He yesterday gave notice that he would be under the necessity in future of confining gentlemen within the strict limit allowed by the rules; therefore, until the resolution is under consideration, it is not a subject for discussion. If, however, it be the pleasure of the Senate, the Senator can proceed. The chair has certainly not the slightest objection.

Mr. Douglas: I hear no objection. I think the unanimous consent of the Senate is given.

Mr. Shields: I have but a very few remarks to make, and perhaps it will save time if I make them now. I have stated that, as I understood it, the object of our recent treaty with England was to prevent or avoid those difficulties which are now occurring in Central America. I was in favor of that treaty at that time, because I believed it would rid us of difficulties which I knew existed in that part of the continent between the states of Central America and British officials, perhaps not countenanced by the British government, but certainly transacted in that country. That treaty was somewhat at variance with the policy of this country. It was a departure from our usual and recognized policy. We made a joint treaty with a great European power, a thing that our policy does not admit of, and a treaty that entangled us with that power in regard to the affairs of this continent. I was in favor of it then, but now I confess that the working of the treaty, as it is exhibited in Central America, satisfies me that it was a very dangerous experiment. I have the most implicit confidence in the administration, so far as this matter is concerned, also in the distinguished head of the State Department; and I have confidence in the enlightened and intelligent representative of Great Britain at Washington. But if the reports in these papers be correct; if the difficulties be as great as they are represented here; that two of these states, driven as it were by desperation, have waged war against the British power in Guatemala; that their forces have invaded Guatemala; that the British fleet have blockaded the coast, there is war. There is war throughout Central America if these

reports be correct. What I want to know is, whether these reports are correct. I want some reliable information from the department whether we have a fleet there to watch the American interests, or whether there is nothing there but a British fleet; whether these countries are now at war with Great Britain. If they are at war, we know what the result of that war must be—those countries, from being nominally, will become actually, dependent on Great Britain. And perhaps at this moment Britain is in actual possession of a large portion of that country.

I ask honorable Senators if they are ready, or if this country is ready, to give any portion of that part of this continent—Central America—to the possession of any great European power? Sir, it is a bridge between the possessions of this country on the Atlantic and Pacific. How does the case stand? Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Tigre Island, and now Honduras and San Salvador and Guatemala falling under British domination. As I remarked before, I have the utmost confidence in the administration and in the able representative of the British power here, but I hold that at this time the British agent, the British official dictator in Central America, has so entangled the matter that I doubt very much whether diplomacy can ever disentangle it. That is my fear, and that is the reason I seek this information.

Mr. Phelps withdrew his objection to the consideration of the resolution, and it was before the Senate for consideration.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts: I wish merely to say that if I have a right recollection of the treaty which was ratified during the last session of Congress, Great Britain expressly stated that she would not colonize any portion of Central America. She entered into a distinct agreement with this Government that she would not colonize any portion of that country. I suppose, therefore, if any controversy has arisen between her and Guatemala, or any of those small states, the motive cannot be to maintain anything like permanent control of that portion of the continent. She disclaims, I believe, even the right of

being a protector of any portion of that country. I should be very glad to obtain the information for which the resolution calls. I make these few remarks simply because I think there has been a public discussion going on in the public newspapers which rather tends to mislead the public mind with regard to this subject. I have no idea that Great Britain is working out measures for the final colonization of these countries, and I think the result will verify this prediction.

Mr. Day: I wish merely to say that I concur entirely in the call which is contained in the resolution. At the same time I would remark that there is a great disposition, perhaps too great a disposition, in a portion of the public mind of the country, toward irritation upon this subject. I think that we ought, upon this, as upon all other questions relating to our foreign affairs, to proceed with the greatest deliberation. Let us first get the information. That would seem to be the proper basis. The object of this resolution is to obtain the information. I therefore concur in it. Let us see what the information is before we venture to pronounce a judgment animadvertently on the conduct of a foreign power, or say anything to estrange the present amicable relations existing between the two powers.

I concur entirely with the honorable senator from Illinois [Mr. Shields] in saying that I am sure that all confidence is due to the present administration, and I add with him, confidence is due to the disposition of the present enlightened representative of Great Britain at this Government, to maintain, to execute, and carry out to the fullest extent all treaty stipulations which exist between the two countries. I have only said this by way of expressing the hope that we will refrain from discussing and animadverting upon these public matters until we get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Mr. Cass: I rise merely to render my thanks to the honorable Senator from Illinois for bringing this matter before the Senate and for the remarks which he has made. Certain it is, there are events going on in that portion of

the continent deeply interesting to the Government and people of this country—events and facts which ought to be investigated.

As to treaties and arrangements, we all know how easily they are swept away when they stand in the path of human ambition. I am very desirous myself that the facts should be investigated, and I hope, therefore, that the resolution will be passed.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts: I wish the secretary to read the first article of the treaty.

The secretary accordingly read the following article from the recently made treaty, to which the reference was made in the course of the discussion.

"The governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal, agreeing that neither will ever erect nor maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence that either may possess with any state or government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal, which shall not be afforded on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other."

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts: I do not intend to make any comments upon that article, but I merely wish

it to go out to the country with the other proceedings of the morning.

Mr. Shields: I may be permitted to say, in self-justification, that I had before me in the papers of the country the proclamation of the President, the notification of the British authorities, the declarations of the very active and very obnoxious British agent, Mr. Chatfield, and I have also direct information from the country. I have made no remarks, I hope, calculated to create any improper excitement.

Mr. Douglas: I have but a remark to make on this subject. I am glad that this resolution has been brought forward, and that the section of the treaty has been read. I voted against that treaty, for the reason that I was unwilling to enter into any stipulation with any European power that we would not do on this continent whatever we might think it our duty whenever a case should arise. I voted against it, therefore, because of the clause which has been read, but as it has been entered into, I desire to see it enforced. I am not yet aware that that clause of the treaty has been carried into effect. I have yet to learn that the British government have withdrawn their protectorate from the Mosquito coast. I have yet to learn that they have abandoned the possession which they held under the Mosquito king. I hope the inquiry will go far enough to learn whether or no the treaty has been executed in that respect. I deem that, as well as the subjects referred to by my colleague, a proper matter of inquiry, and trust we shall have full information on the whole subject.

The resolution was then adopted.

During Shields' term as Senator from Illinois some of the most important questions were discussed that have agitated the nation; that era might well be called a critical period in the history of the country. The paramount measures considered and legislated upon were:

The Admission of California. The Compromise Measures of 1850. The Building of Continental Railroads. The Granting of Public Lands to Railroads, Canals and for Educational Purposes. The Chartering of the Illinois Central Railroad, which Opened up the Country from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The Homestead Act, as Well as Measures to More Efficiently Organize the Army.

These were subjects that called for the best thought and most careful consideration by the first men of the land.

It is no flattery to state, that as an active and intelligent factor in these events and the legislation pertaining thereto, that Senator Shields proved his greatness among the greatest of men.

His colleagues in the Senate were Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Cass, Seward, Benton, Douglas, Jefferson Davis and others who were the grandest figures in the public eye. With Sumner, Chase, Fessenden, Everett and John C. Breckinridge, commanding figures in our history. That was the beginning of the end of the slavery struggle; as a public question, it entered into nearly every important debate in the Senate.

Senator Shields was opposed to the extension of slavery, although his party was pro-slavery, and as a rule he was found on the side of humanity and freedom.

On January 7, 1850, Senator Clemens of Alabama introduced a series of resolutions of inquiry relative to the action of President Taylor respecting the admission of California into the Union. These resolutions were tabled for the time by a tie vote. Senator Shields voted with Senator 'Douglas against hasty action, reflecting on the Whig administration of General Taylor.

This was the beginning of the struggle on the admission of California, and pointed to other serious questions.

On January 17th General Shields was charged by Senator Clemens with wanting to shield the President from an investigation, because the slavery question was involved in it. Mr. Shields replied, "I disavow for myself any such imputation that I give a vote for any such purpose."

The record of the Senate bore testimony to Shields' activity in presenting petitions against the extension of slavery. One of the earliest attempts to secure for actual settlers grants of government land in limited quantities, came from Illinois and was presented and urged by Senator Shields.

His great effort in opposition to the extension of slavery into California, is characterized by an uncompromising bravery of spirit.

Every line that the old soldier uttered, in that forum of intellectual giants, carries the invincible strength that marks a man of conviction.

During a debate on the bill for a grant of lands to the Illinois Central and its extension south of Mobile, Senator Shields advocated the measure as one not only of great commercial importance but also as having political significance, saying: "As it (the Illinois Central) is to connect North and South so thoroughly, it may serve to get rid of the Wilmot proviso, and tie us together so effectually that the idea, even of separation, will be impossible."

The characteristic uprightness of his mind and the purity of his motives, when dealing with public affairs, are shown in remarks made in debate like the following: "I want to accomplish nothing indirectly. If we cannot carry the measure directly, let it fail." His speech in the debate relating to the boundary of Texas is a good specimen of his intellectual honesty. He said: "Mr. President, I merely rise to say,

that I shall vote for the proposition of the Senator from Maryland, (Mr. Pearce). I yesterday voted against the amendment of the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Dawson), but afterward for the amendment of the Senator from Maine (Mr. Bradbury), as amended by the Senator from Georgia. I will say further that that was a vote which I am not prepared to defend here or elsewhere. I wish to remind my honorable friend from Texas, that I was willing and anxious to come to almost any accommodation to satisfy Texas. I was anxious to compound almost anything to bring California into the Union, but since I have reflected on the effect of the vote I gave yesterday, and on the effects of that amendment, I am really gratified that my friend from Maryland has presented a mode by which I can redeem myself."

This was a masterly retreat, consistent with honor, it was manly, there was nothing cowardly about it.

The vote on the admission of California was 32 to 18, Senator Shields voted with the majority.

During the month of September, 1850, occurred the contest over the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and Senator Shields was uniformly on the side of its abolition and voted for the measure abolishing it which passed September 16th.

In the debate upon granting bounty land to officers and soldiers, Senator Shields, in advocating the measure, took exceptions to remarks made by Mr. Mason of Virginia on the measure. Senator Shields said "I take exception to one expression, which has fallen from the gentleman from Virginia. He says that 'this is a pure gratuity,' and, 'that it is giving the lands as a mere gratuity.' I know there is not much difference in expression; but I say, that it is not a gratuity, but as a reward for services, and for honorable services—for glorious services—for services such as soldiers never perhaps rendered a country before. And I say further, that when your politicians and statesmen treat this kind of service with contempt, you may have armies, but you will never have such soldiers as carried your flag to Mexico; you will never have such soldiers as humbled England.

January 16, 1851.

Senator Shields submitted a resolution relative to Central America and British encroachments on the American continent. He closed his explanatory remarks with a vigorous appeal:

"I ask honorable Senators if they are ready, or if this country is ready, to give any portion of that part of this continent—Central America—to the possession of any great European power? Sir, it is a bridge between the possessions of this country on the Atlantic and Pacific." The resolution was adopted.

February 24th Senator Shields presented a memorial from the citizens of Bond County, Ill., asking a donation of lands for the founding and establishment of an agricultural school and an experiment farm. This is one of the earliest movements in the very important educational field.

February 26, 1851, the Senate having under consideration a "joint resolution for the relief of Louis Kossuth and his associates, exiles from Hungary," General Shields moved to substitute as follows:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be and he hereby is requested to authorize the employment of someone of the public vessels which may be now cruising in the Mediterranean to receive and convey to the United States the said Louis Kossuth and his associates in captivity." The amendment was concurred in, the resolution ordered engrossed for a third reading, subsequently read a third time and passed. And thus the Irish hero identified himself with the rising and invincible spirit of personal liberty as immortalized in the person of the great Kossuth.

The Thirty-second Congress convened December 1, 1851. Senator Shields was made Chairman of Committee on Military Affairs, also Chairman of Committee on District of Columbia and member of Committee on Public Lands.

Senator Shields asked leave to introduce the following:

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to wait on Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary, and introduce him to the Senate." By way of introduction he said, in part: "The world is now looking to the action of this body and this Congress. The prayers of Hungary follow this man. The hopes of the liberal party in Europe follow him. In my opinion he is the great man of the day. I feel that if there is one man who will carry out what I hope will be carried out, the concentration of the moral force of this age against despotism, that man is Louis Kossuth." December 16th this resolution was passed with a slight amendment. The committee on reception of Kossuth and his presentation to the Senate was James Shields, Wm. H. Seward, Lewis Cass. This interesting event occurred on January 5, 1852.

At one o'clock Governor Kossuth, supported by the committee, entered and advanced within the bar, the Senate rising to receive them. Senator Shields, chairman, addressed the President of the Senate as follows:

"Mr. President, we have the honor to introduce Louis Kossuth to the Senate of the United States."

February 9, 1852, the special order of the Senate was a resolution submitted by Mr. Foote of Mississippi, being a "joint resolution, expressive of the sympathy of Congress for the exiled Irish patriots, William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and their associates."

January 29th, Senator Shields submitted an amendment which was now the question pending. In the course of his plea he says: "As one of the friends of these exiles I take occasion to state to the Senate, and I think I interpret the wishes of all their friends, when I make the statement, that if they have the good fortune to ever reach our shores, we have no wish to see them welcomed with any public demonstration or display, like that which has just been given to the illustrious Kossuth. * * * We wish to see them receive no other reception than that which the generous American heart always renders to the noble unfortunate.

* * * At this age of the world, I think it is generally admitted, that to punish a man for a political offense, without a very strong political necessity, is not an act of justice or self-defense, but on the contrary, is an act of cruel, useless and impolitic vengeance."

General Shields, only a few years afterward, saw his sentiments nobly illustrated, as never before in the history of the world, in the magnanimity of his adopted country toward the leaders of the Rebellion against which he had gallantly fought.

Again, he says: "If we weigh the conduct of these Irish patriots, not in legal, but in moral scales, we will find much to justify their attempt. They loved their native country. There is no moral guilt in this. On the contrary, the love of country is one of the noblest sentiments of our nature. When this sentiment fades from the soul, the soul has lost its original brightness. * * * An Irish patriot hears himself pronounced guilty in what is called the sanctuary of justice, while he feels in the sanctuary of his heart, that he stands guiltless before his God, and his country. * * * You must destroy the heart before you can destroy this sentiment. * * * Ireland is their native country; they saw her lying around them in ruins. They made a desperate effort to collect the broken fragments and bind them together into something like nationality. The effort failed; it was bound to fail. The spirit of Irish nationality is dead."

May 12, 1852, Senator Shields, from the Committee on Military Affairs, submitted a report accompanied by a bill making important changes in the organization of the army.

The second session of the Thirty-second Congress began December 6, 1852.

On December 21st, Senator Shields urged the passage of the "joint resolution conferring the title of lieutenant-general by brevet for eminent services," indicating that General Scott most deserved the honor.

Thirty-third Congress, December 5, 1853. Gen. Shields was again made Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and member of the Committee on Militia.

March 22, 1854, Senator Shields' bill to increase the efficiency of the army, after much discussion and slight amendment, was passed, greatly to the honor and credit of our patriot senator-soldier.

July 10, 1854, The Homestead Bill being under consideration, Senator Shields urged liberality towards foreigners intending to become citizens in the disposition of the public lands.

CHAPTER XII.

Admission of California—Senator Shields' Greatest Speech—It Stamps Him as a Statesman as Well as a Prophet—Would Not Widen the Breach Between the North and South or Excite the Passions or Prejudices of One Section Against the Other—if a Republican Form of Government Fails Here, It Need Never Be Attempted Again—Where Compromise Ends Force Begins, and Where Force Begins War Begins—Gold the Cause of More Than Half the Evils of Civilized Society—No Southern Slave Owner Will Ever Venture to Carry His Slaves to That Country—The Whole Country United Cannot Force Slavery on Californians, Who Will Carry Your Flag Some Day Into Asia and Through China—Slavery Was Never Intended by God to Be There and Will Not Be Permitted by Men—You Might as Well Attempt to Plant Orange Groves in Siberia as Establish Slavery in California or New Mexico—It Is Inevitable That the Power of the Free States Will Preponderate Over the Power of the Slave States—You Can No More Equalize the States Then You Can Equalize Their Population—The North Will Never Consent to See One Foot of Free Soil Converted Into Slave Soil—As Well Attempt to Convert a Free Man Into a Slave—No Human Law Can Give Absolute Property in Man—An Attempt at Dissolution of the Union Would Be War of Extermination and Desolation of Which None But God Could Foresee the End—The Idea of Quietly and Peaceably Submitting to See a Separate Confederacy Is Preposterous—Very Little Short of Insanity.

MR. BELL'S RESOLUTIONS.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the special order, being Mr. Foote's motion to refer Mr. Bell's resolutions to a committee of thirteen members—the pending question being upon an amendment proposed by Mr. Baldwin, to except from the reference so much as relates to the admission of California into the Union as a state.

The Vice-President stated that the pending question at the adjournment yesterday was the motion of the Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Foote) to postpone the further consideration of the subject until to-morrow at one o'clock, and that at that time it be made the special order of the day; and on this motion the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Shields) was entitled to the floor.

Mr. Clay: That motion has exhausted itself, and is now dead.

The Vice-President: Unless it is to operate from the day on which it may be adopted.

Mr. Foote: Mr. President, I withdraw that motion.

The Vice-President: The motion is withdrawn; and in that case, the Senator from Mississippi is entitled to the floor.

Mr. Foote: Then I yield, with great pleasure, to the Senator from Illinois.

Mr. Shields: Mr. President, it was not my intention, when this debate commenced, to take any part in it. I had not the vanity to suppose that anything I could say would contribute in the slightest degree to the work of conciliation; and I felt extremely anxious, if I could do no good, to abstain, at all events, from doing any injury. But, sir, the discussion has become so general, and so many have participated in it, that I fear, if I remain any longer silent, my silence may be misconstrued, and my course misunderstood; and that it is due to myself, and my constituents, to make a few explanatory observations; and I promise that these observations will be the honest convictions of my mind.

The Senate, sir, has hardly yet recovered from the effects of its recent great loss. Death has bereaved this body of one of its most illustrious members. This bereavement will be long felt in this Senate, and in every city, town and hamlet throughout this broad land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Sir, one of the great lights of this continent has just been extinguished; one of the most brilliant stars of our political galaxy has disappeared forever. A star that shed its luster, not only on the proud and noble state of South Carolina, but on this whole country, has been moved from our sight—translated, I trust, to a higher and purer region, to shine in a brighter firmament. Sir, it is with feelings subdued and deepened by this sad event, that I enter this morning upon the simple and humble duty of defining my position, and explaining the motives that will govern my future action in this body, upon the delicate questions now under consideration.

The state of Illinois, which I have the honor in part to represent, has thought proper to give me instructions for my guidance and government on the subject of slavery in the territories. I recognize the full right of my state to give me such instructions, and I consider it to be my duty, as one of the Senators from that state, to obey them. I regard the will of my state, when fairly expressed, as a political trust, which it is my duty to discharge in good faith, if I can do so without any violation of the Constitution of my country. The resolutions of the Legislature of Illinois instruct me to vote for the application of the Wilmot proviso to all the territories acquired by the late war with Mexico. These resolutions I consider constitutional, and, as such, it is my duty to obey them. In my humble opinion the Congress of the United States has full power and authority to govern all the territories, including the District of Columbia, in all respects whatsoever, including the introduction and the exclusion of slavery, subject to no limitation or restriction, except that contained in the Constitution of the United States. In other words, I believe that Congress can exercise all governmental control over the territories which is not in conflict with the provisions of the Constitution. I cannot understand the argument I have heard urged in this chamber, that Congress can declare war, conquer a country, subjugate a people, and annex both country and people to the United States, and yet that it has no power to govern them after they have been annexed. Upon this principle Congress can destroy a government, but cannot replace it; can annex a people, but cannot govern them; can regulate a territory, but cannot regulate the people; can govern the land and the habitations, but cannot govern the inhabitants of the territories. Sir, there is something so incomprehensible in this argument, something so unreasonable in this proposition, that I cannot believe it, or accept it, on the authority of any man, however distinguished as a statesman. But I do not wish to pursue this argument any further. I have merely alluded to it for the purpose

of declaring that I regard the instructions as constitutional, and that it is my duty, as well as my determination, to obey them.

Sir, in saying this I do not wish to be understood as laying down any rule for the government of others in similar cases. I merely wish to prescribe a rule in this particular case for my own government—and that is, to obey constitutional instructions or resign. This, I take it, is a good, honest, old-fashioned, Democratic rule, upon which I can stand and act with honor and safety.

It will be readily perceived that this restriction upon my action will prevent me from giving my support to the proposition now under consideration, or to any compromise on the question of slavery in the territories. I am a little afraid of this committee of thirteen, anyhow. I hardly think it can do any good, and I am afraid it may do some injury. In my opinion, the mind of every member in this Senate has been long made up on all these questions. A great senatorial committee like this will excite great public expectation, and if this expectation be disappointed, the effect may be extremely prejudicial.

Mr. Foote (interposing): I wish to make one single suggestion to my honorable friend, that he has misunderstood the motion which I have had the honor to present. A "compromise" is not mentioned; "adjustment" is the word. And if he is in favor of adjusting the questions, he must go for the motion.

Mr. Shields: Well, sir, I am not so critical, perhaps, in my knowledge of words, as my honorable friend from Mississippi, and I will change the word "compromise" for the word "adjustment." However, in acting under the instructions of my state, I am determined to act in good faith; and, therefore, I cannot support the proposition of my honorable friend from Mississippi for what he calls the "adjustment" of these questions or any of the propositions of compromise on the subject. But, sir, while this is the case, I am far from thinking that it is my duty, as a Senator from Illinois, knowing as I do the spirit and patriotism of the people of that state, to stand here in my place and wage a war of fierce denunciation against this and every other proposition, which may have been matured and brought forward by the highest minds of this body for the settlement and adjustment of our unfortunate difficulties. It would be especially unworthy of me, who have been the recipient of the generous, though perhaps unmerited, sympathy of this whole country, to contribute my puny efforts in this body to widen the breach between the North and the South, and to excite the passions and prejudices of one section of this great country against another. I think I ought to be one of the last of living men to be guilty of such conduct.

Sir, I have seen northern men and southern men stand together shoulder to shoulder in many a struggle. I have seen northern and southern blood mingle on many a field. I have seen northern and southern men follow the glorious standard of a common country to common victory. And, with all these recollections still around me, I would consider myself criminal to take advantage of my present position to excite hate and animosity between brethren of the same country, having the same glorious history and the same common destiny, the same pride in the past and the same hope for the future; especially as I sincerely believe that the very men now engaged in this unfortunate controversy would to-morrow, if necessary, unite in a common struggle, for their common country, against a hostile world. Sir, I have no sympathy—no communion of feeling—with those men who employ their energies in exciting and maddening one portion of their countrymen against another. I have seen and felt the ruin and wretchedness that have followed the success of such unhallowed efforts in other lands, and I am persuaded that a similar result would attend

the success of such efforts here. Yes, sir, the full and complete success of these unnoy efforts here would be the ruin of this republican government, the destruction of this great temple of American liberty.

Mr. President, I regret to say that the proceedings of Congress, during the present session, have been characterized by extraordinary passion and excitement. Criminations, invectives and personalities have too often disgraced our debates, and have threatened, on some occasions, to bring us into angry personal collision. These were ominous indications in an American Congress, and particularly in an American Senate, which has been uniformly distinguished heretofore for the dignity, propriety and decorum of its proceedings. But, sir, not only here, but throughout the whole country, the indications seemed ominous of some impending evil. The North was in a state of perfect apathy, while the South was in a furious state of excitement; the North was glorifying the virtues of the Wilmot proviso, while the South was organizing the Southern States, and preparing to assemble a great Southern Convention at Nashville, that could have no purpose—I mean to say no practical purpose—but the dissolution of this Union. I say practical purpose, because I hold that, unless the South is prepared to urge matters to the last extremity, that convention ought never to be held. In my opinion, it would prove deeply injurious to the character of the South. Mr. President, I looked upon this unnatural state of things—this singular national discordance—one portion of the same country in apathy, and another palpitating with excitement; one portion unmoved and indifferent, and the other preparing for revolution, as the presage of some great national evil. I know, sir, there may be others less timid than I am, who may have looked upon all this with something like indifference; but I am not one of these indifferent men; I can be indifferent in nothing, and least of all upon questions that involve, not only the existence of the government, but the existence of liberal government throughout the world. To me this is not merely an American question; it is a mundane question. I look upon it in connection with the question of civil liberty and human progress in other countries, because I am convinced that if the great experiment of republican government fails on this continent, it need never be attempted again in this world.

And, sir, I began to fear that the experiment was about to fail; that the glorious institutions which you have received as a legacy from a wise and noble ancestry, and which you hold in trust, not for yourselves only, not for this generation alone, but for future generations, for posterity and humanity, were, by some fatality, by some judgment perhaps of Divine wrath, or by some of those terrible conjunctures which destroy the best of human institutions, approachnig a dark, premature and inglorious end. And was there not cause, sir, for serious alarm? Was it not felt by every member of this body? The South complains of grievances and aggressions, and complains vehemently. I think the South exaggerates these grievances; but doubtless it has some grounds of just complaint. But let me say, the North complains of grievances also, and it has just grounds of complaint also. Individual, sectional and national grievances exist under every government on the face of the earth; and grievances, I fear, will continue to exist forever under every form of human government. But suppose, sir, all the grievances of which the South complains to be wholly imaginary (and some of our northern friends think so), does this lessen the imminence of the danger? No, sir; by no means. On the contrary, imaginary grievances are often more dangerous than real ones. Real grievances can be redressed; for imaginary grievances there is no remedy. Sir, more than half the great convulsions that have shaken this world have sprung from imaginary grievances. It is not real dangers that are present to us; it is pros-

pective dangers—dangers that loom and lower in the distant future—that frighten and alarm us most. These are the dangers that excite men to acts of folly and urge them on to the most fearful extremities. And, sir, there are times and seasons when it is impossible to account for the folly of human conduct anyhow. There are periods when men and nations rush blindly, or, rather, with their eyes open, on certain and inevitable destruction. This is the history of the world. The annals of nations are filled with instances of this kind—with periodical instances of folly and frenzy. One generation builds up and another pulls down; one generation founds empires and another destroys them. This has been the history of the world for six thousand years, and will continue, I fear, to be its history forever. And, without meaning to cast any reflection upon the generation to which I belong, I must say, that when I saw the total failure of the people of Europe in their recent struggles, their unsuccessful efforts to ameliorate their condition and reform their institutions, I began to fear that there was something wrong in the character of the present age, and that the responsibilities of this great government had fallen, perhaps, on a generation unequal to the present crisis, and incapable of wielding, at this critical juncture, the destinies of this great republic. But, sir, when we see assembled in this chamber, as if by the special ordination of Providence, the highest intellects of this nation; minds matured and moderated by experience, and exalted and ennobled by patriotism; men capable of comprehending the dangers and difficulties of the crisis, and having the courage and capacity—and, I may add, the national reputation—to grapple with these dangers, and triumph over them, I think we may conclude, and conclude joyfully, that Heaven still smiles on this favored land; that the glorious stars, the appropriate emblem of this great Republic, are not yet destined to set in darkness and blood, but to illumine for ages—I hope forever—the broadest and brightest political firmament that ever sheltered liberty, civilization and humanity. My admiration and enthusiasm have been often excited this session, at the extraordinary efforts of the great statesmen of this body, to work out some just and equitable plan for the settlement of our unfortunate difficulties. When I saw the distinguished Senator from Kentucky, now in the chair, present his great plan of national compromise, and when I listened to his thrilling eloquence and fearless enunciation of great moral truths, in favor of liberty and humanity—truths as old as the laws that govern the moral world, and which will live and kindle the hearts of millions when the present generation is moldering in the dust—I felt that there is a heroism higher and holier than any that ever inspired a conqueror to tread his way through blood and battle to victory and immortality. I forgot on that occasion that I was a Democrat, and that he was the great leader of the Whig party. I remembered nothing but the great cause and the great advocate. I saw nothing but the great republican and the great American. I do not allude to the distinguished Senator from Kentucky for the purpose of invidious distinction; on the contrary, I refer to him as the type, or rather the central figure of a host of intellectual giants who have employed their time and talents and energies, this session, in the great republican and American work of compromise. I call the work of compromise emphatically American. A fearful controversy has raged here, and throughout the country, this whole session. A controversy that excites the strongest and deepest feelings of our nature—a controversy, as it were, between sentiment and interest, liberty and slavery. And yet, no man now, either in this body or in the other hall, seriously contemplates any other result than its amicable adjustment, by an honorable and a national compromise. Well, sir, my notion is, that this controversy

could not have raged one month, in any other country on earth, without a national convulsion. Why is this, sir? Because the people of this country are trained and educated to settle all their difficulties, public and private, by just and honorable compromise, while the people of other countries, in great national difficulties, are accustomed to have immediate recourse to force. Sir, there are only two principles employed in the government of the political world—force and compromise. Some nations are governed by both principles, others by force alone, but this is the only nation that has always been governed by compromise since the foundation of the government, and it must continue to be so governed as long as it continues to be a republic. Sir, where compromise ends force begins, and where force begins, war begins; and the tocsin of civil war is the death-knell of republicanism.

Mr. President, I am in favor of the admission of California into the Union as a state. Here there is no room for compromise. I am also in favor of keeping the question of admission unconnected with any of the other exciting questions now before the Senate. A great measure, like the admission of an independent state, should, in my opinion, be determined on its own intrinsic merits, and not in connection with any other question, however important. If California is entitled to admission, it is unjust to the people of that territory, and unwise as a principle of legislation, to make that admission depend upon the doubtful issue of any other question. You have done injustice enough to the territories already; you have refused to give them governments of any kind; and when they come here with governments formed by themselves you refuse to sanction them. Sir, upon the annexation of New Mexico and California, it was the imperative duty of Congress to extend the blessings of government to the people of those territories within a reasonable time. No considerations of policy could exonerate Congress from this obligation. The highest trust that God commits to man is that of government; and when he disregards this trust, he sins against God's appointment, and does grievous wrong to those whom fortune has made dependent upon him for government and protection. Sir, you have done wrong, and grievous wrong, to the people of the territories; you tore them from their own government; you severed them from their own people; you annexed them to your country; you made them a part of your people—and all by force; and you refused to give them government of any kind, and left them in a state of anarchy. You poured out blood and treasure to win these territories, and when you acquired them you abandoned them. Sir, Congress has consumed more time in talking, quarreling, and wrangling over these territorial acquisitions, without doing anything for them, than your army took to conquer Mexico, dismember that country and annex the territories to the United States. So far as my experience goes, I can vouch for it that your soldiers perform their duty much more promptly and efficiently than your statesmen.

The people of the territories, it is true, have formed governments perhaps better adapted to their anomalous condition than any that could be fashioned for them by the wisdom of Washington. And this only proves that, when their government fails to provide for any portion of the American people, they are competent to provide for themselves. In my opinion, California has worked out the most hope-giving problem of this age. It has demonstrated the capacity of man for self-government. The mind of man can scarcely conceive of any condition in which human beings could be placed more unfavorable to the establishment of order and government than that of California. The people were an assemblage of every kindred, tongue and nation—thrown together promiscuously in a wild, dis-

tant, desert region of the world—away from all the restraints of civilization, and engaged, not in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, but in wild adventure and a reckless grapple for gold, “the root of all evil,” and certainly the cause of more than half the evils of civilized society. Now, sir, I should like to know how the experiment of leaving such a people, under such circumstances, without any government, would have worked in any other country in the world. The rulers of Europe think it necessary to employ armies of soldiers, and armies of policemen, and dungeons, racks and scaffolds, to keep their loyal people in order and subjection. What would such rulers have predicted of California? Why, that it would prove to be an earthly tophet, a sort of terrestrial pandemonium. But no such thing, sir. To the honor of human nature and to the eternal honor of American character that imbued that society with American loyalty to law and order, the people of California established a government, and that government, from the hour of its establishment till this hour, has given more effectual protection to life and property and the pursuits of industry than any government of Europe during the same period.

Sir, California furnishes the strongest demonstration of this age in favor of the inherent capacity of man for self-government, when left to the free exercise of his native faculties. And it is the loudest condemnation of those systems of government which first debase and brutalize man, and then punish and oppress him because he is debased. Without the aid of law, or, rather, by virtue of a better law than ever was enacted by Congress—the law of truth and justice in their own hearts—the people of California organized their society, framed a constitution, and established a government, and they now present that constitution for our acceptance; and, sir, if we have the law of truth and justice in our hearts, we will receive this constitution at once, and welcome California into the Union.

But, sir, it is said by some that California must be remanded back to a territorial condition; that it must remain quietly in that condition until Congress finds it convenient to give it a government. Others say that California can have no government until Congress agrees upon some general plan for the settlement of all our difficulties: First, our territorial difficulties—a government for Utah, and another for New Mexico; secondly, the settlement of the boundary between New Mexico and Texas, and whether we are to have a slave or a free state carved out of “Texas;” and, finally, the settlement of the question of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. Now, sir, my opinion is, that if you keep California out of the Union until you settle all these questions by satisfactory adjustment, it needs a vast amount of Christian patience, because, at the rate you despatch business here, California may stand some chance of admission at some indefinite time between now and the millennium. Sir, this is perfect mockery. It is to say substantially to the people of California: “You must break up your government, resolve yourselves again into a state of anarchy, go back and live quietly and peaceably, and behave yourselves well, and neither rob nor kill one another, if you can avoid it, until we can settle all our difficulties, all questions connected with slavery, to the satisfaction of the North and South, and then we will extend the blessing of government to you—we will give you a government exactly suited to your condition.” This, sir, I suppose, is Congressional justice to California. I wish to say, most respectfully to my Southern friends, that I cannot conceive what advantage they expect to derive from the rejection of California. It puzzles me to divine the secret of Southern policy on this point. Whether California is a state or territory, whether it has a government or no government, no Southern slaveowner will ever venture

to carry his slaves to that country. Slavery can never be established there. With law or without law Southern men will never dare to carry their slaves there. The people of California are working out a great social problem—a problem that has never yet been worked out successfully anywhere else, and that is, to make labor, hard labor, dignified and respectable. I trust in God they may succeed. But do you think the people engaged in this work will suffer themselves to be jostled by slaves? No, sir; never. The sons of Southern planters, the high-spirited sons of Southern gentlemen, would be the first to resist and resent such an experiment. Sir, the whole united South dare not venture to carry slaves to California for the purpose of establishing slavery there. In California, at this moment, there are one hundred and fifty thousand men; not old men, women and children, but young, active, daring, adventurous men—the flower of the youth of our country—men such as never settled a new country before. Before a year rolls around, California will number half a million of the same sort. If I searched this world for an army, I would take the men collected in California. I tell you, sir, the South and the North, and the whole country united can never force slavery on them. Napoleon trampled down Europe with fewer men and worse material. Sir, they are laying the foundation of a great empire on the shore of the Pacific—a mighty empire—an empire that at some future day will carry your flag, your commerce, your arts and your arms into Asia, and through China, Hindostan and Persia into Western Europe. Talk about carrying slavery there, of imposing such a blight upon that people, of withering their strength and paralyzing their energies by such an institution! No, sir; such a thing was never intended by God, and will never be permitted by men. I am one of those who believe that the laws of Mexico abolishing slavery are still in force and operation in California and New Mexico. I understand the great principle of law to be this: When one country conquers another, the political laws, that is, the laws prescribing the duty of the subject or citizen to the government, are abrogated. And why? Because the conquered government goes out of existence and the conquering government takes its place; but municipal laws—laws between man and man, made for the protection of life and property—remain in force, and must of necessity remain in force, for the preservation of society, until modified or repealed by positive enactment on the part of the conquering government. Now, this is an old principle of law, a little older than modern civilization, but it has been as seriously questioned and denied on this floor as if it had arisen for the first time on the conquest of Mexico. It is sometimes urged here, that our constitution carries slavery with it wherever it goes, unless positively excluded by law; in other words, that slavery is the nornial law of this Republic. I think the principle is just the reverse. Slavery, being in violation of natural right, can only exist by positive enactment; and the constitution of this country only tolerates slavery where it exists, but neither extends nor establishes it anywhere. But, sir, I have heard it seriously argued in this Senate that the laws and edicts abolishing slavery in Mexico were all irregular, and therefore void; and that slavery was in full force in that country at the time of the annexation of these territories. It is extremely hard to answer such an argument as this. This is emphatically a chivalrous argument, which, though it may not convince a man, is well calculated to astound him. I will merely say that the poor Mexicans made a great many honest and earnest attempts to abolish slavery, and if they have failed to accomplish that object, they have been very unfortunate in all their efforts. I have no doubt that the people of Mexico will be highly edified when they learn that their old acquaintances, the "Norte Americanos," about the time

they discovered the "El Dorado" in California made another discovery, and that is, that their laws, edicts, and constitution, to the contrary notwithstanding, slavery was still in full force and operation in that country, without the people themselves being aware of the fact. I think when they hear this, they will come to the conclusion that we are as invincible in logic as we are in battle.

But, sir, I will drop the subject. I care not whether there is any Mexican law or American law there, or whether the Wilmot proviso or the Jefferson proviso ever be extended over those territories, slavery can never be established in California or New Mexico. The climate, the soil, and the productions forbid it. In a word, the principle of the Wilmot proviso is extended over the country by the law of nature—by the law of God—as the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster) emphatically expressed it, and were I permitted to act upon my own judgment, I would leave it under the operation of that law. Sir, you might as well undertake to plant orange groves in Siberia as establish slavery in California or New Mexico.

I will now notice the question of boundary between New Mexico and Texas. I admire Texas as highly as any man living; I like the state and the people; they fought gallantly and successfully, and achieved their independence by a struggle as glorious and extraordinary as any of the present age. I will say, also, that we ought not to criticise the claim of Texas too closely; that we ought to be liberal to that young and gallant state. If there be a doubt, it ought to be resolved in her favor. But, to my mind, there is no doubt in the case. Texas has no right, claim or title to any portion of New Mexico, either on this side or the other side of the Rio Grande. She never conquered it, never occupied it, never reduced it to possession and never exercised any authority over it. She has no more title to Santa Fe than she has to San Francisco—not a particle. That country, and the whole of that country, was under the law, jurisdiction and authority of Mexico when it was wrested from that country by the arms of the United States. I care nothing about maps; I take facts, and these are the facts. I venture to say, further, that in my opinion Texas never conquered all the country to the lower Rio Grande. There is a portion of Coahuila, south of New Mexico, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, which I scarcely think she ever conquered. At all events I can say that when, at one time during the Mexican War, I was wandering along the Rio Grande, I found a Mexican town in the state of Coahuila, on the Texan side of the river, living quietly under Mexican law and Mexican authority; and if they had ever been conquered by Texas, it was wholly without their knowledge, for they were living in the most happy ignorance of such conquest. But while this is my opinion, I am ready and willing to pay to Texas, for such claim as she has, enough to wipe out her whole state debt. That debt was contracted in a noble cause—the struggle for liberty—the war of her independence. The United States has got the benefit of that struggle by the annexation of the country, and I hold that it is only a generous duty, which the government ought to fulfill, to pay Texas a sufficient sum to wipe out the whole of her state debt.

On the question of making a new state in Texas, I am prepared to say that I feel myself bound to comply with every stipulation, condition and obligation of the resolutions of annexation. Whatever the stipulations are, we are bound by them. This nation is bound, by every principle of honor and good faith, to fulfill its obligations with Texas. No man can give any reason for the violation of every human obligation. I do not know, sir, the opinion of my state on this subject, but I take it for granted that the State of Illinois will never so far forget her

duty to this nation and her own character as to violate the plighted faith of this government. I do not think there is a man in my state who will not consider himself bound by the engagements of this government. The Mormons, while they lived in that state, were accused of assuming that they had authority from God to violate their engagements with men. But they have left the state, and I do not think we have any political Mormons in Illinois now. But I must be permitted to say that I think Congress has no right to take the initiative in this matter. I think there is a wrong here; the initiative ought to be taken by Texas. It is for her to take the preliminary steps, designate the territory, and organize a new state, and when that state asks for admission into the Union, if it comes within the conditions of the resolutions of annexation, it is the duty of Congress to admit it. But I suppose the reason our southern friends are so anxious to squeeze a state out of Texas at this time is to bring a slave state into the Union in conjunction with California, to preserve the balance of power, to maintain the equilibrium in the Senate. Now, sir, I think there is one thing to which southern gentlemen must make up their minds, and that is to submit to what is inevitable. The whole world must submit to what is inevitable, and the South must submit to it, like the rest of mankind. I tell you, sir, what I think is inevitable—that the free states will outnumber the slave states, and that the power of the free states will preponderate over the power of the slave states. The South will lose its relative power in this nation. It is doing so every day; not by the action of government, but by the action of irresistible laws—laws that control the moral, social and political condition of man. You may as well talk of equalizing the population as of equalizing the states. There is another thing the South may as well understand (I mention this as a prediction), and that is, that the people of the North will never consent to see one foot of free soil converted into slave soil, if they can prevent it by constitutional resistance. I believe the North does not contemplate any other mode of resistance. If free territory be annexed, it must remain free, until as a state it may choose to change its condition. If slave territory be annexed (Cuba for instance) let it remain slave territory until as a state it chooses to change its condition. Sir, it seems to me there is nothing unfair in all this; on the contrary, that it is just and equitable. No one, I think, in this advanced age of the world should attempt to convert a free man into a slave, or free territory into slave territory.

Mr. President, I sincerely believe that if the South had not assumed the extraordinary position that slavery is the normal law of this country; that, like the electric fluid, it pervades all space; that it exists throughout this whole land, where not expressly excluded by law; that slaveholders can carry their slaves like their horses to California and New Mexico, by force and virtue of the Constitution of the United States, and contrary to the municipal laws of Mexico still in force there, the terrible feeling awakened in the North on the subject of the Wilmot proviso would never have found such general expression in that portion of the country. When southern men declare that slaves are like horses, mere chattels; that they can carry them with them into California and New Mexico by virtue of the Constitution; that the Constitution protects the right of property in chattels, and consequently in slaves, the northern feeling revolts against such claims. And even the very best friends of the South are compelled to reject such untenable pretensions. Sir, I cannot believe that you southern men (Mr. Clay in the chair) have absolute property in your slaves. You have property in their service, and that service is perpetual. Slavery is a state of perpetual servitude, and you have a right to employ all necessary power over the man to enforce such service. But you have no absolute property in the man, in that mysterious

being composed of body and soul; you do not own him as you own your horse, because no human law can give you such property in him. Sir, slavery was never understood in this sense in any country, neither among the Romans, Greeks or even the Mohammedans, and it is to be deeply regretted that such a claim should be urged by Christians.

I have already said that the South may give up all idea of an equilibrium. Here it never existed, and never can exist. It is a most fanciful notion at best—the mere dream of a political visionary. You cannot balance political power; you cannot weigh it in scales; you cannot regulate it by any system of equipoise. The thing is simply impossible. Why, sir, South Carolina—a proud little state, spirited and intelligent—has wielded more political power in this confederacy for several years past than some of the larger states of the Union. The equilibrium has been often tried, but has always failed. The French tried it, as they have tried every kind of experiment. After their first revolution they established a government, most fancifully constructed, upon an equilibrium compounded of territory and population. It was the delight of the enthusiasts of that age. No liberal politician of that day seemed fully to appreciate the absurdity of the experiment but Edmund Burke; and that great English statesman—I should say Irish statesman, but England appropriated him to herself, as she does all renowned Irishmen—that great statesman, I mean to say, ridiculed the whole scheme, pointed out its absurdity and impracticability, and predicted its speedy destruction. And, sir, the prediction was soon verified.

The very first heave of the great political mass shattered the government into a thousand fragments, and buried its projectors under its ruins. The experiment, therefore, wholly failed in France. After the fall of Napoleon the Holy Alliance tried a similar experiment, and if any body of men ever possessed the power to carry out such an experiment, the members of the Holy Alliance did at that time. They settled the relative power and condition of the several states, and established a great continental system upon what they called the equilibrium of Europe. Sir, I should like to know what has become of that system? I should like to find out the state of the equilibrium of Europe now?

Sir, in my opinion, the Czar of Russia could throw the whole of Europe at this moment, with the exception, perhaps, of France and England, into one scale; and he would only have to throw his sworl into the same scale, and in twelve months Europe would be Cossack from the Bosphorus to the British Channel. So the experiment of an equilibrium has utterly failed in Europe. Sir, it never has succeeded, and never can succeed. The thing is impossible and impracticable. You never can maintain a permanent equilibrium between states, or nations, or parts of nations. But I am wasting time unnecessarily upon such a subject.

Now, sir, if all the dangers which the South sees in the far distant future were at this moment present and pressing upon us, I would most respectfully ask southern gentlemen to tell me what remedy they would propose in such a case? Say, a dissolution of this confederacy—the peaceable separation of the states—an amicable destruction of this government? I would just as soon expect to see a high spirited southern gentleman quietly stand up to have the whip applied to his back, as to see the people of this country sit down quietly and look tamely and unmoved on the destruction of their government. No, sir; the very attempt would be war; the beginning of a war of which none but God could foresee the end; a war of extermination and desolation; a continuous, ceaseless, perpetual war; a war to be transmitted from father to son, from generation to generation, until your great Anglo-American race, now the pride and boast and glory

of this continent, would become a byword, a scorn and a warning to the world. The very energy of your race, that terrible energy which is making you masters of this continent, would be the motive power to accelerate its own destruction—you would devour yourselves. But does any sane man suppose that the Great Northwest, with all its millions—that world that is growing up between the headwaters of the Ohio and the headwaters of the Missouri, between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains—will ever peaceably submit to see the mouth of the Mississippi River in the possession of a foreign government? Never, sir, never. With that people it would not be a question of reason; it would be above all reason; it would be a question of necessity and existence; a thing which they never would quietly submit to. But there is no danger of anything of the kind. The people of the valley of the Mississippi can never separate. They may talk about it, and threaten it, but they never will attempt anything so disastrous. They are one people, tied together by the indissoluble bonds of physical nature. For weal or woe, for good or evil, the whole people of the Mississippi Valley must share the same fate and the same destiny.

And does any man suppose that this people, occupying about one eighteenth of the habitable globe, will ever submit quietly and peaceably to see the southeastern states establish a separate confederacy? The idea is preposterous—very little short of insanity.

But suppose the Southern Confederacy was now established, that it was quietly and peaceably established this moment, what would be the actual condition of the Confederacy? It could not exist a single day without a close and intimate connection with some great nation having all the elements of industrial, financial and commercial power. The South possesses none of these elements. It has plenty of cotton, and it has brave men and lovely women, but it is wholly destitute of all the other material elements of national power. Every man that knows anything knows this. The Southern Confederacy, therefore, would be compelled by necessity to enter into a strict alliance with some great nation—that nation would doubtless be England. Now, old England is not a whit more partial to slavery than New England; and Englishmen have a peculiar fondness for enforcing their own views upon their loving allies. But, sir, what would be the character of an alliance between such a nation and such a Confederacy? It would be supremacy on the one hand, and dependence on the other; it would be the worst kind of dependence, having all the disadvantages, and none of the advantages, of colonial dependence.

In fact, the Southern Confederacy would be a mere colony of masters and slaves to raise cotton for the factories of England. Besides, sir, it is my firm conviction that the institution of slavery, as it now exists in the South, would not last, in its present shape, for the space of twenty years in that Southern Confederacy. The South might as well attempt to shut out the pressure of the atmosphere, as to shut out the whole pressure of the civilized world on its cherished institutions. Another Chinese wall would not be sufficient to protect the Confederacy from the influences of abolitionism flowing in upon it and invading it from every quarter of the civilized world. Sir, in saying this, I may be permitted to add that the effect of abolition at this time in the South would prove most disadvantageous to the slaves. I think the negroes would be the principal sufferers by the change.

I listened the other day to the eloquent remarks of the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Hunter) and I heartily concur with him in nearly all his opinions and statements on this subject. All I have seen, and heard, and read, convince me that where there are two distinct races in the same community, one inferior and the other superior, like the negro and the white race, a state of mild and gentle slavery is the safest and happiest condition for the inferior race. Equality of rights

and equality in the hard struggle of life result in the insensible but certain extermination of the inferior race. You may give the slave liberty if you please, but that very liberty is his destruction. If you emancipate the slaves and wish to save the negro, you must separate the races. God only knows how this is to be done, but it is my solemn conviction that the universal emancipation of the African race of this country would lead to the gradual and insensible but certain extinction of that race.

Sir, the history of this very country proves the truth of this assertion. Where now are the Indian tribes that once roamed in wild freedom over this continent? The history of Mexico proves it. Where now are the Tlascalans, the Tolucans, the Aztecs, and the other numerous Indian nations of that country? The history of the French and British West Indies proves it. It is a melancholy fact, but it is a fact, that the negroes in these islands are rapidly becoming extinct. But, sir, let the consequence be what it may to the negro, or the white, my opinion is, that if a Southern Confederacy ever be constituted (which God in his mercy avert!), the institution of slavery, as it now exists, will not continue in existence, in its present shape, for a quarter of a century.

Mr. President, I firmly believe that the rights of the South, notwithstanding all the annoyances to which they are subjected, are better protected under our present Constitution and government than they could possibly be by any other scheme or plan which the ingenuity of man could devise. They are protected against the foreign world, the world abroad, by the character, and power, and majesty of this great nation. They are protected from the North by the obligation and guarantees of the Constitution. You will say no; you will say the North does not respect these guarantees. But I say the Constitution is a restraint upon the North, a powerful restraint; it imposes some restraint on all, even on the rankest abolitionists, and it imposes a binding restraint on all those, whatever may be their abstract opinions, who love their Constitution, and their government, and their country—their whole country—and who prefer the safety and perpetuity of this great republic to the abolition of slavery or the emancipation of the negro; and I need scarcely say that these constitute a vast majority of the northern people.

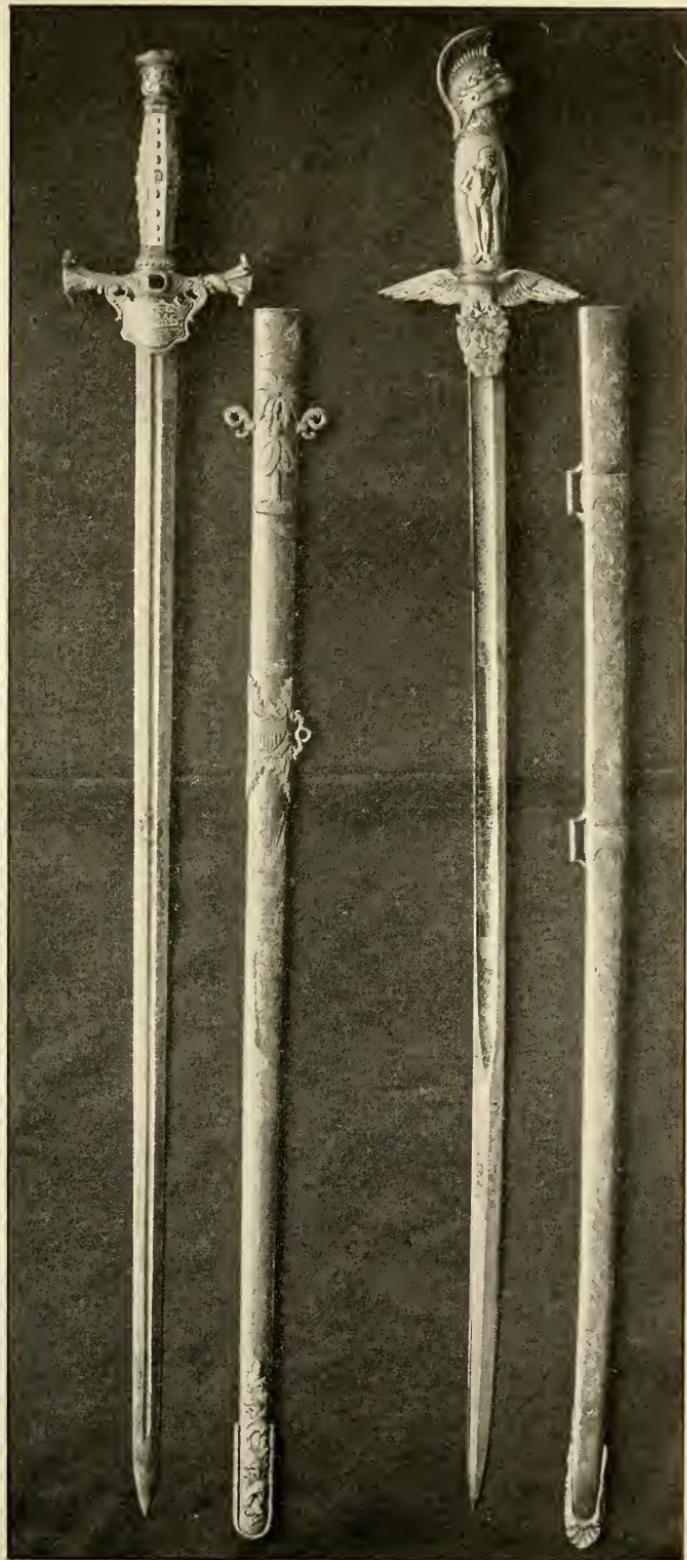
It is my opinion, then, that the true policy as well as the duty of the South is loyalty to the Constitution and fealty to the government. This is the policy and duty of the North also—the policy and duty of the whole American people. Let us preserve our Constitution, and fulfill all its obligations with true American honor and honesty, if we wish to preserve this great American republican government. I will no longer detain the Senate.

Several Senators: Go on as long as you wish.

Mr. Shields: I thank the members of the Senate for their kindness and patience, but I do not wish to trespass any further. However, there is one matter I forgot to allude to. I have said that it is the policy of the North as well as the South to stand honestly and faithfully by the Constitution—that every patriot and honest man is bound by its guarantees. In this spirit I am prepared to vote for any reasonable bill for the restoration of fugitive slaves. The clause of the Constitution which provides for this subject is as binding on me as any other provision of that instrument, and I am ready and willing to perform my obligation in this matter. I have done.

As I sit at my table writing these lines I face a large steel engraving of the United States Senate in 1850, engraved by Robert Whitechurch of London, from a paint-

THE SWORDS OF CERRO GORDO.



ing by P. F. Rothermel. It contains a group of twenty-eight Senators, with Vice-President Fillmore in the chair and Henry Clay addressing the Senate. Webster, Seward, Calhoun, Benton, Houston, Douglas, Chase and the rest seem all attention. It is the greatest debate in a score of years. Shields participated in it. He made greater sacrifices for the honor of the nation than anyone present. Words alone were all nine-tenths of those present had ever offered in their country's behalf, while he, on many a hard-fought field in the front rank, on danger line had offered his life for the land of his adoption. He bore upon his body the scars of three wounds, one almost a mortal one, received at Cerro Gordo, and yet for some reason his noble face is omitted from this group of America's most illustrious citizens. I pause to ask why. Perhaps the answer is "that the wheels of justice roll slowly over golden sands."

The matter engraved on the scabbard of the sword presented by the State of Illinois is as follows:

"Presented by the State of Illinois to General James Shields for gallant services at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the Garita of Belen, City of Mexico.

The following appears on the scabbard of the sword presented by the State of South Carolina:

"From the State of South Carolina to General Shields, in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican War, and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto regiment."

CHAPTER XIII.

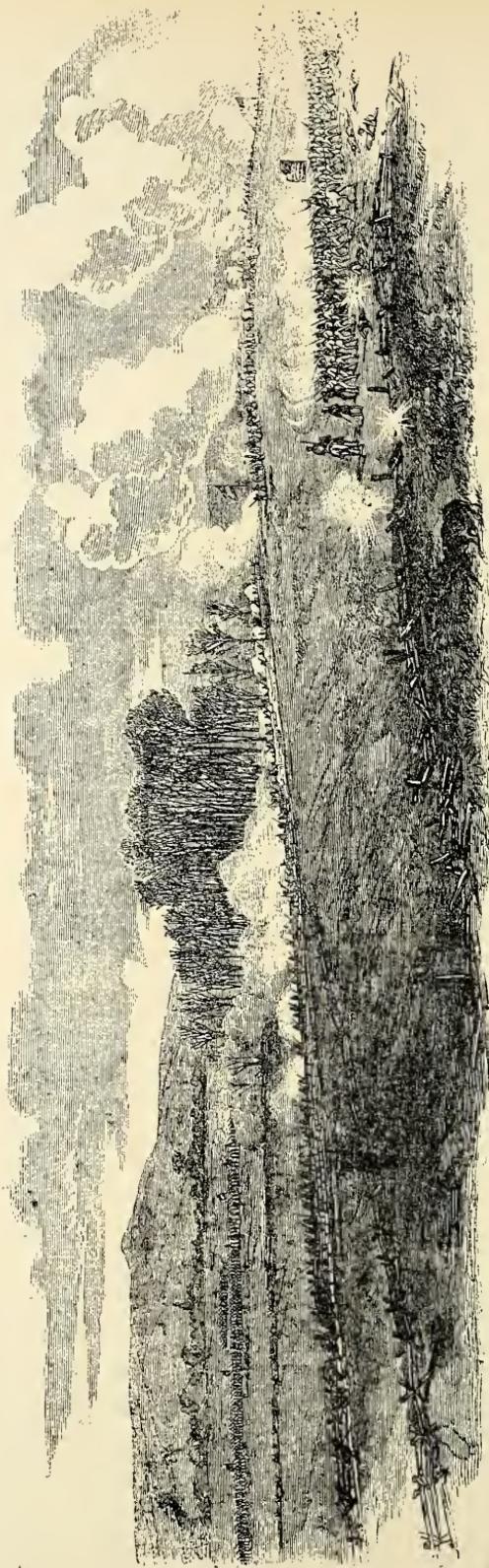
Defeat of Stonewall Jackson Described in Leslie's Pictorial History of the War—General Shields' Official Report—Colonel Kimball's and Tyler's Reports—Captain Schriber's Report—Colonel Carroll Driven from Bridge by Jackson.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

As Described in Frank Leslie's Pictorial History of the Civil War.

The grand army of the Potomac had not long taken possession of Virginian soil before a portion of the forces, those under the command of Generals Banks and Shields, had an opportunity of testing the chivalry and courage of the rebels. General Banks' division, as already stated, had advanced as far as Winchester, and were about to move from that place with the view of joining the main body of General McClellan's army at Centerville.

On Saturday, the 23d of March, General Shields made a reconnoissance in force to Strasburg. The object of this movement was to throw the enemy into a trap. Discovering the strength and position of the rebels, General Shields retired hastily, posted his men about two miles north of Winchester in a few tents, as though the force was unable to attempt pursuing Jackson's army, and then, after the withdrawal of General Williams' division, awaited the effect of the movement upon the enemy. The scheme was entirely successful. No sooner had General Jackson heard that General Williams' division had made a move toward Centerville, then he reversed his march, and with that dash and daring for which he is so notorious, and which has earned for him the sobriquet of the American Garibaldi, he was very soon in the vicinity of Winchester.



BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

In the meantime he had been reinforced, the commands of Generals Longstreet and Smith joining him. So prompt and unexpected was the attack of the rebels that it took the Union forces by surprise, but fortunately everything was ready for the emergency.

Before entering into a narrative of the battle, and repulse and retreat of the rebel forces, it will be necessary to prefix a brief topographical sketch of Winchester.

Winchester, the capital of Frederick County, Virginia, was at one time a rather thriving place. It is located at a point one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Richmond, seventy miles west-by-north of Washington, twenty miles north of the Manassas Gap, and thirty-two miles from Harper's Ferry by railroad. It is distant from Gordonsville about eighty miles, in an air line, leading due south, and about one hundred miles by the turnpike road via Front Royal, and one of the gaps in the Blue Ridge mountains. It is eighteen miles northeast of Strasburg, which, by rail, is sixty-one miles from Manassas Junction. Winchester is in a beautiful and fertile country, which forms part of the great valley of Virginia. With the exception of Wheeling, it is the largest town of the state, west of the Blue Ridge. It is regularly planned, the houses are built in a compact and substantial manner, mostly of brick and stone, and are supplied with excellent water, which is brought in iron pipes from a spring half a mile distant. Winchester at one time contained twelve churches, one academy, two banks (which had an aggregate capital of \$600,000), two newspaper offices and a lyceum. The place is the terminus of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, by which it was, previous to the rebellion, connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Harper's Ferry, and thence united with all the prominent cities and towns of the great West and the ports of the East. It has a number of turnpike roads, radiating from it in every direction, which attract a large amount of trade and travel to it as a common center. The population in 1850 was about 4,500 souls. The county in which Winchester is situated has an area of 378 square

miles. The Opequan, Sleepy and Black creeks, affluents of the Potomac, rise within it, and flow in a northeasterly direction. The surface is beautifully diversified by mountain scenery, and the principal elevation, the North mountains, extends along its northwestern border. The county, before seized upon as a point of occupation by the rebels, was reputed to be one of the most wealthy and highly cultivated in the state. Blue limestone rocks underlie a portion of the surface. The streams furnish abundant motive power for mills and factories. According to the last census returns the population was nearly 16,000, of whom about 2,300 were slaves. The whole county has suffered severely during the rebellion, having, with Jefferson County, been the scene of several engagements between the contending forces.

PREPARATIONS PRELIMINARY TO THE BATTLE.

Early on the morning of the 23d of March, intelligence reached the Union generals that General Jackson's army was approaching toward Winchester with reinforcements. Upon the receipt of this information the national troops stationed at Winchester, composed for the most part of General Shields', previously Lander's, division, were drawn up in line of battle to oppose him, and in the following order: Two pieces of artillery, Parrott rifled guns, were stationed on a small piece of rising ground, on the Strasburg turnpike, about three-quarters of a mile north of the village of Kernstown. These pieces were intended to command the road and prevent the approach of the enemy toward Winchester through that channel. Two other pieces were posted in the fields on the right and left of the road, in a line with the others, and pointed so as to command the entire country on either side of the road. Six pieces in all were at this point. Supporting this battery and forming the center of the line of battle, were drawn up the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, Fifth Ohio, Sixty-seventh Ohio,, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana; Tyler's brigade posted in the fields and on some hilly ground to the west of the turnpike constituted the right

flank, and Sullivan's command the left. Thus formed, the Union army awaited the attack of General Jackson.

THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

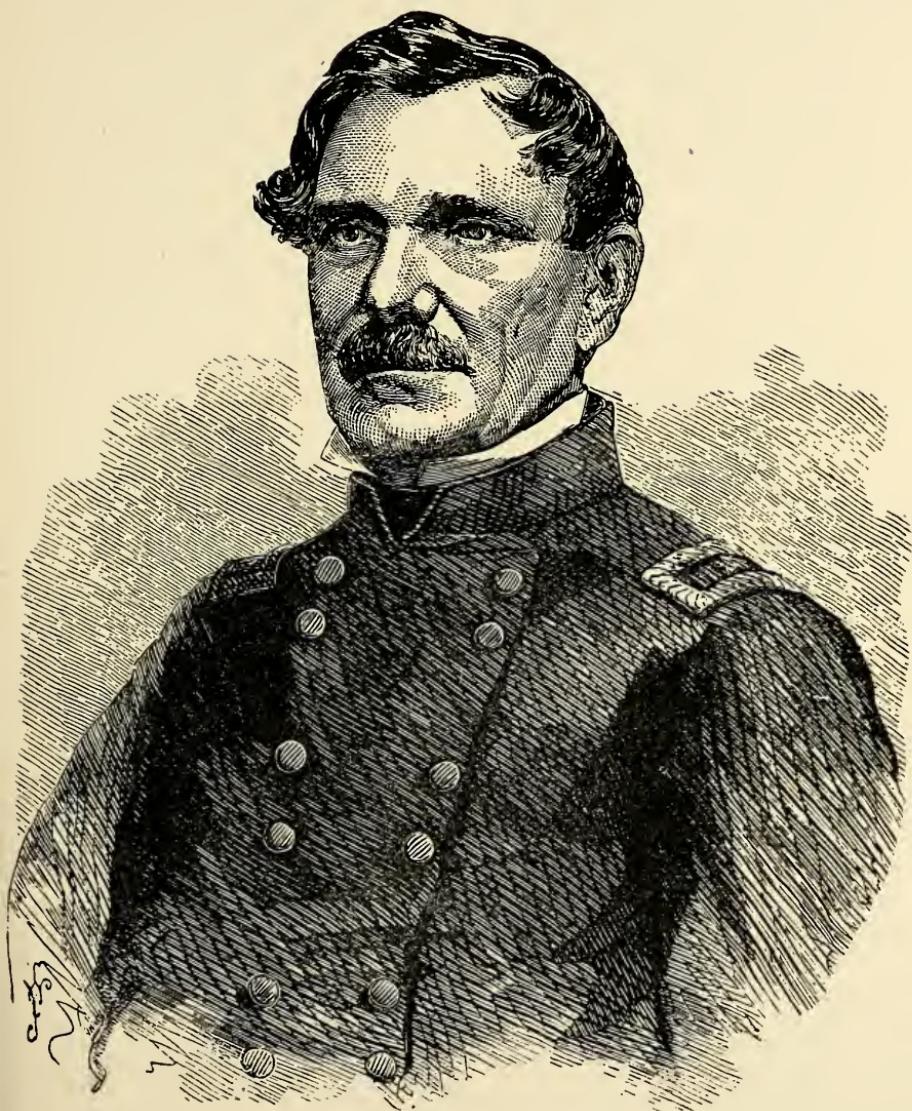
Shortly after the rebels made their appearance a body of their infantry were observed in some woods a few hundred yards distant, and opposite the Union left flank, an open field intervening between the contestants. To the rear of the enemy's infantry, at this point, some guns were stationed, so as to bear on the Union forces, over the heads of the rebel infantry. The Eighth Ohio were ordered to deploy as skirmishers and dislodge them, which they did after a short but effective contest. This at once changed the whole order of the battle. On an eminence some distance back, on the west of the turnpike, and nearly opposite the Union right flank, four or five pieces of artillery were brought into position by the rebels. Daum's battery being opposed to them from a less commanding eminence further north. A body of rebel infantry were observed making for a certain point on the crest of a hill, a short distance from where the rebel guns were in position. This movement at once revealed the strategy of Jackson.

The body of men sent to occupy this point were in full view of the general commanding the Union forces, and the left flank, which at the opening of the engagement constituted the center, were sent against them. It turned out, however, that the troops sent to that point by Jackson were intended as a decoy, for he had previously dispatched thither a very heavy force of infantry, around a large piece of woods, and not seen or known to be there by the Union soldiers. It was owing to this circumstance that the battle raged with terrible fury at that particular spot, most of the carnage occurring there. Facing the north, and confronting Tyler's brigade, a stone wall extended for some distance, and behind it swarmed the rebel infantry. To the rear of that was a hollow piece of ground of some extent, within which, and facing the east, the enemy lay in large numbers, in a naturally fortified position, behind rocks, trees, etc., and entirely hid from the approach of

the Union left flank, and waiting to pour a deadly volley of musketry into it at the given signal. Toward this point the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, Fifth Ohio and Sixty-seventh Ohio, supported by the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana, advanced by a flank movement over fields and under a galling fire of shot and shell from the battery on the hill to their left, the fire of which was replied to by Daum's battery, placed as above stated.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT.

About a quarter past 2, on the afternoon of March 23, the advanced pickets of the Union army discovered the rebel cavalry on the Strasburg road. They were under the command of Colonel Ashby, reconnoitering the woods on both sides of the turnpike, and steadily advancing. The Union pickets fell back, and the rebel force gave chase. Coming up with the small force of the Fourteenth Indiana, Ashby cried out at the top of his voice: "There they are, boys, now give them hell!" Steadily did the cavalry advance as the Union soldiers wheeled to aim and fire. That fire sent many of them reeling out of their saddles, and threw the others into confusion, so that before they could be again rallied for a charge, the Union infantry had retired out of harm's way without having lost a single man. At this juncture the skirmishing progressed on other points along the advanced Union line, and pickets were everywhere rallying upon their reserves. General Shields, hearing of the advance of the rebel cavalry, supposed it to be a feint of Ashby alone, for the purpose of watching the Union movements. As they were approaching so boldly and so closely, however, he ordered four advanced companies of infantry, engaged in protecting the supply train, to press forward to the support of the more advanced pickets and try to hold the rebels in check until he could move over the division. These four companies consisted of one from the First Maryland, one from the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, one from the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania and one from the Twenty-eighth New York. Their regiments had already marched toward Centerville under



GEN. SHIELDS AT WINCHESTER.

General Williams. A battery of artillery was also ordered forward, and General Shields, after ordering out the division, moved to the front, accompanied by his staff. While directing the fire of artillery, and the defense generally, a shell from the rebel battery of four guns, which at this time was playing upon the Unionists, burst near him, and a splinter from it struck him just above the elbow, fracturing the bone and creating a painful wound. His adjutant-general, Major Armstrong, who was standing near, remarked: "General, you are wounded in the arm." "Yes," replied Shields, "but say nothing about it." He then gave fresh orders to the artillery, and continued on the field till he satisfied himself that all was right.

It was well toward night before the division of General Shields began to arrive on the field, and the rebels, perceiving this, did push their advance, but halted about three miles from Winchester for the night, lighted their fires and bivouacked, while the Union army lay between them and the town of Winchester. The universal opinion was that there would be a general engagement on the following day, Sunday, March 24. Both sides were in a state of painful suspense on the night of the 23d. It was the wisest policy for the Union forces to stave off a battle, in consequence of the preponderating forces of the enemy, so that reinforcements could arrive from the division of General Williams, the rear guard of which had, by this time advanced ten miles toward the Shenandoah. As soon as the dawn of Sunday had set in the reason of the enemy's halt was fully explained, as it was found that reinforcements of five regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery had joined General Jackson, and were under the command of General Garnett. Receiving this important aid, Jackson lost no time in preparing for

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

With the reinforcements named above the rebel force consisted of sixteen regiments of infantry, numbering 11,000 men; five batteries of artillery, with a total of twenty-eight field pieces, and three battalions of horse,

under Ashby and Stuart. Their line of battle extended about a mile on the right of the village of Kernstown, and a mile and three-quarters on the left of it, the village itself lying on the road between the rebel right and center. There was a mud road branching from the turnpike, a mile or so, from Winchester, to the right of the latter, on the way to Strasburg. This road passed through the rebel center, and was one of their points of defense on the right of the Union line. The most advanced regiment of the latter was the Eighth Ohio, which formed part of General Tyler's brigade, and on it the rebels made a furious onslaught early in the morning, with the evident intention of turning the right flank of the Union forces. They were frustrated in this design, as the regiment met them in fierce and deadly struggle, each time repulsing them with severe loss. Five several times did the rebels emerge from the woods and from behind their stone parapet, with vastly superior numbers, and try vainly to accomplish their much-desired object. The Union left wing, consisting of the Thirteenth Indiana, Seventh Ohio and a battery of the Fourth Regular Artillery, under Captain Jenks, had a feint made on it, the real attack of the rebels being directed against the Union right wing. The feint on the left was a heavy fire of artillery posted on both sides of the village and the turnpike. It, however, did but trifling damage. The Union battery replied and silenced that of the enemy, although the firing was well maintained and directed on both sides for a long time. The Union center consisted of the Fourteenth Indiana, the Eighth and Sixty-seventh Ohio and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, and two artillery batteries belonging to the First Ohio Artillery, and the cavalry, consisting of the First Michigan and First Ohio, were drawn up in the rear. The whole of the Union cavalry did not exceed eight hundred men, but neither did it, nor that belonging to the enemy, take any part in the action. The Union right wing consisted of the Fifth and Eighth Ohio regiments and a battery of the First Virginia regiment, whilst the reserve was made up of the Twelfth Indiana, the Thirty-ninth Illinois and a squadron of the

Michigan cavalry. As General Shields had been severely wounded on the previous afternoon, he was unable to command in person, so that the conduct of the engagement rested upon Acting Brigadier Kimball, who led the Union center, while the right was commanded by Acting Brigadier Tyler, and Colonel Sullivan directed the operations on the left. The battle raged with great fury from 11 a. m. till nearly 2 p. m., when General Shields, who received accounts of the progress of the fight on his couch, ordered the right, where the contest raged the hottest, to charge upon the rebels. Instantly and terrifically was that charge made, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the rebels to repel it at every point. Previously to this time the Union line of battle had been somewhat changed. The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania reinforced the right, and also a battery of artillery. The whole Union force engaged at this time was about 6,000, while that of the rebels must have been fully 8,000. The rebels also changed their line of battle and extended both their wings so as to present a concave front to the Union army. They had also reinforced their left wing, and the charge to be made by the Union right was all important in its consequences, as on it, at 3 o'clock, depended the fate of the battle. The charge was led by Acting Brigadier Tyler, with sword in hand. The rebels fired from the woods with artillery and small arms, while the Union soldiers advanced against this deadly hailstorm of bullets, returning few shots and reserving their fire. Except in rare instances the two armies, up to this time, had not been nearer to each other than 300 yards. The wood was soon cleared at the point of the bayonet, the Union soldiers discharging their pieces at twenty, and some of them even five, yards' distance from the rebels, and afterward dashing at them with the bayonet.

It is admitted that the rebels fought well. They contested the ground foot by foot, and marked every yard of it with blood. Retiring behind the stone wall spoken of, the Union men leaped over it after them and drove them back in the greatest confusion and with fearful slaughter upon their center. The panic became infectious, and Kim-

ball ordered a charge along the whole line. For a short time the fighting was most desperate and bloody. The roar of the cannon was, after a time, hushed, but the rattle of musketry was more boisterous than ever. The Union army had evidently gained the day. The rebels began to fly. Two of their guns and four caissons were captured, and although many of them turned and fired again and again at the Union soldiers pursuing them, many more threw away their muskets and bayonets for the purpose of effecting a speedier escape. Darkness and the extreme fatigue of the Union troops saved the rebels for the time, as the pursuit was given up and the victors retired about two miles and bivouacked until the morning of the 25th of March. The loss of the Union forces was put down at 103 killed, 441 wounded and 24 missing. The rebel loss was considerably more. The retreat of Jackson's army was commenced in good order. At the time of the engagement General Banks, who was on his way to Washington, had halted at Harper's Ferry, and hearing of the fight he at once ordered back General Williams' division, then en route to join General McClellan at Centerville. General Banks also returned as the fight was about ending, and, taking command of the troops in person, he followed up the pursuit with about ten thousand men. He pressed upon the rebels severely until beyond Middleburg, cutting off many stragglers. Banks' object was to capture Jackson's entire force if possible, but the crafty rebel commander balked that intention.

Such was the character and such the results of the opening battle of the Virginia campaign. That it was not more successful was not the fault of the Union soldiers, who nobly fought the battle and refused to know any rest until they had scattered the rebels in terror and dismay in all directions.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

The Richmond Whig of the 9th of April, 1862, contains what it terms, "An account of General Jackson's brilliant encounter with the enemy in the lower valley of

Virginia." The writer dates from "Staunton, March 31, 1862," and proceeds as follows: "I send you such particulars as I have been able to gather of the bloody battle near Winchester. It is impossible to get accurate accounts of the details of this conflict, as those engaged can only speak of what occurred in the range of their observation, and they were kept too busy to look much around them. From all accounts it was the most desperate contest of the war. Many who participated in both engagements think that Manassas was child's play compared to Winchester, and from the fact that the loss on our side was twenty per cent. of the whole number engaged, and that of the enemy still greater." The writer then proceeds: "General Jackson's official report will give the only trustworthy account of the battle as a whole, but we have gathered facts from those engaged, and civilians who left Winchester since the fight, which will shed some light on the subject. I learn from a reliable source that the number of infantry engaged on our side was 2,200. In addition to these were the Rockingham and Augusta batteries, and probably some others, making an aggregate force of about 2,500. The force of the enemy was about 12,000. For many hours our little band of heroes maintained their stand against the overwhelming hosts of the enemy, and finally withdrew in good order, when increasing numbers of the enemy threatened to surround them. The first rumor was that Jackson had been caught in a trap, and dreadfully worsted. But this is altogether a mistake. Jackson was duly apprised of the movements of the enemy, and acted with his eyes wide open in the whole affair. His object was to give the enemy a foretaste of what they had to expect in the valley, and if they were satisfied with the result, I am sure 'Old Stonewall' is. I learn from a gentleman who left Winchester on Tuesday, that Mr. Philip Williams and other gentlemen applied to the Union commander to bury our dead. This was granted, and the pious duty was performed in a suitable manner. The number of our dead was 83, which has been increased by subsequent deaths to about 90. Our whole loss in killed, wounded and prison-

ers was about 465. Of these about 200 were wounded. Most of the wounded have been brought to Staunton, where they are comfortably cared for in the hospital, which has been established in the spacious and commodious buildings of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. I am happy to say that much the larger proportion of the wounds are slight, involving no permanent disability. The wounded are cheerful and anxious to be sufficiently restored to return to their respective commands. The most deadly strife occurred near the boundary of two fields which were separated by a stone wall. One of our regiments was in one field and six Yankee regiments in the other. At first they fired across the wall, but after a while each party advanced in a run, to get the benefit of the shelter of the wall. Our men reached it first, and the Yankees were then about forty yards distant. Our men immediately dropped on their knees, and, taking deliberate aim, fired deadly volleys into the advancing lines of the enemy. The effect was terrific, and it is said that an Ohio and Pennsylvania regiment, which were in advance, were almost annihilated. It is said that after this fire not more than twenty men of one of these regiments were left standing. We lost two guns in the battle—one from the Rockbridge and one from the Augusta battery. The Rockbridge gun was struck by a cannon-ball and disabled. The loss of the other one was caused by the killing of one of the horses, which frightened the others and caused them to turn suddenly and capsize the carriage. The enemy were close upon us and left no time to replace it. Our men, however, cut out and secured all the horses but one, and he was cut out by the enemy and escaped from them and came galloping to our camp. It would seem as if the horses were infected with the spirit of rebellion and hatred to the Yankees."

GENERAL SHIELDS' REPORT.

Headquarters Shields' Division,
Winchester, Va., March 29, 1862.

To MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS:

Sir:—I have the honor to report that during my reconnoissance of the 13th and 19th instant, in the direction

of Mount Jackson, I ascertained that the enemy under Jackson was strongly posted near that place, and in direct communication with a force at Luray and another at Washington. It became important, therefore, to draw him from his position and supporting force, if possible. To endeavor to effect this I fell back to Winchester on the 20th, giving the movement all the appearance of a retreat. The last brigade of the first division of Bank's corps d'armee, General Williams commanding, took its departure for Centerville by way of Berryville on the morning of the 22d, leaving only Shields' division and the Michigan cavalry in Winchester. Ashby's cavalry, observing this movement from a distance, came to the conclusion that Winchester was being evacuated, and signalized Jackson to that effect. We saw their signal fires and divined their import. On the 22d, about 5 o'clock p. m., they attacked and drove in our pickets. By order of General Banks, I put my command under arms and pushed forward one brigade and two batteries of artillery to drive back the enemy, but, to keep him deceived as to our strength, only let him see two regiments of infantry, a small body of cavalry and part of the artillery. While directing one of our batteries to its position I was struck by the fragment of a shell, which fractured my arm above the elbow, bruised my shoulder and injured my side. The enemy being driven from his position, we withdrew to Winchester. The injury I had received completely prostrated me, but was not such as to prevent me from making the required dispositions for the ensuing day. Under cover of the night I pushed forward Kimball's brigade nearly three miles on the Strasburg road. Daum's artillery was posted in strong position to support his brigade if attacked. Sullivan's brigade was posted in the rear of Kimball's, and within supporting distance of it, covering all the approaches to the town by Cedar Creek, Front Royal, Berryville and Romney roads. This brigade and Brodhead's cavalry were held in reserve, so as to support our force in front at any point where it might be attacked. These dispositions being made, I rested for the night, knowing that all the approaches by which the enemy might penetrate to this place were effectually guarded.

I deem it necessary in this place to give a brief description of these approaches, as well as of the field which next day became the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Winchester is approached from the south by three

principal roads—the Cedar Creek road on the west, the Valley Turnpike road, leading to Strasburg, in the center, and the Front Royal road on the east. There is a little village called Kernstown on the Valley road, about three and a half miles from Winchester. On the west side of this road is a ridge of ground which commands the approach by the turnpike, and a part of the surrounding country. This ridge was the key point of our position. Here Colonel Kimball, the senior officer in command of the field, took his station. Along this ridge Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, chief of artillery, posted three of his batteries, keeping one of his batteries in reserve some distance in the rear. Part of our infantry was first placed in position in the rear and within supporting distance of these batteries, well sheltered in the windings and sinuosities of the ridge. The main body of the enemy on the ridge was posted in order of battle about half a mile beyond Kernstown, his line extending from the Cedar Creek road to a little ravine, near the Front Royal road, a distance of about two miles. This ground has been so skilfully selected that, while it afforded facilities for maneuvering, it was completely masked by high and wooded ground in front. These woods he filled with skirmishers, supported by a battery on each flank, and so adroitly had this movement been conducted, and so skillfully had he concealed himself, that at 8 o'clock a. m., on the 23d, nothing was visible but the same force under Ashby which had been repulsed the previous evening. Not being able to reconnoiter the front in person, I dispatched an experienced officer, Colonel John T. Mason of the Fourth Ohio Volunteers, about 9 o'clock a. m., to perform that duty, and to report to me as promptly as possible every circumstance that might indicate the presence of the enemy. About an hour after Colonel Mason returned and reported to me that he had carefully reconnoitered the country in front and on both flanks, and had found no indications of any hostile force except that of Ashby's.

I communicated this information to Major-General Banks, who was then with me, and after consulting together we both concluded that Jackson could not be tempted to hazard himself so far away from his main support. Having both come to this conclusion, General Banks took his departure for Washington, being already under orders to that effect. The officers of his staff, however, remained behind, intending to leave for Centerville in the

afternoon. Although I began to conclude that Jackson was nowhere in the vicinity, knowing the crafty enemy we have to deal with, I took care not to omit a single precaution. Between 11 and 12 o'clock a. m. a message from Colonel Kimball informed me that another battery on the enemy's right had opened on our position, and that there were some indications of a considerable force of infantry in the woods in that quarter. On receiving this information I pushed forward Sullivan's brigade, which was placed, by order of Colonel Kimball, in a position to oppose the advance of the enemy's right wing. The action opened with a fire of artillery on both sides, but at too great a distance to be very effective. The initiative was taken by the enemy. He pushed forward a few more guns to his right, supported by a considerable force of infantry and cavalry, with the apparent intention of enfilading our position and turning our left flank. An active body of skirmishers were admirably supported by four pieces of artillery under Captain Jenks and Sullivan's gallant brigade. This united force repulsed the enemy at all points, and gave him such a check that no further demonstration was made upon that flank during the remainder of the day. The attempt against our left flank having thus failed, the enemy withdrew the greater part of his force to the other side, and formed it into a reserve to support his left flank in a forward movement. He then added his original reserve and two batteries to his main body, and then, advancing with this combined column, under shelter of the bridge on his left, on which other batteries had been previously posted, seemed evidently determined to turn our right flank or overthrow it. Our batteries on the opposite ridge, though admirably managed by their experienced chief, Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, were soon found insufficient to check, or even retard, the advance of such a formidable body. At this stage of the combat a messenger arrived from Colonel Kimball, informing me of the state of the field, and repeating direction as to the employment of the infantry. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and gave positive orders that all the disposable infantry should be immediately thrown forward on our right to carry the enemy's batteries, and to assail and turn his left flank, and hurl it back on the center. Colonel Kimball carried out these orders with promptitude and ability. He entrusted this movement to Tyler's splendid brigade, which, under its fearless leader, Colonel Tyler,

marched forward with alacrity and enthusiastic joy to the performance of the most perilous duty of the day. The enemy's skirmishers were driven before it and fell back upon the main body, strongly posted behind a high and solid stone wall, situated on an elevated ground. Here the struggle became desperate, and for a short time doubtful, but Tyler's brigade being soon joined on the left by the Fifth Ohio, Thirteenth Indiana and Sixty-second Ohio of Sullivan's brigade, and the Fourteenth Indiana, Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, seven companies of the Sixty-seventh Ohio and three companies of the Eighth Ohio of Kimball's brigade, this united force dashed upon the enemy with a cheer and yell that rose high above the roar of battle, and though the rebels fought desperately, as their piles of dead attest, they were forced back through the woods by a fire as destructive as ever fell on a retreating foe. Jackson, with his supposed invincible Stonewall Brigade and the accompanying brigades, much to their mortification and discomfiture, were compelled to fall back in disorder upon their reserve. Here they took up a new position for a final stand, and made an attempt for a few minutes to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but again rained down upon them the same close and destructive fire. Again cheer upon cheer rang in their ears. A few minutes only did they stand up against it, when they turned dismayed and fled in disorder, leaving us in possession of the field, the killed and wounded, 300 prisoners, 2 guns, 4 caissons and a 1,000 stand of small arms. Night alone saved him from total destruction. The enemy retreated above five miles, and, judging from his camp fires, took up a new position for the night. Our troops, wearied and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, threw themselves down to rest on the field.

Though the battle had been won, still I could not have believed that Jackson would have hazarded a decisive engagement at such a distance from the main body without expecting reinforcements. So, to be prepared for such a contingency, I set to work during the night to bring together all the troops within my reach. I sent an express after Williams' division, requesting the rear brigade, about twenty miles distant, to march all night and join me in the morning. I swept the posts and route in my rear of almost all their guards, hurrying them forward by forced marches, to be with me at daylight. I gave positive orders also to the forces in the field to open fire on the enemy

as soon as the light of day would enable them to point their guns, and to pursue him without respite, and compel him to abandon his guns and baggage or cut him to pieces. These orders were implicitly obeyed as far as possible. It now appears that I had rightly divined the intentions of our crafty antagonist. On the morning of the 23d a reinforcement from Luray of 5,000 reached Front Royal, on their way to join Jackson. This reinforcement was being followed by another body of 10,000 from Sperryville, but recent rains having rendered the Shenandoah River impassable, they found themselves compelled to fall back without being able to effect the proposed junction. At daylight on the morning of the 24th our artillery again opened on the enemy. He entered upon his retreat in very good order, considering what he had suffered. General Banks, hearing of our engagement on his way to Washington, halted at Harper's Ferry, and with remarkable promptitude and sagacity ordered back Williams' whole division, so that my express found the rear brigade already en route to join us. The general himself returned here forthwith, and, after making me a hasty visit, assumed command of the forces in pursuit of the enemy. The pursuit was kept up with vigor, energy and activity until they reached Woodstock, where the enemy's retreat became flight and the pursuit was abandoned because of the utter exhaustion of our troops.

The killed and wounded in this engagement cannot even yet be accurately ascertained. Indeed, my command has been so overworked that it has had but little time to ascertain anything. The killed, as reported, are 103, and among them we have to deplore the loss of the brave Colonel Murray of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell at the head of his regiment while gallantly leading it in the face of the enemy. The wounded are 441, many of them slightly, and the missing are 24. The enemy's loss is more difficult to ascertain than our own. Two hundred and seventy-nine were found dead on the battlefield. Forty were buried by the inhabitants of the adjacent village, and, by the calculation made by the number of graves found on both sides of the valley road between here and Strasburg, their loss in killed must have been about 500 and in wounded 1,000. The proportion between the killed and wounded of the enemy shows the closeness and terrible destructiveness of our fire—nearly half the wounds being fatal. The enemy admits a loss

of between 1,000 and 1,500 killed and wounded. Our force in infantry, cavalry and artillery did not exceed 7,000. That of the enemy must have exceeded 11,000. Jackson, who commanded on the field, had, in addition to his own Stonewall Brigade, Smith's, Garnett's and Longstreet's brigades. Generals Smith and Garnett were here in person. The following regiments were known to have been present, and from each of them were made prisoners on the field: The Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, Thirty-seventh and Forty-second Virginia; First Regiment Provisional Army, and an Irish battalion. None from the reserve were made prisoners. Their force in infantry must have been 9,000. Their artillery consisted of 36 pieces. We had 6,000 infantry and a cavalry force of 750 and 24 pieces of artillery.

I cannot conclude this report without expressing thanks and gratitude to officers and soldiers of my command for their valuable conduct on this trying day. It was worthy of the great country whose national existence they have pledged themselves to preserve. Special thanks are due to Colonel Kimball, commanding First Brigade and senior officer in the field. His conduct was brave, judicious and efficient. He executed my orders, in every instance, with vigor and fidelity, and exhibited wisdom and sagacity in the various movements that were necessarily entrusted to his direction. Colonel Tyler, commanding Third Brigade, has won my admiration by his fearless intrepidity. His brigade is worthy of such an intrepid leader. This brigade, and the regiments accompanying it, achieved the decisive success of the day. They drove the forces of the enemy before them on the left flank, and by hurling this flank back upon the reserve consummated this glorious action. High praise is due to Colonel Sullivan, commanding Second Brigade, for the manner in which he contributed to the first repulse of the enemy in the morning. To him and Colonel Carroll, of the Eighth Ohio Volunteers, who commanded the skirmishers, is the credit due of forcing back the right wing of the enemy and of intimidating and holding him in check on our left during the rest of the day. The chief of artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, deserves high commendation for the skillful manner in which he managed his batteries during the engagement. This skillful management

prevented the enemy doubtless from using his formidable artillery. The cavalry performed its duty with spirit in this engagement, and, with its gallant officers, exhibited activity which paralyzed the movements of the enemy. The commanders of regiments are also entitled to especial mention, but sufficient justice cannot be done them in this report. I must, therefore, refer you on this head to the report of the brigade commanders. The officers of my staff have my thanks for the fidelity with which they discharged the trying duties that devolved upon them. They had to penetrate the thickest of the fight to bring me intelligence of the state of the field, and performed their perilous duty throughout the day with cheerful alacrity. It affords me pleasure, as it is my duty, to recommend all the officers whose names I have specially mentioned to the consideration of the government. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

JAS. SHIELDS, Bri.-Gen. Com'g.

REPORT OF ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL KIMBALL,
COMMANDING SHIELDS' DIVISION.

Headquarters Shields' Division,
Camp near Strasburg, Va., March 26th.

MAJOR H. G. ARMSTRONG, A. A. A. General:

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle which was fought near Winchester, Va., on Sunday, 23d inst., between the forces composing this division, which I had the honor to command, and the rebel forces under General Jackson.

Early in the morning of the 23d the enemy commenced the attack, advancing from Kernstown and occupying a position with their batteries on the heights to the right of the road, and the wood in the plain to the left of the road, with cavalry, infantry and one battery. I at once advanced the Eighth Ohio, Colonel Carroll, with four companies, taking the left, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sawyer, with three companies, taking the right, of the turnpike road. Colonel Carroll advanced steadily, coming up with two companies of the Eighty-seventh Ohio, who had been out as pickets, and united them with his command, drove one of the enemy's batteries, which had opened a heavy fire upon him, and, after a sharp skirmish, routing five companies of infantry, which were posted behind a stone wall, and supported by cavalry, holding this position during the whole day, thus frustrating the attempt of the

enemy to turn our left. The right of the Eighth Ohio remained in front until about 4 o'clock p. m., when they were recalled to support one of our batteries on the heights. The Sixty-seventh Ohio were thrown on a hill to our right to support Jenks' battery, which had been advanced to a position commanding the village of Kernstown and the wood on the right. The Fourteenth Indiana was sent forward to support Clark's battery, which advanced along the road. The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania was thrown over the hills to the right to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Sullivan, of the Thirteenth Indiana, Fifth Ohio, Sixty-second Ohio and Thirty-ninth Illinois, were sent to the left, supporting Carroll's skirmishers, a section of Davis' battery and Robinson's First Ohio Battery, and to prevent an attempt which was made to turn that flank. We had succeeded in driving the enemy from both flanks and the front until 4 o'clock p. m., when Jackson, with the whole of his infantry, supported by artillery and cavalry, took possession of the hillside on the right, and planted his batteries in a commanding position and opened a heavy and well-directed fire upon our batteries and their supports, attracting our attention, whilst he attempted to gain our right flank with his infantry. At this juncture I ordered the Third Brigade, Colonel E. B. Tyler, Seventh Ohio, commanding, composed of the Seventh and Twenty-ninth Ohio, First Virginia, Seventh Indiana and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, to move to the right to gain the flank of the enemy and charge them through the woods to their batteries, posted on the hill. They moved forward steadily and gallantly, opening a galling fire on the enemy's infantry, the right wing sent forward to support Tyler's brigade, each one in its turn moving forward gallantly, sustaining a heavy fire, from both the enemy's batteries and his musketry. Soon all the regiments above named were pouring forth a well-directed fire, which was promptly answered by the enemy, and after a hotly-contested action of two hours, just as night closed in, the enemy gave way and were soon completely routed, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, together with two pieces of their artillery and four caissons. Our forces retained possession of the field, and bivouacked for the night. The batteries, under their chief, Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, were well posted and admirably served during the whole action.

I respectfully refer you to the several accompanying reports for the details of the engagement. I regret to report the loss of the gallant Colonel Murray of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, who fell while bravely leading forward his men, amidst a fearful storm of shot and shell.

When all have done so well, both officers and men, and achieved so much, it would be seemingly invidious to particularize any individual officer, yet I can say, without doing injustice to others, that Colonel Tyler deserves the highest commendation for the gallant manner in which he led his brigade during the conflict, and the gallant Carroll, Harrow, Foster, Voris, Patrick, Thoburne, Sawyer, Buckley, Chied and Creighton, deserve well of their country. Colonel Sullivan, Candy's Brigade, on the left, was not attacked in force. His batteries and skirmishers engaged the enemy and prevented the turning of that flank, and he, too, merits the highest commendation.

NATHAN KIMBALL, Col. Com'g Shields' Division.

ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL TYLER'S REPORT.

Headquarters Third Brigade,
Camp near Strasburg, March 23d.

NATHAN KIMBALL, Colonel Commanding Shields' Division:

Sir:—My command left Camp Shields at 11 o'clock a. m., 23d of March, reaching the tollgate south of Winchester just as our batteries were opened upon the enemy. Remaining in column a short time, I received your order to strike the enemy on his left flank with my brigade, composed of the Seventh Ohio, Colonel Buckley; First Virginia, Colonel Thoburne; Seventh Indiana, Lieutenant Cheek, and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, Colonel Lewis.

The order was executed with the Seventh Ohio on the right, Twenty-ninth Ohio on the left, First Virginia in the center, Seventh Indiana on the right wing and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania on the left wing, advancing in column of divisions. When within easy musket range the enemy opened fire upon us with his infantry force, consisting of nine regiments. The reception was a warm one, and so heavy firing was it that I ordered up the reserve force at once, when the action became general. The fire of the enemy was poured in upon us from behind a stone wall with terrible effect, yet the column moved

forward, driving them from their cover into an open wood, when our men gave them a shower of leaden hail. The timely arrival of the Fourteenth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrow, in this unequal contest, was of immense service, followed, as they were soon after, by the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, Colonel Murray; Thirteenth Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Foster, and still later by the Sixty-seventh Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Voris, and Fifth Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick, routing the enemy just as twilight was fading into night, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. We took from him one six and one twelve pounder gun, with their caissons, and about 800 prisoners. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded could not be less than 500.

To speak of the heroic acts of those engaged in the battle would require too much space in this brief report. The officers and men behaved as gallantly as ever men did, and are entitled to great credit. The field officers of different regiments exerted themselves manfully, many of them having their horses shot under them early in the engagement, others seriously injured. They pressed forward with their men, determined to conquer or die. When all did so well and showed so much bravery in danger, it would be unjust to mention one without mentioning all. That officers and men discharged their duty, the result plainly shows, and to them belongs the victory.

To Acting Assistant Adjutant-General E. S. Quay and Aid-de-Camp Lieutenant Henry Z. Eaton, of my staff, I am greatly indebted for the prompt performance of their respective duties. Herewith I hand you a report of the dead and wounded of my command. All of which is respectfully submitted. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. B. TYLER,
Colonel Commanding Third Brigade, Shields' Division.

Battlefield, near Winchester, March 23d, 8 o'clock p. m.

ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHAN KIMBALL, Commanding General Shields' Division :

Sir:—In accordance with your instructions, I struck the enemy's left flank with my command, and after contesting vigorously for two hours and forty minutes, he left on the field two guns, one six and one twelve pounder, with caissons, and over 500 of his dead and wounded. My com-

mand, with the reinforcements sent me, rest on their arms in the fields occupied by the enemy.

E. B. TYLER, Acting Brigadier-General.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF CAPTAIN R. C. SCHRIBER, OF
GENERAL SHIELDS' STAFF.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, Commanding Second Division, Fifth Army Corps:

General:—I beg respectfully to report to you that after having received on Sunday last, the 23d of March, at 9 o'clock a. m., an order to report for duty as aid-de-camp on your staff, I left headquarters for Kernstown and assisted Colonels Kimball, Tyler and Sullivan in their efforts as commanders of brigades, fighting the enemy under General Jackson, and to insure unity of action of their respective commands.

I reported at 9:30 a. m. to Colonel Kimball, acting brigadier and senior officer on the field, who was stationed on a hill, almost one-half of a mile west of Kernstown, which latter place is intersected by the turnpike leading to Strasburg. There I informed myself as to the events which had transpired previous to my arrival, and understood that the enemy, who, in endeavoring to drive in our pickets the day before, had been repulsed, had opened with his artillery about 8 o'clock a. m. upon our forces again, and that since the time we were engaged responding to his battery of four guns, which he had then in play, and in endeavoring to repel his small but harassing attacks of cavalry upon our chain of sentinels.

Reconnoitering the ground surrounding me, I found that the hill upon which I now stood with Colonel Kimball, and the hill opposite us, upon which the enemy's battery was planted, about half a mile distant, a ravine was lying, running from east to west, which is entirely free of wood. When about half a mile to the east a forest connected both hills, through the center of which passes a mud road, and is bounded on its extreme right by another mud road leading to Cedar Creek. The country to the left (west) of the turnpike is flat and comparatively little wooded.

We placed in position a six-gun battery, commanded by Captain Jenks, First Virginia Artillery, to oppose the enemy's four guns, which latter was soon reinforced by a whole battery, whereupon Captain Clarke's regular bat-

tery was put in prolongation of the former named. Both batteries were fought by Colonel Daum, chief of artillery, General Shields' division, in person. Our fire from the two batteries became too hot for the enemy, and they brought a third battery in the direction of their right wing, in such position upon our two batteries on the hill that they enfiladed them, but with this maneuver exposed their battery to a raking fire of one of the Ohio batteries, placed near Kernstown to defend the pike, and they were necessitated to limber to the rear with all their batteries, but continued their fire.

In the meantime the infantry regiments were moving up to the support of our batteries, and formed into line of battle about 1,000 yards to the rear of our batteries, when at once the enemy's heavier battery moved to the front and threw in rapid succession a number of well-aimed shells into our batteries, and the cavalry and infantry stationed upon the interior slope of the battery hill, and the necessity to storm and take their guns became evident.

In conjunction with Colonels Kimball and Tyler the following infantry regiments were drawn up in mass, parallel with each other. The right, resting upon the mud road, passing through the forest, was held by the Seventh Ohio, the Sixty-seventh and Fifth following, and the Thirteenth Indiana and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania and Twenty-ninth Ohio a little to the rear, thus leaving the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania and the three companies of the Eighth Ohio in reserve. During the time these arrangements were made, a messenger was sent to you, General, to have your approval as to this flank movement, and I personally apprised all the commanders in the rear and flanks of our intentions, so as to keep them on the alert.

Colonel Daum was enjoined to keep his artillery in lively fire, so as to direct the attention of the enemy from him, and when the order came to move on everything was ready to respond; General Tyler moved his column by the right flank as far as the Cedar Creek road, and rested his right upon the same, and the left upon the before-mentioned mud road, pushing forward upon both roads some cavalry; changed direction to the left, right in front, and moved silently but steadily upon the enemy's left, through the woods, for almost half a mile, when, coming upon a more sparsely wooded ground, he made a half wheel to the

left and came to the face of the extreme flank of the enemy, who received him from behind a stone wall at about 200 yards distance, with a terrific volley of rifled arms, but still on went the regiments without a return fire, and then threw themselves with immense cheering and an unearthly yell upon the enemy, who, receiving at fifteen yards our first fire, fell back across the field, thus unmasking two six-pound iron guns, which hurled, on being cleared in front, death and destruction into our ranks with their canister. But still onward we went, taking one gun and two caissons, and making there a short stand. Again, the enemy unmasked two brass pieces, which at last drove us, by their vigorous fire, back. But I caused that the captured gun should be tipped over, so that the enemy, in regaining the ground, could not drag it away. The Fifth Ohio and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania threw themselves once more with fixed bayonets forward, the former losing four times, in a few minutes, their standard-bearer. Captain Whitcomb at last took the colors up again, and, cheering on his men, fell also. So, too, Colonel Murray, whilst gallantly leading on his Eighty-fourth Regiment. In fact, that ground was strewn with dead and wounded. General Tyler lost there his aid, Lieutenant Williamson, of the Twenty-ninth Ohio.

I hurried back to bring up the One Hundred and Tenth and the Fourteenth Indiana by a right oblique movement through the woods, and the enemy, receiving all the combined shock, retired and left us in possession of our dearly bought gun and caissons. United, onward we pressed again, the enemy's two brass pieces and musketry pouring in their fire. Three companies of the Eighth Ohio reinforced us; we gained our brass piece and its caissons, and compelled the enemy to fall back.

This was at 7 o'clock p. m. I moved to the right flank and caused the cannon to go forward on the now fast retreating enemy, when I met with six of Ashby's cavalry, who shot down my orderly and killed his horse, one of their bullets piercing my cap. I was compelled to use my sword to kill one of them. The cavalry captured 230 prisoners, and met only with little resistance from the enemy's cavalry.

At 8 o'clock p. m. the musketry ceased. A few cannon shot from their extreme left were fired so as to withdraw our attention from the retreating foe, and all was over. Our men remained on the field of battle, picking up

the wounded, and slept upon their arms, and awoke for the pursuit of the enemy on the morning of the 24th, who fell rapidly back beyond Newton, when at 9 o'clock on the morning of that day Major-General Banks took command, and I reported back to you.

General, I have the honor to be ever ready to serve in so glorious a body of soldiers under your able leading.

Your most obedient, humble servant,

R. C. SCHRIBER.

The Cincinnati Gazette gives the following description of the battle of Harrisburg Road: It raged two hours. Schenck had the right, Milroy the center, and the Blenker division the left. After a sharp engagement the enemy retreated. The whole army had crossed the river and set fire to the bridge. The Union loss was from four to five hundred killed and wounded. Four hundred of the enemy's dead were found unburied on one field. It is believed that two hundred more died or scattered in different directions.

Col. S. S. Carroll, of Ohio, with two regiments of Shields' division, reached the opposite side of the river from here yesterday morning, and attempted to hold the bridge, but was driven back by Jackson. He opened with his artillery this morning on the bridge as the rebel army was crossing, but was driven back by the superior force of Jackson and retreated down the river.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. B. TYLER'S OFFICIAL REPORT
OF BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

Headquarters Third Brigade, Near Luray, Va.,

June 12, 1862.

GEN. JAMES SHIELDS, Commanding Division.

Sir:—In compliance with your order to proceed to Waynesboro, I left Columbia bridge on the 7th inst., reaching Naked Creek the same day, going into camp under orders to march at 4 o'clock a. m. next, that we might reach Port Republic at the time you indicated to me. When within about six miles of the town I learned Acting Brigadier-General Carroll, with the Fourth Bri-

gade, had engaged the enemy at or near the town. Immediately I halted my train, clearing the road for the troops and artillery, and pressed forward to his support as rapidly as possible, reaching the position occupied by him, some two miles north of the town, at 2 o'clock p. m., 8th inst.

The position was selected by Colonel Daum, I understand, as the only tenable one in that vicinity. From that officer I learned that the enemy had eighteen pieces of artillery, planted so as to completely command all the approaches to the town, and from the engagement with General Carroll that morning had obtained the range of the different points. Immediately on the arrival of my command, Colonel Daum urged an attack with the combined force of infantry and artillery, to which I so far consented as to order the infantry into position under cover of a thick wood which skirted the road, and commenced observing the enemy's position myself, which appeared to me one to defy an army of 50,000.

I at once sent for General Carroll, Lieutenant-Colonel Scriber, Captains Clark and Robinson, who had been over the ground, they all agreeing in the opinion that an attack would result in the destruction of our little force. About this time your order to "Commandant of Post at Port Republic" was handed me; upon it, and the opinion of these officers, I ordered the infantry back to bivouac for the night. A heavy picket was kept well to the front to observe any movement of the enemy, and at 4 o'clock a. m. General Carroll and myself went to the outer videttes, who reported that there had been no movement of the enemy across the bridge during the night, their pickets only appearing, which we were to discover ourselves.

We returned to camp, and a few moments after your order of June 8, 7:30 p. m., from Columbia Bridge, reached me, and while writing a reply I was informed that the enemy were advancing upon us, or rather into the woods opposite their position, evidently with a view of outflanking us upon the left. Captains Clark and Robinson opened their batteries upon them with effect, and Captain Huntington's guns were soon doing the same good work. Two companies of skirmishers and two regiments of infantry were ordered into the woods to counteract this movement of the enemy. The fire of our skirmishers was soon heard, and I ordered two more regiments to their support.

A sharp fire was kept up in the woods, for a few mo-

ments only, when the enemy retired and was soon seen coming out of the woods, crossing to join a column moving upon our right. In the meantime a section of two guns had opened upon our battery on the left, and another section was taking a position on our right. The Seventh Indiana Infantry, Colonel Gavin, was sent to the extreme right and was met by two rebel regiments, under cover of the river bank. A section of Captain Clark's battery took a position well to the right. The fire of the enemy, from their masked position, compelled Colonel Gavin to retire a short distance, which he did in admirable order.

The Twenty-ninth Ohio was sent to support him, moving forward in splendid style, on double quick. The Seventh Ohio was next sent forward to support Captain Clark's guns; the Fifth Ohio next, to support a section of Captain Huntington's battery. These two last named regiments moved forward and engaged the enemy in a style that commanded the admiration of every beholder. Regiment after regiment of the enemy moved upon our right, and the engagement became very warm. The First Virginia, Colonel Thoburne, who had been ordered into the woods on the left, was now ordered to the right, entering the open field with a loud shout. My entire force was now in position. On our right was the Seventh Indiana, Colonel Gavin; Twenty-ninth Ohio, Colonel Buckley; Seventh Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Creighton; Fifth Ohio, Colonel Dunning; First Virginia, Colonel Thoburne; with sections of Captains Clark and Huntington's batteries.

On our left, the key of the position, was a company of the Fifth and one of the Sixty-sixth Ohio Infantry, deployed through the woods as skirmishers. The Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania regiments were also well up in the woods. The Sixty-sixth Ohio, Colonel Candy, was directly in the rear of the battery, composed of three guns of Captain Clark's battery, three guns of Captain Huntington's, and one of Captain Robinson's battery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hayward, and upon him and his gallant band depended everything at this critical moment, and the duty was well and gallantly executed. Had they given way, the command must have been lost. The left wing of Colonel Candy's regiment was extended into the woods, and close in the rear of the battery, which position they held until a retreat was ordered.

Additional reinforcements of the enemy were coming

up on the right, having abandoned their position on the left, and ordered the Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth down to the right, but before they reached the position assigned them the enemy was in full retreat before our brave men, and I at once ordered them across into the wood again. Under cover of the engagement on our right the enemy had thrown another force into the woods, and pressed them down upon our batteries on the left. So sudden was this movement that they passed the line on which the Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth were ordered unobserved—making a dash upon the battery so sudden and unexpected as to compel the cannoneers to abandon their pieces.

Colonel Candy met the enemy with his regiment with great coolness, his men fighting with commendable bravery. The Seventh and Fifth Ohio were soon supporting him, driving the enemy from their position and retaking the battery. The artillery officers made a strong effort, and used great exertions to remove their guns, but, the horses having been killed or disabled, they found it impossible. The enemy had given way along the whole line, but I saw heavy reinforcements crossing from the town that it would have been impossible for us successfully to resist. After consulting General Carroll, I ordered the troops to fall back under his direction, with a view of retreating until we should meet the reinforcements of Generals Kimball and Ferry.

General Carroll took command of the covering of the retreat, which was made in perfect order, and, save the stampede of those who ran before the fight was fairly opened, the retreat was quite as orderly as the advance.

The force engaged under my command could not have exceeded 3,000 men. Of the enemy's force (my information comes from the prisoners taken by us) none of them estimated it at less than 8,000 men actually in the engagement.

The loss of our artillery we feel almost as keenly as we should to have lost our colors, yet it was impossible to save them without animals to drag them through the deep mud; the men could not do it. While we deeply feel this loss, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have one of theirs, captured by the Fifth Ohio, and driven off in full view of their whole force, sixty-seven prisoners following it to this post.

It will not be expected that I can mention the many

gallant actions of the different officers upon that hard-fought field. Yet I cannot do justice to my own feeling without remarking that, in my opinion, braver, more determined and willing men never entered a battlefield. General Carroll distinguished himself by his coolness and dashing bravery. Upon him I relied, and was not disappointed. For heroic gallantry I will place Colonel Gavin, Colonel Buckley, Lieutenant-Colonel Creighton, Colonel Dunning, Colonel Thoburne, Colonel Candy and Lieutenant-Colonel Hayward beside the bravest men of the United States army. The line officers of the different regiments discharged their duty nobly, and deserve special mention by their colonels. Captains Clark, Robinson and Huntingdon served their guns with great credit, and deserve particular notice.

To the members of your staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Scriber, Captain Keiley and Captain Keogh, I am under many, very many, obligations, for the prompt, efficient and officer-like manner in which they discharged the duties assigned them. The two latter were in the field through the hottest of the engagement, exposed to the enemy's fire from first to last. Captain Keiley received a severe wound in the face, while urging forward the men, and was carried off the field.

For a list of the casualties of the engagement, I respectfully refer you to the reports of the several regiments, accompanying this paper.

The loss of the enemy must have been very heavy. The grape and canister from our batteries and the fire of our musketry mowed them down like grass before a well-served scythe, and the fact of their heavy force retiring before us is an evidence that they suffered severely.

Aid-de-Camp Eaton was the only officer of my own staff present. Captain Quay being too ill to take the field, Chaplain D. C. Wright of the Seventh Ohio volunteered to serve me. The duties these gentlemen were called upon to perform were arduous, and led them almost constantly under the fire of the enemy. Yet they executed their duties with commendable coolness and energy, meriting my warmest thanks.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. B. TYLER, Brigadier-General.

CHAPTER XIV.

How Shields Decoyed Stonewall Jackson Into the Battle of Winchester in Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War—Account of It in Woods' History of the Seventh Ohio—His Account of the Battle of Port Republic—General Taylor's Account in "Destruction and Reconstruction."

In volume one, Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War, on pages 344 to 347, inclusive, the following account of McClellan's campaign in Virginia is set forth:

Simultaneously with Johnston's abandonment of Manassas in March, 1862, Jackson fell back up the valley from Winchester toward Staunton, followed by Shields, with a division of Banks' Fifth Corps. This retreat, which was kept up as far as New Market, brought Jackson within fifty miles of Johnston, who lay near Gordonsville awaiting the development of McClellan's plans.

Shields undertook to decoy Jackson from joining Johnston. He made a feigned retreat back to Winchester, marching his whole force thirty miles one day. The ruse was successful. Jackson turned to pursue Banks, who thought it impossible that Jackson would return to attack him, marched his whole corps, with the exception of Shields' division, toward Centerville. Shields, who still hoped that Jackson would venture to attack, secretly posted the bulk of his division in a secluded position two miles from Winchester. The people of that town, ignorant of this, reported to Jackson that the place was evacuated except by a small rearguard. In the evening of March 22 Jackson's cavalry made a dash into Winchester, driving in Shields' pickets. The attack was repulsed after a sharp skirmish, in which Shields was severely wounded, his arm being broken by the fragment of a shell. Banks, confident

that Jackson would not renew the engagement, set off the next morning for Washington, but Shields, anticipating a strong attack, notwithstanding his wound, prepared to receive it. The assault came about noon, with a sharp artillery fire, which met with a strong reply. At 3 o'clock Tyler's brigade charged upon the Confederate batteries on the left and captured them. Then followed a general and successful assault upon the Confederate right and center. The Confederates retreated, leaving their dead and wounded behind. Banks returned next morning and pursued the retreating enemy thirty miles to Woodstock, ceasing the pursuit only when his men were thoroughly exhausted.

The Federal loss in this engagement was 103 killed and 441 wounded. Of the Confederates, 270 were reported to have been buried on the battlefield, and many others by the inhabitants. Their entire loss was estimated at 500 killed and 1,000 wounded. The Rebel Records, Vol. 4, pp. 328-343, states that the Federals usually style this action, fought March 23d, the battle of Winchester. The Confederates more properly call it the battle of Kernstown, from the hamlet near which it was fought. Shields states his own force to have been 6,000 infantry, 750 cavalry and 24 pieces of artillery. He estimates the force of the enemy at 9,000 infantry, 1,500 cavalry and 35 guns. Pollard says that the Confederate forces amounted to 6,000 men, besides Ashby's cavalry, while Shields was 18,000 strong. "The enemy," he says, "was left in possession of the field of battle, two guns, four caissons and about three hundred prisoners. Our loss was about one hundred killed, and probably twice as many wounded; that of the enemy was certainly more than double. The greater portion of our dead left on the field of battle were buried under the direction of the mayor of Winchester. Some fifty citizens collected the dead, dug a great pit on the battlefield and gently laid the poor fellows in their last resting-place. Scarcely a family in the country but had a relative there. Harper's "Southern History of the War," Vol. 1, pp. 281-284.

General Shields gives the following account of the battle: "On a reconnaissance beyond Strasburg I discovered Jackson reinforced in a strong position near New Market, within supporting distance of the main body of the enemy under Johnston. It was necessary to decoy him from that position. Therefore, I fell back rapidly to Winchester on the 20th, as if in retreat, marching my whole command nearly thirty miles in one day. My force was placed at night in a secluded position, two miles from Winchester, on the Martinsburg road. On the 21st the rebel cavalry, under Ashby, showed themselves to our pickets within sight of Winchester. On the 22d all of General Banks' command, with the exception of my division, evacuated Winchester, en route for Centerville. This movement and the masked position of my division made an impression upon the inhabitants, some of whom were in secret communication with the enemy, that our army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison this place. Jackson was signalized to this effect. I saw their signal and divined their meaning. About 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d, Ashby, believing that the town was almost evacuated, attacked our pickets and drove them in. This success increased his delusion.

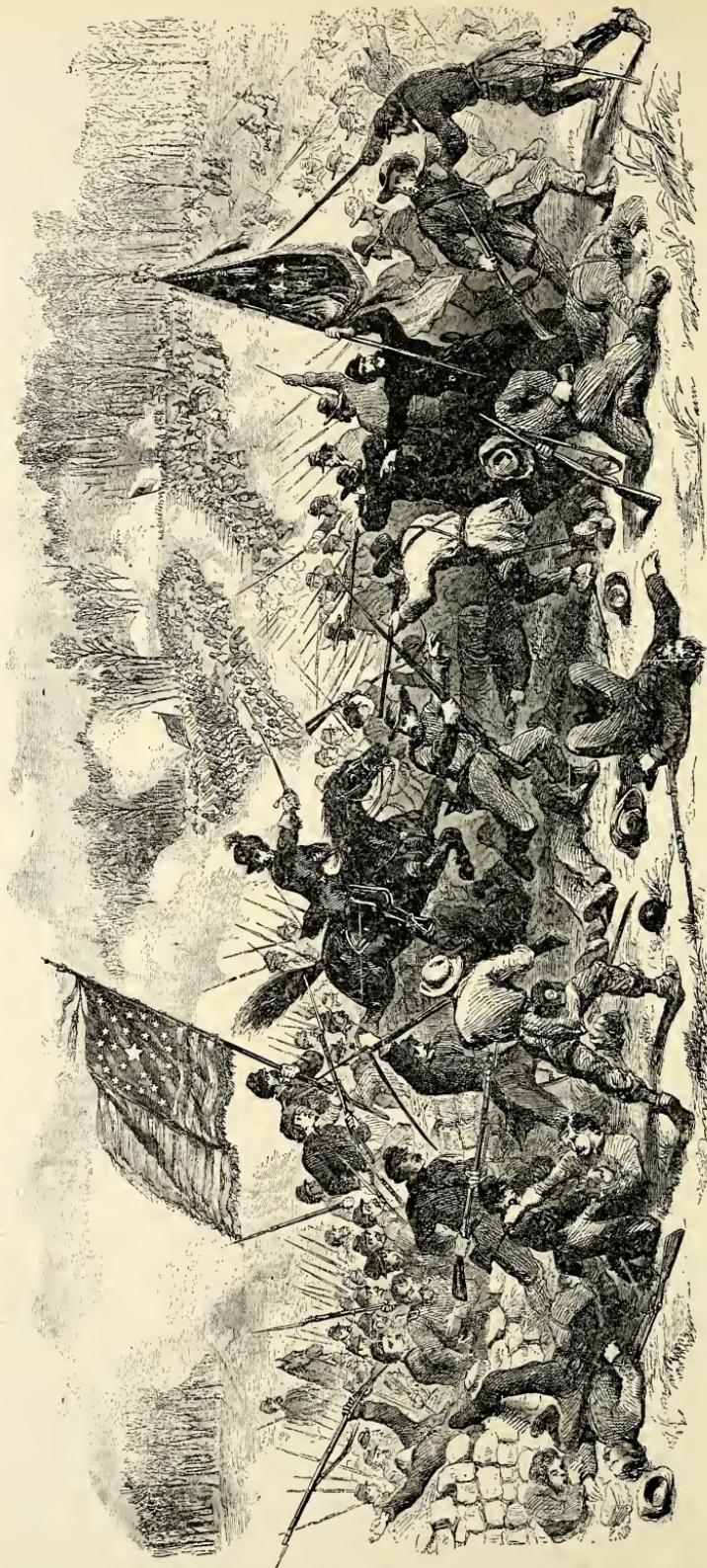
"It became necessary, however, to repulse them for the time being. I therefore ordered forward a brigade and placed it in front, between Winchester and the enemy. I only let them see, however, two regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a small force of cavalry, which he mistook as the whole force left to garrison and protect the place. In a little skirmish that evening, while placing the artillery in position, I was struck by a fragment of a shell, which broke my arm above the elbow, injured my shoulder and damaged me otherwise.

"I commenced making preparations for any emergency that might occur that night or the next morning. Under cover of the night I ordered an entire brigade (Kimball's) to take a strong position in advance. I pushed forward four batteries, having them placed in a strong position to support the infantry. I placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks to prevent surprise and to keep my

flank from being turned, and I held Tyler's brigade in reserve to operate against any point that might be assailed in front.

"In this position I waited and expected the enemy's attack the next morning. My advance brigade was two miles from the town, its pickets extending perhaps a mile further along the turnpike leading to Strasburg. About 8 o'clock in the morning I sent forward two officers to reconnoiter the front and report indications of the enemy. They returned in an hour, reporting no enemy in sight, except Ashby's force of cavalry, infantry and artillery, which by this time had become familiar and contemptible to us. General Banks, who was yet there in person, upon hearing the report, concluded that Jackson could not be in front possibly, or be decoyed so far away from the main body of the rebel army. In this opinion I, too, began to concur, concluding that Jackson was too sagacious to be caught in such a trap. General Banks therefore left for Washington. His staff officers were directed to follow the same day by way of Centreville. Knowing the crafty enemy, however, I had to deal with, I omitted no precaution. My whole force was concentrated and prepared to support Kimball's brigade, which was in advance. About half-past ten o'clock it became evident we had a considerable force before us, but the enemy still concealed himself so adroitly in the woods that it was impossible to estimate his numbers.

"I ordered a portion of the artillery forward to open fire and unmask them. By degrees they began to show themselves. They planted battery after battery in strong position, on the center and both flanks. Our artillery responded, and this continued until about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, when I directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left flank, which was done promptly and splendidly by Tyler's brigade, aided by some regiments from the other brigades. The fire of our infantry was so close and destructive that it made havoc in the ranks. The result was the capture of their guns on the left and the forcing back of their wing on



CHARGE OF TYLER'S BRIGADE.

the center, thus placing them in a position to be routed by a general attack, which was made about 5 o'clock by all the infantry, and succeeded in driving them in flight from the field. Night fell upon us at this stage, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns and four caissons, three hundred prisoners and about a thousand stand of small arms. The loss of the enemy in killed was estimated at five hundred and twice that number wounded; the Union loss, one hundred and fifty killed and three hundred wounded."

The victory was gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary of War, who pronounced it a "brilliant achievement," while General McClellan, then general-in-chief, congratulated General Shields and his troops upon their "energy, activity and bravery."

Harper says: "This repulse was a severe check to Jackson. He fell back, pursued by Banks, to Harrisonburg, where he remained for three weeks." Shields' division was withdrawn from Banks and attached to McDowell, who, thus strengthened, was ordered on the 17th of May to join McClellan before Richmond, but still to keep himself in a position to cover Washington. Jackson, on June 3d, retreating, passed through Strasburg before the junction between Fremont and Shields was to have been effected. Checking Fremont's advance upon his rear, Jackson got clear of Strasburg, where he learned that Shields had been for forty-eight hours in possession of Front Royal, but had not joined Fremont. He at once inferred that he was marching down the South Fork of the Shenandoah by way of Luray, meaning to cross and get first to New Market. Sending a detachment to burn the bridges over the South Fork, Jackson kept rapidly on up the turnpike, harassed by Fremont's pursuing force. So close were they upon him that his only means of escape seemed to be to put the North Fork of the Shenandoah between him and the pursuers. He crossed the stream at Mount Jackson on the 3d, destroying the bridge behind him. This was hardly accomplished when the Federal forces appeared on the opposite bank. It took a whole

day to reconstruct the bridge. Jackson had thus secured so much the start, and on the 5th reached Harrisonburg, the point from which he had commenced his adventurous march (to the Potomac) a fortnight before. Here he made no delay, for Fremont was again close on his rear. He turned to the east, toward Port Republic, on the North Fork, hoping to cross that before Shields, who was marching more slowly down its east side, could come up. Ashby's cavalry, with some infantry, was left as a rearguard at Harrisonburg. Colonel Wyndham, of the Union cavalry, making a reconnaissance on the 7th, fell into an ambuscade, and, with a considerable portion of the men, was captured. An infantry skirmish ensued, in which each side suffered some loss. In this skirmish Ashby was killed. Thus far, owing to the happy accident which enabled him to step between Fremont and Shields at Strasburg, and to the start gained by the destruction of the bridge at Mount Jackson, the Confederate army retreated without serious loss. But the two commands of the Federals, each fully equal to his own, were marching in parallel lines about fifteen miles apart, but with the deep South Fork of the Shenandoah, over which all the bridges below Port Republic had been destroyed, between them.

If Shields reached this place first in force, Jackson would be hemmed in. There was no alternative but to prevent this junction by checking Fremont, and then either out-fighting or out-reaching Shields. Ewell, whose division had performed the main part of the fighting in this expedition, was posted at Cross Keys, midway between Harrisonburg and Port Republic, while Jackson himself kept on four miles further in the neighborhood of the latter place. Ewell's position was strong. In front was a valley and rivulet, with woods on either flank. He was attacked by Fremont on the 8th. The action lasted from 11 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, skirmishing and artillery fire being kept up until dark. Ewell held the position during the night, but before dawn was ordered to join Jackson, who was seriously threatened at

Port Republic by Shields. In this action Ewell had five brigades of 8,000 men, but only 6,000 were brought into close action. Fremont's whole force was about 18,000, less than half of whom were brought upon the field. Both Fremont and Ewell assert that they occupied the field of battle, and thus each claims the technical honors of victory. The real advantage was certainly with Ewell. He had checked Fremont's advance and left Jackson's whole force free for another day to act against Shields.

Port Republic is a forlorn village, situated in the angle formed by North and South rivers, affluents of the South walk of the Shenandoah. The South River is a shallow stream, fordable; the North River, crossed by a wooden bridge, connecting the town with the Harrisonburg road.

Shields' advance had reached this place on the morning of the 8th. A body of cavalry dashed across South River into the town, and planted a gun opposite the entrance of the bridge. A Confederate brigade crossed, drove them back and captured the guns, the cavalry falling back three miles to their infantry support. Night closed this skirmish, which was going on simultaneously with the battle of Cross Keys, seven miles distant.

By dawn Ewell had joined Jackson, who resolved to throw his whole force across the river and attack Shields, burning the bridge in his rear so as to prevent Fremont from joining Shields. His whole force was now upon the east side of the South Fork, which ran between him and Fremont.

Tyler, who led the advance of Shields, had barely 3,000 men. Posting them in a commanding position, covered by a battery of six guns, he awaited the attack. Several assaults of the enemy were repelled with heavy loss, but a Confederate brigade, marching through a dense forest, charged upon Tyler's left flank, and by combined assault in front and flank forced him from his position, with the loss of all his guns except one. The guns were abandoned because the artillery horses had been killed.

The retreat was orderly, the enemy pursuing for a

number of miles. Just at the close of the action the force of Fremont appeared on the opposite side of the river, but no attempt was made to cross.

Jackson states his loss in this battle at 133 killed, 929 wounded and 14 missing—1,167 in all, of whom two-thirds belonged to Ewell's division, which had been also engaged the previous day. In these three days this division lost nearly 1,000 men. The Union loss in killed and wounded must have been much smaller, but Jackson claims to have taken 450 prisoners.

Here ended the pursuit of Jackson. Why the forces of Fremont and Shields were not united and brought against Jackson is one of the mysteries of this miserable campaign. On the 8th of June, the day of the battle of Cross Keys, orders were sent from the War Department that Fremont should "take post with his main force near Harrisonburg to guard against operations of the enemy down the valley of the Shenandoah," and Banks, who had meanwhile crossed the Potomac, should take position at or near Front Royal. Fremont, instead of stopping at Harrisonburg, fell back in a few days as far as Mount Jackson, leaving his wounded behind. Shields took post at New Market, and Jackson, on the 12th, retired across the South River, where he remained near Weyers Cave for three days, when he set out to join Lee at Richmond.

Woods says, "Colonel Creighton of the Seventh Ohio, at the battle of Winchester, which followed soon after, his was the first regiment in the famous charge of the Third Brigade, from which it acquired such renown. He disagreed with the commanding officer as to the manner of making the charge, preferring to deploy before advancing, then to charge a battery in close column. But, throwing all personal feelings and preferences aside, he dashed forward, and finally deployed his regiment within eighty yards of the enemy's line of battle, and under a terrible fire of both musketry and artillery. His horse being shot from under him, he seized a musket and engaged in the strife, firing rapidly till near the close of battle,

when he was compelled to cease for the purpose of executing some order.

On the return of the command to New Market, after the pursuit of Jackson to near Harrisonburg, the company tents were ordered to be delivered up, whereupon Creighton was very indignant, and, in connection with other officers, sent in his resignation. They were ordered to report to General Shields the next morning. Accordingly, dressed in their "best," they reported. They were received with all the politeness that general knew how to assume, with an invitation to be seated. The general informed them that their resignations would not be accepted, but remarked that "if they desired it, he would have their names stricken from the army rolls in disgrace." This witticism rather amused Creighton than otherwise, and he returned to camp with a much better opinion of the general than he was possessed of before making his visit.

He now commanded the regiment in its march to Fredericksburg, sharing with his men the hardships attending the toilsome march, and when, a few days after, the regiment returned to the valley, he did much to cheer the men in that discouraging march.

At Front Royal he remained with his regiment during a heavy storm to which it was exposed without tents, disdaining to seek shelter and comfort while his men were thus exposed. The men were now very destitute of clothing, especially shoes, but, when ordered, he moved to Columbia bridge, followed by one hundred men barefooted. He now went personally to General Shields, but was coldly received by that general, being subjected to insulting remarks. He came back to his regiment with that same unutterable expression of contempt stamped upon his features, which all will remember who served with him in the field, and, getting his men in column, closed in mass, made a speech. Said he: "I am unable to procure shoes or other comforts for you, but I will follow these generals until there is not a man left in the regiment. Forward, Company H!" And he did follow them to Port Republic, where his words came near proving true."

WOODS' SEVENTH REGIMENT ACCOUNT OF BATTLE
OF PORT REPUBLIC.

Port Republic is situated at the junction of two forks of the south branch of the Shenandoah River. Jackson's whole army was in the vicinity of the place, the most of it occupying the west bank of the river. In rear of Jackson's



GEN. SHIELDS AT PORT REPUBLIC.

position, at Cross Keys, were General Fremont's forces. At the latter place, on the previous day, Fremont had defeated Jackson, with heavy loss to the latter. Jackson, having thus failed to beat back Fremont, was compelled to cross the river at Port Republic, and, defeating Shields' command, pass through a gap in the mountain to Gordonsville.

When General Tyler's command arrived on the field Lieutenant-Colonel Daum, chief of artillery, advised an immediate attack, but the general wisely concluded to await the order of General Shields. Selecting a good position for defense, the command bivouacked for the night.

Early in the morning of June 9th the enemy was seen to debouche into the plain in our front, when our artillery, under Captains Clark, Robinson and Huntington, opened a heavy fire upon him. This force moved into the woods on our left, and, passing up a spur of the Blue Ridge, threw themselves rapidly forward, with a view of turning that wing of the army. Two companies of skirmishers and two regiments of infantry were sent into the woods to counteract this movement. The skirmishers having become warmly engaged, two more regiments were sent forward to their support. The enemy now abandoned his intention, and, coming out of the woods, swept across the field to our right, uniting with a column which was advancing to the attack.

During this time the Seventh was supporting a section of Huntington's battery. This new movement was directed against the position occupied by it. When arriving within range of the guns the enemy charged. The regiment reserved its fire until the rebel column approached within easy range, when, by order of Colonel Creighton, the regiment, which had hitherto been concealed by the tall spires of wheat, rose to its feet, and delivered its fire. This shower of lead made a fearful gap in the lines of the advancing column. It staggered and finally halted. The Seventh now plunged into the midst of the foe, when an awful scene of carnage followed. After a short struggle the enemy was pressed back, followed by the exultant victors. The Fifth and Twenty-ninth Ohio regiments did gallant service in this charge. When the enemy had been pressed back for half a mile, the column halted, re-formed and then fell back to its old position.

The enemy now made a furious attack on the extreme right of the division, to meet which the Seventh changed front on the fourth company. The enemy was

soon driven back in great confusion, and with heavy loss. Immediately recovering from this temporary check, he made an assault on the center, which resulted in his repulse with greater loss than in any previous attack, the Fifth Ohio alone capturing a piece of artillery and many prisoners.

During these operations the enemy sent a heavy column against our left, and, debouching from the timber, came down with such rapidity as to overwhelm the small force of infantry supporting four guns of Clark's battery. This force, endeavoring to make a defense, came near being captured. The guns, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy. The Seventh and Fifth Ohio regiments were now directed to regain the position. Moving by the left flank to the rear of the position under a heavy fire, these two regiments dashed up the hill and over the guns into the midst of the terrified rebels. Five color-bearers had now been shot down while advancing as many rods. Lieutenant King seized the colors and pressed forward, followed by the regiment, which sent volley after volley after the fugitives, the firing ceasing only when the rebels were covered by a friendly hill. We were soon ordered to drive them from this position, which was done in gallant style, the command charging up the steep sides of the hill in the face of the foe.

A large column of the enemy was now seen advancing from the bridge to the scene of action. It was therefore thought advisable by General Tyler to withdraw from the field during this check of the enemy, and before these reinforcements could be brought into the contest. This movement was executed under the direction of Colonel Carroll, and, with a few exceptions, the retreat was as orderly as the advance.

After falling back some miles we met the balance of the command under General Shields, who assumed the direction of the forces. Eighteen miles from the battle-field the command halted for the night, and on the third day reached the vicinity of Luray, where it went into camp.

The importance of this engagement has been underrated. Great and beneficial results to the Union army would have followed a victory; as it was, a great disaster succeeded. The impetuous Jackson, having thus prevented McDowell's forces from uniting with the grand army, dashed down in front of Richmond, and, hurling his army against the right wing of McClellan, gave the Federal army its first check, which finally resulted in its overthrow. McClellan, expecting McDowell, received Jackson. Had the former formed a junction with him the grand army would have entered Richmond, but receiving Jackson, it entered Washington. This failure to intercept Jackson was due to General Shields' disobedience of orders. His entire division should have been on the ground Sunday, or none of it, and on its arrival he should have burned the bridge. Then the capture of Jackson would have been rendered probable, but, as events occurred, it was impossible.

In Chapter XI, Wood's Seventh Ohio Regimental History, I find the following:

Immediately after the occupation of Winchester, the enemy's cavalry advance becoming troublesome, a plan was laid for its capture. Colonel Mason, of the Fourth Ohio, was sent out on the road to Front Royal with a brigade composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery, with instructions to proceed until he arrived at the last road leading to the right before reaching Front Royal, which road he was to take, and by it strike the rear of the enemy at Middletown, a small hamlet equally distant from both Winchester and Strasburg. He was soon after followed by General Shields, with 6,000 men, who moved on the direct road to Middletown. Colonel Mason's command, arriving at this place in advance of Shields' column, encountered the enemy's pickets, and drove them to Cedar Creek bridge, which, having covered with combustibles, they fired. When the troops of Colonel Mason arrived in the vicinity, they were opened upon by a battery, to which they replied, with no effect, however,

as the distance was too great. Shields coming up with his division after, the entire force bivouacked for the night.

Early the following morning the command crossed the river without opposition, but on arriving at Strasburg the enemy opened fire from a battery planted on a hill beyond the town. Shields, suspecting that the entire force of Jackson was in the vicinity, made his dispositions for immediate battle. The Seventh, being ordered out on the road beyond the town, were fired upon by a masked battery, but none injured. After having been exposed to this fire for half an hour, it was withdrawn. Soon after our artillery was got into position, and after thirty pieces of cannon had belched forth their fire, the rebels fled in haste. During this fire Mason's cavalry advanced so far out on the road that they were mistaken for the enemy by Captain Clark, of a battery of regulars. He therefore sent a shell among them, with such accuracy as to kill a few horses and slightly wound one man.

An advance being ordered, the pursuit was continued for five miles, when the command returned to Strasburg and encamped for the night. On the following morning it fell back to its old camp, the Seventh marching twenty-two miles in seven hours, with but one halt.

This reconnaissance to Strasburg leaving no doubt on the minds of both Banks and Shields that the enemy was not in front in force, the first division of Banks' corps, on the 20th, commenced its movement to Manassas, in accordance with a letter of instruction from General McClellan, of the 16th. General Banks did not follow this division immediately, but remained at Winchester until 12 o'clock on Sunday, the 23d, when he started for Harper's Ferry. All this time Shields thought he was being trifled with by the rebel general, Ashby.

On Saturday, the 22d, there had been a good deal of firing in the early part of the day, but what occasioned it did not seem to be well understood, except to those engaged. But during the afternoon it was thought prudent to make all needful preparations for battle, so as not to be surprised in case it should prove that a greater force than

Ashby's was in front. Therefore the whole division was ordered up. The Third Brigade, however, did not pass through the town. Shields went to the front, followed by the First and Second brigades. As these forces emerged from the city the rebel cavalry made a dash at the pickets, who fled in some confusion through the little hamlet of Kernstown, but rallied soon after, and by a well-directed volley of musketry emptied several rebel saddles. This success enabled them to retire in safety. The rebel cavalry soon after advanced, when a sharp skirmish ensued. Our pickets having been reinforced by several detached companies were enabled to maintain their ground. In the meantime the rebels opened on our lines from a battery planted on an eminence, immediately after which a Union battery wheeled into position, when a spirited artillery duel took place. While directing the fire of this battery Shields was struck on the arm by a fragment of a shell, fracturing the arm and producing a painful wound. He, however, continued in the field for some time after the accident occurred, but was finally taken to a house close by, and his arm dressed, after which he was taken to town in an ambulance.

The firing having ceased, the First Brigade went into camp on the spot, while the Second Brigade encamped in the rear. The Third Brigade filed into an open field near where they were stationed during the operations in front.

During Saturday night a strong picket was kept well out to the front, while the remaining troops slept on their arms. Nothing occurred during the night to disturb the several camps.

Morning dawned bright and pleasant. The stillness which rested over the field of the previous day's operations gave token of the intention of the belligerents to respect the Sabbath day. In view of the general quiet, the Second and Third brigades were ordered back to their camp on the Martinsburg pike.

It was nearly noon when the Seventh arrived, and before the men had barely time to eat a hurriedly prepared

dinner, it was again ordered forward. This time the march was rapid. The distant booming of cannon induced many a disturbed reflection as to what lay before us. As we passed through Winchester to the south we emerged into an open plain. This was crowded with people, as were also the house-tops. They had assembled, apparently, for the purpose of seeing the Union army defeated and crushed, and to welcome the victors into the city.

Arriving on the field, we found our forces occupying a commanding position in rear of a range of hills overlooking Kernstown, while the batteries, posted at intervals on the crest of these hills, were maintaining a heavy fire on the right of the enemy's position, which alone seemed to give evidence of any purpose to advance. The left of our line was held by the Second Brigade, Colonel Sullivan, while the center and right were held by the First Brigade. Colonel Kimball, commanding the division, was stationed on a commanding eminence, from which several batteries were pouring their shot and shell into the enemy whenever he showed himself within range.

Up to this time, the main fighting had occurred in front of our left, but soon after a battery opened in front of the right, from a piece of timber, which our batteries were unable to silence. It became evident from this that the heavy skirmishing which the enemy had kept up from their right was simply a feint, for the purpose of drawing the greater part of our force to that part of the field, when a spirited onslaught would be made on the other flank, which was expected to turn our right wing, and thus give them the victory. It was a conception worthy the genius of a Jackson, but it was entirely unsuccessful, as no troops were sent to that part of the field beyond what ordinary prudence required; but, on the contrary, becoming satisfied of the intention of the enemy, Colonel Kimball resolved to charge this battery. The work was assigned to the Third Brigade. Colonel Tyler, calling in the Seventh, which had been supporting a battery from the time it arrived on the field, formed his brigade in column, by divisions, and immediately moved forward, at the same

time changing direction to the right and passing up a ravine, shielded by a piece of timber, which skirted it on the side toward the enemy.

After arriving at some distance to the right, the column changed direction to the left, and after a march of nearly a mile it arrived on the flank and partly in the rear of the enemy. It had now reached an eminence in a dense wood. In front the battery, which was the object of our movement, was playing vigorously upon the First Brigade, to which a spirited fire was returned by Robinson's battery, which had wheeled into position on the extreme right. This acted as a cover to the movements of our brigade. Breathless, and with anxious hearts, we awaited the return of our scouts, which would be the signal for a plunge into the unknown. We were not kept long in suspense, for in a few minutes the order was given to change direction to the left, and the column moved forward, preceded by a line of skirmishers. After marching in silence for some distance, the sharpshooters opened a destructive fire on us from behind trees. We were immediately ordered to charge, and, with a prolonged yell, the command, led by the Seventh Ohio, swept like a torrent down the hill. A ravine now lay in front, and, at a short distance, a slight eminence, and still beyond a solid stone wall, behind which, in three lines, nine regiments of the enemy lay concealed. It was a fearful moment. The rebel artillery, in the rear of this stone wall, had been turned upon the advancing column. The grape and canister were tearing the bark from the trees over our heads, while the solid shot and shell made great gaps in their trunks. Under our feet the turf was being torn up, and around and about us the air was thick with flying missiles. Not a gun was fired on our side. The head of the column soon reached the ravine, when a deafening discharge of musketry greeted us. A sheet of flame shot along the stone wall, followed by an explosion that shook the earth, and the missiles tore through the solid ranks of the command with a fearful certainty. The brigade staggered—halted. With breathless anxiety we anticipated a counter charge by the

rebels, but it came not. Victory to our arms followed that omission on the part of the enemy. The order being given to fire, the column recovered from the confusion into which it had been temporarily thrown. The Seventh now advanced to the eminence beyond the ravine, and, from a partial cover, maintained the unequal contest till the other regiments could form and come to its support. The One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment was thrown into such confusion that it was of little service during the remainder of the day. An order was given to the Seventh to prolong its line to the left. An attempt was made to execute the order, when the left wing, passing over a fence into an open field, received such a well-directed fire as to compel it to fall back to its old position. During this part of the contest the rebels endeavored to extend their left so as to flank us on the right. To meet this movement Tyler ordered the First Virginia to move to the right. Passing into an open field, it was exposed to a crossfire, which soon drove it back to the timber.

The roar of musketry was now deafening. The dying and the dead were lying thick upon the hillside, but neither army seemed to waver. The confusion attending the getting of troops into action had ceased. The great "dance of death" seemed to be going forward without a motion. The only evidence of life on that gory field was the vomiting forth of flame and smoke from thousands of well-aimed muskets. From the blue column, which rolled and tumbled in its ascent from the battlefield, the unerring bullet sped on its errand of death. The other regiments are seen coming to the rescue. The right wing of the gallant Eighth Ohio takes position on the left, followed by the no less gallant Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana, Fifth and Sixty-seventh Ohio and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania. These regiments opened a heavy fire, which was replied to by the enemy in gallant style.

The battle now raged fiercely until near night, when the enemy began to show signs of giving way. At this the Union forces advanced a little, at the same time delivering their fire with accuracy. As the shades of evening

deepened into night the enemy began to fall back. At this crisis Colonel Kimball ordered a charge along the whole line, when the retreat became a rout. In their flight the enemy left in front of the Third Brigade two pieces of artillery and four caissons.

That night the Seventh bivouacked on the spot now made historic by its gallantry. The wounded were being brought in all night long, while the dead were lying in heaps around us, their increasing distortions and ghastliness adding new horrors to the battlefield.

At early dawn the next day we were ready to renew the work of blood and carnage, but there was no occasion; the victory of the day before was complete; the rebels had no desire of renewing the contest. They gave the advancing column a few parting salutes from a battery and then beat a hasty retreat. We followed them that day to Cedar Run, where just at night a slight skirmish occurred, with some loss to the rebels. The following day the Union forces occupied Strasburg, when the pursuit ceased.

The number of rebel forces engaged in the battle of Winchester has been variously estimated. They probably numbered sixteen regiments of infantry, four full batteries of artillery, together with one of four guns; in the aggregate twenty-eight pieces, and three battalions of cavalry, under Ashby and Stewart—in all, 11,000 men. The Union forces consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, four full batteries of artillery and a section; in the aggregate twenty-six pieces, and a battalion of cavalry—in all 9,000 men.

The rebel army was the attacking force, yet the engagement between the infantry was on ground of their own choosing, by reason of the Third Brigade charging one of their batteries. It was in the vicinity of this battery, which was at least a mile in advance of our selected line of battle, that the fighting occurred which turned the tide of battle. At this point the enemy had every advantage of position. He was securely posted behind a stone wall and in a belt of timber extending along a ridge, while our forces were compelled to advance across a plain, ex-

posed to a galling fire from infantry and artillery, and it was not until they arrived within eighty yards of this line that anything like a fair ground could be obtained. Jackson, the famous commander of the no less famous "Stonewall Brigade," a soubriquet it had gained at Bull Run, was fairly beaten, and that, too, by a force without a general and of inferior numbers. The victory was so complete that the enemy left 225 dead on the field. Their killed and wounded amounted to nearly 900, while their loss in prisoners was upward of 250. Add stragglers and deserters to these figures and it will swell the number to about 2,000. The Fifth Virginia rebel regiment was nearly annihilated. There was hardly sufficient of it left to preserve its organization. The loss to the Seventh was 14 killed and 51 wounded. But few were taken prisoners and those by accident.

(Page III, chap. 13.)

We reached Falmouth, on the north bank of the Rappahannock River, on the 23d of May. The corps of McDowell was in the immediate vicinity, numbering 30,000 men and 100 pieces of artillery.

When we arrived on the Rappahannock we learned that this force of McDowell's, now numbering 41,000 men, was ordered down to Richmond, to form a junction with the right wing of the grand army under McClellan. There were then only about 12,000 of the enemy in front of Fredericksburg. It was about fifty miles to the extreme right of the army in front of Richmond.

On Saturday the President and Secretary of War came down for the purpose of arranging the details. Shields' division was greatly in need of shoes and clothing, while the ammunition for the artillery had been condemned, and another supply, which had been ordered, had been very much delayed. It was, therefore, arranged that the force should start early on Monday morning, both the President and McDowell being averse to starting on Sunday.

That evening the President and Secretary of War left

for Washington. Very soon after General McDowell received a telegram to the effect that Jackson was making a raid down the Shenandoah Valley, with a prospect of crushing the forces under General Banks. Soon after this dispatch another arrived from the Secretary of War, by order of the President, containing instructions to send a division after Jackson. Here was a fatal blow to the campaign against Richmond. McDowell promptly ordered General Shields' division to move, and at the same time telegraphed the President that it was a fatal blow to them all.

Little things control momentous events. Jackson's army of 20,000 veterans checkmated an army of 150,000 men. In defending Washington we lost Richmond, but Jackson risked his own communication to break ours. Results more than realized his expectations. Without risk there is little gain. Jackson adopted this adage into his tactics, and endangered his army to save it. Events proved his sagacity.

In time of war the capital of a country, unless far removed from the seat of war, is in the way. The city of Washington was a fatality. It stood between the army and victory. Jackson knew this and profited by it. When this general menaced Washington our army let go its hold on the Confederacy, to make it doubly safe. The campaign against Richmond was abandoned, but Washington was endangered still. The valleys and swamps of the Chickahominy were paved with the bodies of heroes—the little rivulets were swollen with the best blood of the land, an army of cripples were given to charity. And for what? That the city of Washington might be safe. We have since then fought the ground over again from Washington to Richmond; another graveyard has been planted, and this time for a purpose. Washington has been set aside by the new commander, and Richmond made the objective point."

Taylor, of the Confederate army, in his work, entitled, "Destruction and Reconstruction," gives the following account of the battle of Port Republic:

The bridge was a few yards below the last house in the village, and some mist overhung the river. Under cover of this a small body of horse, with one gun, from Shields' forces, had reached the east end of the bridge and trained the gun on it. Jackson was within an ace of capture. As he spurred across the gun was fired on him, but



STONEWALL JACKSON.

without effect, and the sound brought up staff and escort, when the horse retired north.

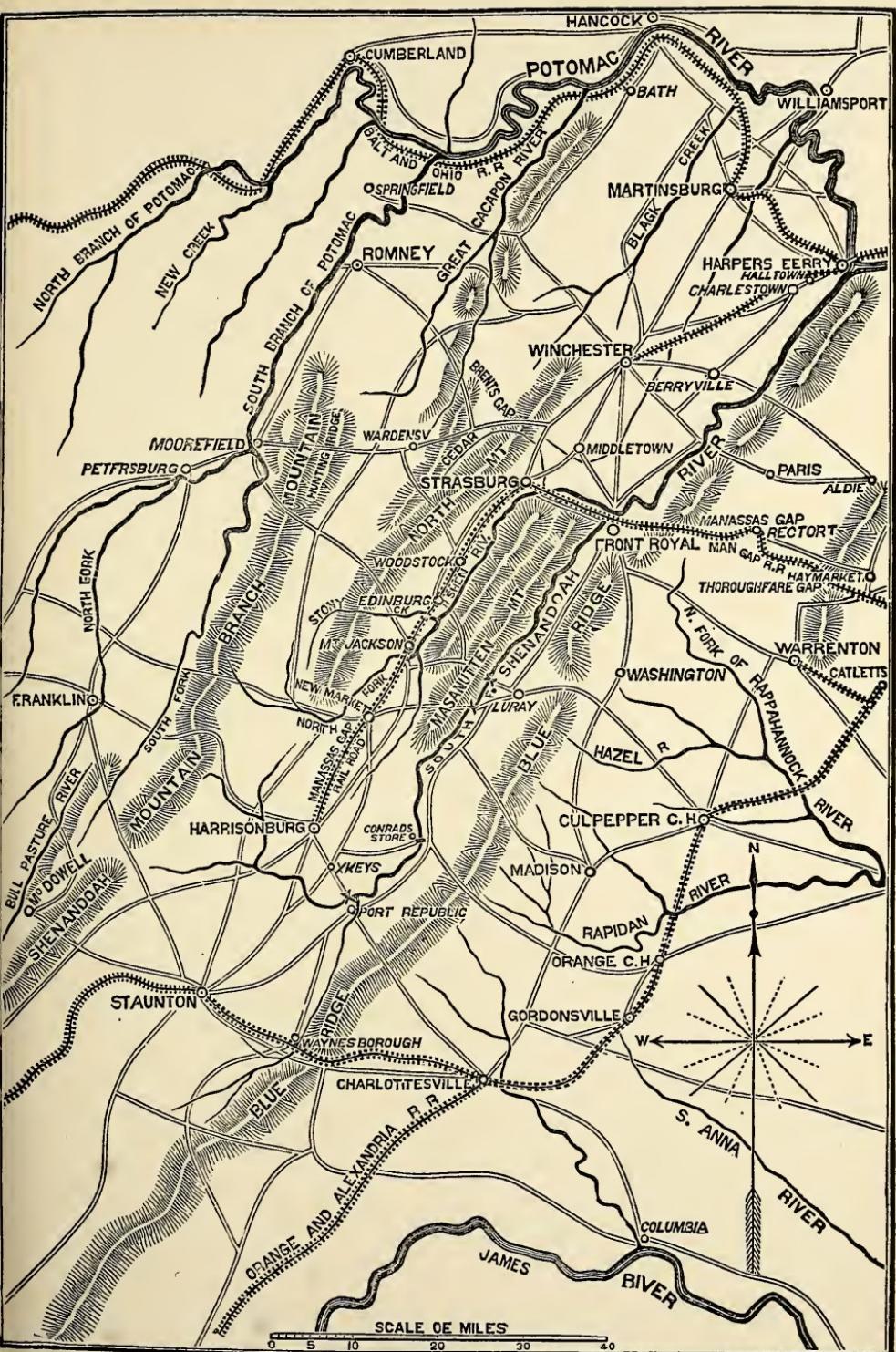
In the evening we moved to the river and camped. Winder's and other brigades crossed the bridge, and during the night Ewell, with most of the army, drew near, leaving Trimble's brigade and the horse at Cross Keys. No one apprehended another advance by Fremont. The following morning, Sunday, June 9th, my command

passed the bridge, moved several hundred yards down the road and halted. Our trains had gone east over the Blue Ridge. The sun appeared above the mountain while the men were quietly breakfasting. Suddenly, from below, was heard the din of battle, loud and sustained—artillery and small arms. The men sprang into ranks, formed column and marched, and I galloped forward a short mile to see the following scene:

From the mountain, clothed to its base with under-growth and timber, a level—clear, open and smooth—extended to the river. This plain was some thousand miles in width. Half a mile north, a gorge, through which flowed a small stream, cut the mountain at a right angle. The northern shoulder of this gorge projected farther into the plain than the southern, and on an elevated plateau of the shoulder were placed six guns, sweeping every inch of the plain to the south. Federal lines, their right touching the river, were advancing steadily, with banners flying and arms gleaming in the sun. A gallant show, they came on Winder's and another brigade, with a battery, opposed them.

This small force was suffering cruelly, and its skirmishers were driven in on their thin supporting line. As my Irishmen predicted, "Shields' boys were after fighting." Below, Ewell was hurrying his men over the bridge, but it looked as if we should be doubled up on him ere he could cross and develop much strength. Jackson was on the road a little in advance of his line, where the fire was hottest, with reins on his horse's neck, seemingly in prayer. Attracted by my approach, he said, in his usual voice, "Delightful excitement." I replied it was pleasant to learn he was enjoying himself, but thought he might have an indigestion of such fun if the six-gun battery was not silenced. He summoned a young officer from his staff, and pointed up the mountain. The head of my approaching column was turned short up the slope, and speedily turned to the path running parallel with the river. We took this path, the guide leading the way. From him I learned that the plateau occupied by the battery had been used

for a charcoal kiln, and the path we were following, made by the burners hauling wood, came upon the gorge opposite the battery. Moving briskly, we reached the hither side a few yards from the guns. Infantry was posted near, and riflemen were in the undergrowth on the slope above. Our approach, masked by timber, was unexpected. The battery was firing rapidly, enabled from elevation to fire over the advancing lines. The head of my column began to deploy under cover for attack, when the sounds of battle to our rear began to recede, and a loud Federal cheer was heard, proving Jackson to be hard pressed. It was rather an anxious moment, demanding instant action. Leaving a staff officer to direct my rear regiment, the Seventh, Colonel Hays, to form in the wood as a reserve, I ordered the attack, though the deployment was not completed, and our rapid march by a narrow path had occasioned some disorder. With a rush and shout the gorge was passed and we were in the battery. Surprise had aided us, but the enemy's infantry rallied in a moment and drove us out. We returned, to be driven out a second time. The riflemen on the slope worried us no little, and two companies of the Ninth Regiment were sent up the gorge to gain ground above and dislodge them, which was accomplished. The fighting in and around the battery was hand-to-hand, and many fell from bayonet wounds. Even the artillerymen used their rammers in a way not laid down in the manual, and died at their guns. As Conan said to the devil, "Twas claw for claw." I called for Hays, but he, the promptest of men, and his splendid regiment, could not be found. Something unexpected had occurred, but there was no time for speculation. With a desperate rally, in which I believe the drummer-boys shared, we carried the battery for the third time, and held it. Infantry and riflemen had been driven off, and we began to feel a little comfortable, when the enemy, arrested in his advance by our attack, appeared. He had countermarched, and, with left near the river, came into full view of our situation. Wheeling to the right, with colors advanced, like a solid wall, he marched straight upon us. There seemed nothing



MAP OF OPERATIONS IN THE VALLEY.

left but to set our backs to the mountain and die hard. At the instant, crashing through the underwood, came Ewell, outriding staff and escort. He produced the effect of a reinforcement, and was welcomed with cheers. The line before us halted and threw forward skirmishers. A moment later, a shell came shrieking along it, loud Confederate cheers reached our delighted ears, and Jackson, freed from his toils, rushed up like a whirlwind, the enemy in rapid retreat. We turned the captured guns on them as they passed, Ewell serving as a gunner. Though rapid, the retreat never became a rout. Fortune had refused her smiles, but Shields' "brave boys" preserved their organization and were formidable to the last, and had Shields himself, with his whole command, been on the field, we should have had tough work, indeed.

Jackson came up, with intense light in his eyes, grasped my hand, and said the brigade should have the captured battery. I thought the men would go mad with cheering, especially the Irishmen.

SECRETARY STANTON'S RECOGNITION.

The following dispatch was telegraphed to General Shields:

War Department, Washington, March 26, 1862.

BRIGADIER GENERAL SHIELDS: Your two dispatches relative to the brilliant achievement of the forces under your command have been received. While rejoicing at the success of your gallant troops, deep commiseration and sympathy are felt for those who have been victims in the gallant and victorious contest with treason and rebellion. Your wounds, as well as your success, prove that Lander's brave division is still bravely led, and that wherever its standard is displayed rebels will be routed and pursued.

To you and the officers and soldiers under your command the department returns thanks.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

SHIELDS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

Headquarters General Shields' Division,
Winchester.

General Orders, No. 11.

Brigadier-General Shields congratulates the officers and soldiers of his division upon the glorious victory achieved by them on the 23d instant, near Winchester, Virginia. They defeated an enemy whose forces outnumbered theirs and who were considered the bravest and best disciplined of the Confederate army.

He also congratulates them that it has fallen to their lot to open the campaign on the Potomac. The opening has been a splendid success. Let them inscribe "Winchester" on their banners and prepare for other victories.

(Signed)

BRIG.-GEN. SHIELDS.

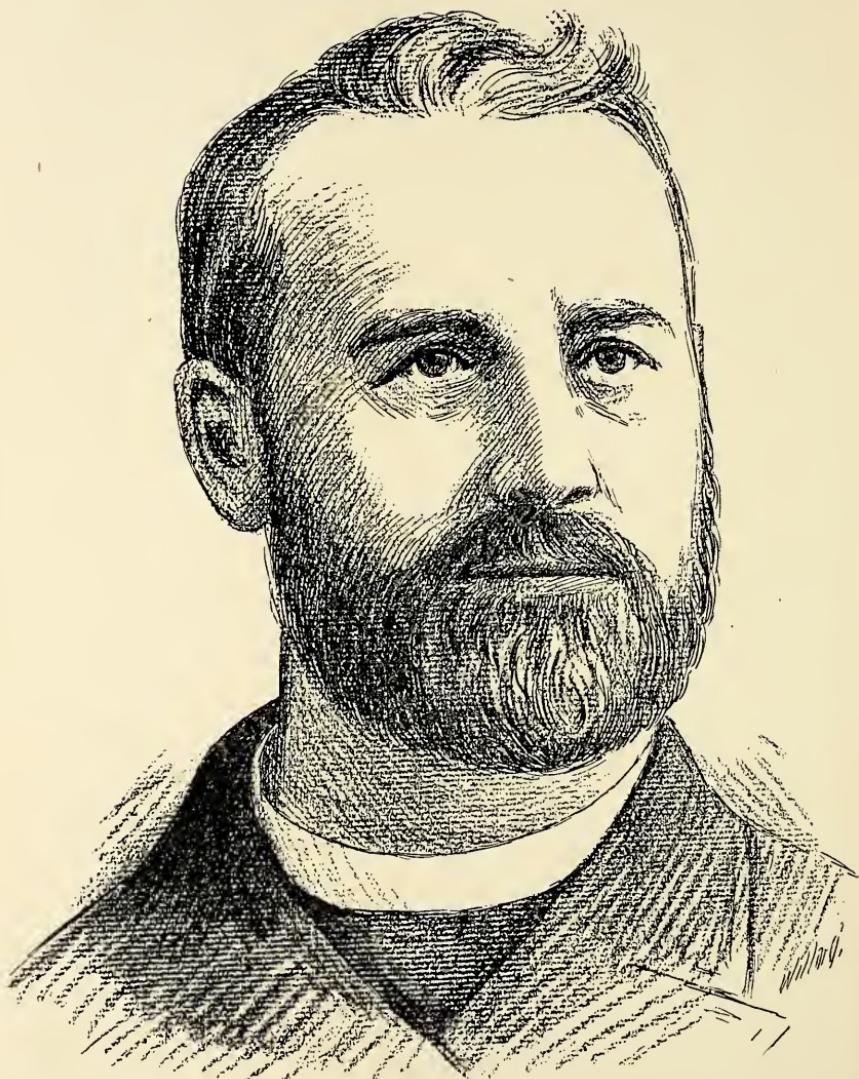
CHAPTER XV.

Typical Volunteers of 1861—Small Acorns Then, Gigantic Oaks Now—
Renowned for Virtue in Peace as They Were for Bravery in
War—Clergyman—Merchant—Judge.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER."

Rev. Walter Elliott, author of the "Life of Father Hecker," which was the cause of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Gibbons regarding certain ideas expressed in the book, had a most adventurous and interesting career before he joined the Paulist order. Like Ignatius Loyola, he was a soldier and fought bravely and gallantly throughout the Civil War. He was not a soldier, however, by profession, but simply for love of his country. He always has been an intense American and is a leader among those who favor what is known as the new American Catholicism.

Father Elliott was born in 1842, three months after the death of his father, Judge Robert Thomas Elliott of Detroit. The father was born in 1796, in the Golden Vale, near the Rock of Cashel, Tipperary, Ireland. Walter Elliott was sent to Notre Dame when he was twelve years old. He was graduated from there and returned to Detroit to become a partner with his brother in the firm of Eagle & Elliott. He was a strapping youth, of great stature and breadth of frame. He stood 6 feet 3 inches high. He was of an adventurous disposition and became discontented with a business life. Seized



REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

with the gold fever, he went to Pike's Peak and roughed it for some time among the miners. Then he went to Cincinnati, where one of his brothers had located, entered the law school and finished his law studies in the office of Judge Warner M. Bateman. He was admitted to the bar a few months prior to the attack on Fort Sumter.

On the call for volunteers, he enlisted in the Fifth Ohio, afterward known as the "Fighting Fifth." He refused a commission, saying that he preferred to fight with the men and not for the glory and honor of an officer's position. Three of the Elliott boys went to the war about the same time, leaving one son at home to look after the mother and sisters. He distinguished himself for bravery at the battle of Port Republic, June 9, 1862. The rebels had captured some Northern cannon, and Elliott, with a band of daring men from the "Fighting Fifth," undertook to recapture them. The attempt failed, and Elliott was made a prisoner and sent to Libby Prison. He was exchanged after three months and returned to his regiment. Later in the war he was also compelled to spend a few months in Andersonville Prison.

His brother, Captain William R. Elliott, was with Lieutenant-Colonel Stagg when that gallant officer saved, by timely action, Fairfax Court House station and all its valuable stores from Stuart's raiders. Captain Elliott joined in a charge with Colonel Stagg at the battle of Gettysburg, and when the colonel fell from his horse the captain took the command, and was mortally wounded. He died the following day. Another brother, Major Robert T. Elliott, was mortally wounded while in command of the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry at Tollopotomy Creek, Virginia, May 13, 1864, and died of his wounds. The death of the two sons affected Mrs. Elliott so deeply that at her earnest solicitation, and after having served six months over his time of enlistment, Walter Elliott left the army, June 20, 1864. His discharge papers show that he was in the following battles: Blue Gap, January 7, 1862; Bloomery Furnace, February, 1862; Winchester, No. 1, March 23, 1862; Fort Republic, June 9, 1862; Chancellorsville, May, 1863; Gettysburg, July, 1863; Lookout Mountain, November 25, 1863; Rocky Faced Ridge, May 8, 1864; Resaca, May 15, 1864; Altoona, May 25, 1864; and Dallas, May 28, 1864.

He was offered a commission as an inducement to stay in the army, but this he refused, as he was too democratic in his ideas to wish for promotion because of his service to the country. He visited his family at Detroit, and then took up the law again in Cincinnati. It was at a banquet given by the bar of Detroit to Father Hecker, who was then on a lecture tour, that he first met the founder of the Paulist community. He immediately determined to enter the order. He was the first Roman Catholic, born in the faith, to join the community, as his fellow Paulists were all converts.

Father Elliott became the devoted friend and coworker of Father Hecker, entering into the spirit of his ideas and spreading them forth with the force and vigor characteristic of his nature. He always maintained that Father Hecker was a saint. For twenty years

he traveled on the missions to non-Catholics all over the country. He was reluctantly withdrawn from his work, in which he had become a wonderful power and force, in order to remain at the side of Father Hecker during the latter's closing days. After the death of the great Paulist, Father Elliott again turned to the missions and is now engaged in the work of converting non-Catholics. He wrote the "Life of Father Hecker," and every line of the book shows his thorough insight into the character of the famous Paulist. The French translation was to blame for the mild condemnation of the Pope. Many of the ideas were misconstrued or misunderstood, for there is no American priest more devoted to the Roman Catholic church than is Father Elliott.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Sawyer of the 8th Ohio Infantry, in 1880 wrote its regimental history. In it I find the following: "Shields censured Colonel Sprigg Carroll for not burning the bridge at Port Republic, which enabled Jackson to escape. Shields fell into disgrace in consequence of Jackson's success, was soon relieved from command and was not again heard of during the war."

"Colonel Carroll was nominated Brigadier-General about May 25, 1862, and given command of a brigade, but was not confirmed until May 12, 1864, after fighting bravely at Gettysburg and elsewhere."

Reid, in "Ohio in the War," says Shields marched his army 132 miles from May 12th to May 21st, when they arrived at Fredericksburg footsore, ragged and dirty, throwing themselves on the ground for a night's rest. Next day Lincoln ordered them to pass in review before him, so that he could see "the men who whipped Stonewall Jackson and drove him out of the Shenandoah Valley."

As soon as Jackson found Shields had left it he re-entered it and drove Banks out of it, he making, it is said, forty miles in one day. Shields, with but a day or two of rest, was started back to the valley, to which he made rapid strides, without tents and allowing only eight baggage wagons to a regiment.

The Third and Fourth Brigades of Shields' division, by forced marches, reached a point opposite Port Republic, where the advance under Colonel Carroll was driven back

and prevented from occupying the town or destroying the bridge across the Shenandoah, as directed.

"By the time General Tyler came up the rebel general had arranged a heavy force to meet him. At five o'clock the next morning Jackson commenced the assault, and was promptly met by the national forces with a resistance that would have done credit to an army of ten thousand men. The Seventh, in connection with the Fifth Ohio, bore the brunt of the fight and became the rallying center of the battle. These two regiments fought splendidly and effectively. General Tyler, taking advantage of a wheatfield near the enemy's center, extended his lines from hill to river, and double-quicked the Fifth and Seventh from point to point along the line, under cover of some standing wheat, halting at intermediate points to deliver a galling fire. This was kept up for five long hours, and, with less than 3,000 muskets, the national forces repelled Jackson, with 14,000 veteran rebel troops.

"The Fifth Ohio, on the 22d of March, 1862, went through Winchester on the double-quick, cheering and eager for the fight. Some slight cannonading occurred that afternoon, during which General Shields was wounded in the arm. On the morning of the 23d of March the Fifth marched out to Kernstown, four miles from Winchester, and took position in support of Daum's Indiana Battery. At nine o'clock a. m. the battle of Winchester was opened. The Fifth continued in support of Daum's battery until late in the afternoon, when companies A, B, C, D and E, under command of Colonel Kilpatrick, moved up, under orders, and passing through a clump of underbrush emerged into an open field, where it received the first fire of the enemy. This little band, although faced by overwhelming numbers, returned the rebel fire with interest. The Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania, on its right, attempted to follow, but quailed and fell back in disorder. Colonel Murray of that regiment, in attempting to rally them, lost his life. The Fifth Ohio poured its volleys into the enemy at short range and stubbornly

maintained its position until reinforcements came up. It then advanced and drove the enemy in disorder. In this fierce encounter five of the color bearers of the regiment were shot down in succession. Captain George B. Whitcom of Cincinnati was one of these and lost his life while waving the colors over his head.

"When the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania fell back in confusion General Sullivan, commanding the brigade, exclaimed that the army was whipped; but on looking again observed the Fifth Ohio still fighting, and exclaimed: 'No, thank God; the brave Fifth Ohio is still standing its ground and holding the rebels.'

"The Fourteenth Indiana moved forward at this critical moment and the tide was turned. The enemy, beaten at all points, turned and fled. The darkness of the night alone prevented the most vigorous pursuit. The loss of the Fifth Ohio was forty-seven killed and wounded. The entire loss of the national force did not exceed five hundred. The rebel loss was believed to be more than double that number. The regimental colors were perforated with forty-eight bullet holes and the state flag with ten."

Robert D. McCarter's biography was kindly furnished me by a friend. Unfortunately, it has been lost and I must write from memory. He was the first three-year volunteer in Ohio, and was not eighteen when at Winchester, he, with a troop of wagons, fed the Federal troops on the night of the battle of Winchester. His superior being ill, he took the provisions without requisition, and was between the sentries of both armies in the darkness when halted. It required an act of Congress to adjust the quartermaster's accounts, owing to young McCarter's forced requisition. He fought in a dozen battles valiantly, and for over a quarter of a century has been the most trusted agent and partner of Green, Joyce & Co., the wholesale dry goods merchants of Columbus, Ohio. For his efforts in behalf of war veterans, he was recently given a very expensive gold medal, studded with diamonds and rich in expressions of admiration. He is a noble type of the American volunteer. I am under many obligations to him and his son, E. B. McCarter, an able lawyer of Columbus.



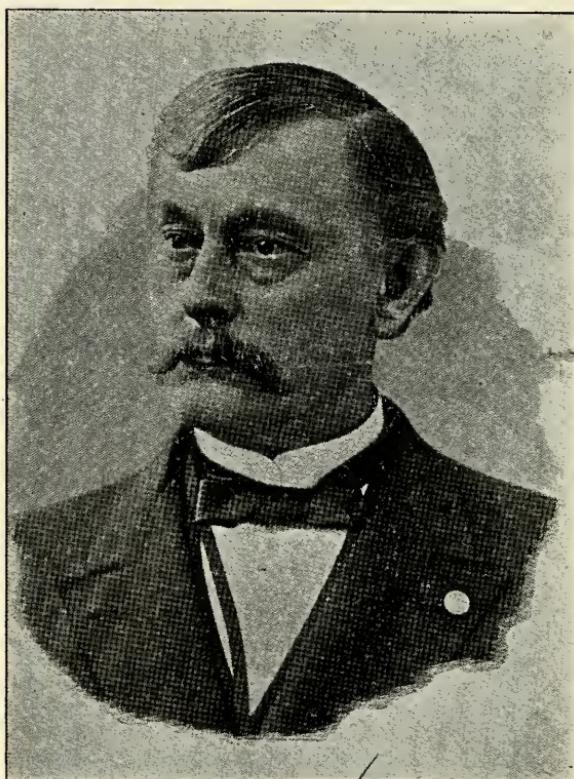
Commissary Sergeant McCarter at Winchester.

Robert W. McCarter



Veteran McCarter.

Lack of space denies me the pleasure of laying before the reader Judge Voris' account of the battle of Winchester, which has been published as the battle of The Boys. It is very interesting. While the Colonel was judge of the Circuit Court of Akron, Ohio, years ago, I corresponded with him in reference to Colonel Carroll's failure to burn the bridge at Fort Republic, after he had put the combustibles on it for that purpose, instead of crossing it and attacking what



COL. VORIS OF 67TH OHIO AT WINCHESTER.

he supposed was a small force, suffering defeat, which prevented him from destroying the bridge, and afforded an avenue of escape for Stonewall Jackson. The judge, like all other Ohioans, loth to censure the colonel of another Ohio regiment, said that there was a conflict of evidence as to whether the order to burn was peremptory, but that there was a concurrence of opinion that it was within his discretion to have destroyed it, and, as events proved, it would have been wise to have burned it. Military judgment and discretion are as necessary as judicial discretion.

CHAPTER XVI.

Stanton Reviled Lincoln and Then Accepted Office from Him—His Injustice to Shields—Duplicity with McClellan and Unwarranted Reflections upon Sherman.

There is no hesitancy or doubt in my mind that Edwin M. Stanton, a member of Buchanan's and Lincoln's Cabinet, was very unjust in his treatment of General Shields and many other great generals of the Civil War. I have been assured orally and by letter by the General's widow and his sons and daughters that Stanton, to use their language, "cheated the General out of three months' pay."

James Shields, of the firm of Shields Brothers, silk mercers, at Dungannon, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, an excellent business man, as well as a scholar, corroborates this charge against Stanton. This silk merchant, in his youth, spent several years with the General on his farm near Carrollton, Missouri, and was on the most intimate terms with his host. I am at a loss for words with which to adequately express my gratitude to this gentleman for the information that he has kindly furnished me about the General.

His cousin, Shields, a leading contractor of St. Paul, Minnesota, has also shown his good will by furnishing me with all the information that he possessed in regard to his illustrious uncle. These gentlemen seem to know much more about the General than all others that I am acquainted with, and have freely laid their treasures at my feet, for which I am very thankful.

That Stanton was a man of poor judgment, cruel and harsh, as well as unjust in his criticism, even Gorham, his biographer and apologist, is obliged to concede. In fact,

the gentleman's book, entitled "The Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton," is a misnomer, so far as over one-half of the first volume is concerned. That portion might well have been entitled "A Diatribe Against McClellan and Halleck."

Much of Gorham's work is filled with his vain attempts to palliate or excuse Stanton's unwarranted abuse and vilification of nearly every prominent man whose misfortune it was to have had anything to do with this self-sufficient and domineering head of the War Department under Lincoln.

Gentlemen, like poets, are born, not made. Proper consideration for the rights of others, and a sprinkling of self-sacrifice are required of those who aspire to be gentlemen. That Stanton failed in these prerequisites is proven by his treatment of Lincoln.

In Herndon's life of the great President, he details the rude, unkind and discourteous manner in which Stanton treated Lincoln in 1857, when they were associate counsel in the celebrated McCormick patent case. His treatment is characterized by the author referred to as "brutal rudeness." Lincoln, with the fond hope of making fame in a forensic contest with Reverdy Johnson, one of the opposing counsel, went East to try the case, with Stanton and others as associate counsel, but was pushed aside, ignored and humiliated by Stanton, whom he overheard ask "where did that long-armed creature come from, and what did he expect to do in this case?" Stanton is said to have described Lincoln then as a long-lanked creature from Illinois, wearing a dirty linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splotched stains that resembled the map of the continent. Lincoln, on his return to Springfield, remarked that he had been "roughly handled by that man Stanton."

During the early months of Lincoln's administration Stanton's letters to ex-President Buchanan exhibit a thorough distrust of the capacity of President Lincoln and his advisers, such great statesmen as William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase and others, to cope

with the emergency. April 3, 1861, he wrote Buchanan "that the month of administration seems to have furnished an ample vindication of your policy, and to have rendered all occasion of other defense (of Fort Sumter) needless. He wrote further that he didn't believe a word of the rumor that an effort would be made to reinforce Fort Sumter." On April 11 he continued: "The administration has not acquired the respect and confidence of the people here. The Cabinet act as though they would cut and run at a minute's notice, they betray so much insecurity, and, besides, a strong feeling of distrust in the candor and sincerity of President Lincoln and of his Cabinet has sprung up. No one speaks of Lincoln, or any member of his Cabinet, with any respect or regard." April 12th he predicted that Jefferson Davis would be in possession of Washington in thirty days. June 8th he wrote the ex-president, as follows: "Indeed, the course of things for the last four weeks has been such as to excite distrust in every department of the government. The military movements, or rather inaction, also excite great apprehension. After a few Democratic appointments, as Butler and Dix, everything here has been devoted to black Republican interests." He wrote to General Dix, on June 11th, that "no one can imagine the deplorable condition of this city, and the hazard of the government, who did not witness the weakness and panic of the administration and the painful imbecility of Lincoln. Millions of New York and perhaps lives of thousands of patriotic citizens will be wanted to gorge the ravenous crew that surrounds the War Department. Every day affords fresh proof of the design to give the war a party direction. The army appointments appear (with two or three exceptions only) to be bestowed on persons whose only claim is their Republicanism, broken-down politicians without experience, ability or merit. Democrats are rudely repelled or scowled upon with jealous and ill-concealed aversion. Between the corruption of some of the Republican leaders, the self-seeking ambition of others, some great disaster seems certain to befall the nation." After the battle of Bull Run,

Stanton wrote to his brother-in-law, Willcott, whom he soon thereafter appointed his assistant: "If our people can bear with its Cabinet, they will be able to support a great many disasters." In writing to Buchanan, July 26th, five days after the battle of Bull Run, he said: "The imbecility of this administration culminated in that catastrophe (referring to the battle), and irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits, and national bankruptcy, as a result of Lincoln's running the machine for five months. It is not unlikely that some changes in the war and navy departments may take place, but none beyond these two departments, until 'Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern.'" He wrote further, "that Scott's jealousy, Cabinet intrigues and Republican interference might thwart McClellan at every step."

His apologetic biographer admits that Stanton, in private letters, gave vent to his total want of respect for Mr. Lincoln and his administration at that time.

Stanton never met President Lincoln between March 4, 1861, and January 15, 1862, when Stanton accepted his commission as Secretary of War. Before doing so he consulted with General McClellan, who advised him to accept. Those who have read Herndon's unmitigated real life of Lincoln, which is in three volumes, will recall the manner in which Stanton treated Lincoln at Cincinnati, when they were associate counsel in a celebrated case years before the war. No gentleman would have said and done what Stanton is reported to have said and done on that occasion.

A college president, and an educator of renown, in writing of the men of those days, said: "It is a matter of history that Secretary Stanton did not get along very well with General McClellan. McClellan himself always insisted that the failure of his 'peninsular campaign' was due to rather underhanded work at the war office, and that the secretary induced the President to withhold promised reinforcements after the army had been led into such a position that without reinforcements complete success

would be impossible. Whether McClellan's view of the situation was correct or not, certain it is that Mr. Stanton, after the general's star began to decline, could never find any use for 'Little Mac.' After McClellan was removed from command the secretary would never consent to recall him to the field. Although McClellan was more popular with the Army of the Potomac than any other man who ever led that splendid body, although many army officers urged McClellan's restoration, although General Grant desired, and Lincoln himself is said to have wished it, Stanton opposed bitterly all efforts to place the fallen general in command again, and succeeded in having his will in the matter."

In McClellan's own story, page 149, he says: "I have already stated in a general way what occurred between myself and some of the radical leaders shortly after I reached Washington. They then saw clearly that it would not be possible to make a party tool of me, and soon concluded that it was their policy to ruin me if possible. They therefore determined to ruin me in any event and by any means—first, by endeavoring to force me into premature movements, knowing that a failure would probably end my military career; afterward by withholding the means necessary to achieve success. I do not base my assertions as to the motives of the radical leaders upon mere surmises, but upon facts that have frequently come to my knowledge during the war and since. For instance, Major Charles Davies, once professor of mathematics at West Point, told me, and at a different time told General Joseph E. Johnston, the following story:

"He said that during the very early part of the peninsular campaign he was one of a commission sent from New York to urge more vigorous action in supporting me. They called upon the President, and found Mr. Stanton with him. In reply to their statement of the purpose of their visit, Mr. Stanton stated that the great end and aim of the war were to abolish slavery. To end the war before the nation was ready for that would be a failure. The war must be prolonged and conducted so as to achieve that.

That the people of the North were not yet ready to accept that view, and that it would not answer to permit me to succeed until the people had been worked up to the proper pitch on that question. That the war would not be finished until that result was reached, and that, therefore, it was not their policy to strengthen General McClellan, so as to insure his success.

"I have heard from the best authority many instances in which the same views were expressed by other prominent radical leaders. Under date of April 7, 1862, General Franklin, in a letter informing me of the circumstances attending the withholding of McDowell's corps, of which his division was formed, writes: 'McDowell told me that it was intended for a blow at you; that Stanton had said that you intended to work by strategy and not by fighting; that all of the opponents of the policy of the administration centered around you; in other words, that you had political aspirations. There was no friend of yours present to contradict these statements, of course.'

"From the light that has since been thrown on Stanton's character, I am satisfied that from an early date he was in this treasonable conspiracy, and that his course in ingratiating himself with me, and pretending to be my friend before he was in office, was only a part of his long system of treachery.

"Judge Black's papers in the Galaxy showed the character of the man and it is somewhat singular that the judge began the papers for the purpose of vindicating Stanton, but that, as he proceeded, he became enlightened as to what the man really was.

"I had never seen Mr. Stanton, and probably had not even heard of him, before reaching Washington in 1861. Not many weeks after arriving I was introduced to him as a safe adviser on legal points. From that moment he did his best to ingratiate himself with me, and professed the warmest friendship and devotion. I had no reason to suspect his sincerity, and therefore believed him to be what he professed. The most disagreeable thing about him was the extreme virulence with which he abused the

President, the administration and the Republican party. He carried this to such an extent that I was often shocked by it. He never spoke of the President in any other way than as the 'original gorilla,' and often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could so easily have found in Springfield, Illinois. Nothing could be more bitter than his words and manner always were when speaking of the administration of the Republican party. He never gave them credit for honesty or patriotism, and very seldom for any ability.

"At some time during the autumn of 1861 Secretary Cameron made quite an abolition speech to some newly-arrived regiment. Next day Stanton urged me to arrest him for inciting to insubordination. He often advocated the propriety of my seizing the government and taking affairs into my own hands.

"One day he told me that he had been appointed Secretary of War, and that his name had been sent to the Senate for confirmation, and that he had called to confer with me as to his acceptance. He said that acceptance would involve very great personal sacrifices on his part, and that the only possible inducement would be that he might have it in his power to aid me in the work of putting down the rebellion; that he was willing to devote all his time, intellect and energy to my assistance, and that together we could soon bring the war to an end. If I wished him to accept he would do so, but only on my account; that he had come to know my wishes and determine accordingly. I told him that I hoped he would accept the position.

"Soon after Mr. Stanton became Secretary of War it became clear that, without any reason known to me, our relations had completely changed. Instead of using his new position to assist me, he threw every obstacle in my way, and did all in his power to create difficulty and distrust between the President and myself. I soon found it impossible to gain access to him. Before he was in office he constantly ran after me and professed the most ardent friendship; as soon as he became Secretary of War his

whole manner changed, and I could no longer find the opportunity to transact even the ordinary current business of the office with him. It is now very clear to me that, far from being as he had always represented himself to me, in direct and violent opposition to the radicals, he was really in secret alliance with them, and that he and they were alike unwilling that I should be successful. No other theory can possibly account for his and their course, and on that theory everything becomes clear and easily explained. Nor did I at that time fully realize the length to which these men were prepared to go in carrying out their schemes. For instance, I did not suspect, until the orders reached me, that Fort Monroe and the First Corps would be withdrawn from my control, and when those orders arrived they found me too far committed to permit me to withdraw with honor. With the troops under fire it did not become me to offer my resignation.

"As before stated, when Stanton was made Secretary of War I knew nothing of the matter until the nomination had already gone to the Senate. Next day the President came to my house to apologize for not consulting me on the subject. He said that he knew Stanton to be a friend of mine, and assumed that I would be glad to have him Secretary of War, and that he feared that if he told me beforehand 'some of those fellows' would say that I had dragooned him into it.

"Had General McDowell joined me by water I could have approached Richmond by the James, and thus have avoided the delays and losses incurred by bridging the Chickahominy, and could have had the army united in one body, instead of being necessarily divided by that stream. McDowell's movement would not have jeopardized Washington in the slightest degree. There were troops enough without him to hold the works of anything that the enemy could have sent against them, and the more they sent the easier would my task have been in front of Richmond. But Jackson's movement was merely a feint, and if McDowell had joined me on the James the enemy would have drawn in every available man from every quar-

ter to make head against me. A little of the nerve at Washington which the Romans displayed during the campaign against Hannibal would have settled the fate of Richmond in a very few weeks."

Mr. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in the Cabinet with Mr. Stanton, in his work, "Lincoln and Seward." New York, 1874, says (page 190): "With the change in the War Department in January, 1862, came the hostility of Secretary Stanton to McClellan, then general-in-chief."

P. 191: "The unwise letter (the Harrison bar letter) led to Halleck, a vastly inferior man, being sent to Washington.

. On coming to Washington, Pope, who was ardent, and, I think, courageous, though not always discreet, very naturally fell into the views of Secretary Stanton, who improved every opportunity to denounce McClellan and his hesitating policy. Pope also reciprocated the commendations bestowed on him by Halleck, by uniting with Stanton and General Scott in advising that McClellan should be superseded and Halleck placed in charge of military affairs at Washington. This, combined with the movements and the disasters before Richmond, and his own imprudent letter, enabled Stanton to get rid of McClellan at headquarters."

P. 193: "But Pope was defeated, and the army, sadly demoralized, came retreating to the Potomac. The War Department, and especially Stanton and Halleck, became greatly alarmed. On the 30th of August, in the midst of these disasters, and before the result had reached us, though most damaging information in regard to McClellan, who lingered at Alexandria, was current, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, called upon me with a protest, signed by himself and Stanton, denouncing the conduct of McClellan, and demanding his immediate dismissal. Two other members were ready to append their names after mine. I declined to sign the paper, which was in the handwriting of Stanton—not that I did not disapprove of the course of the general, but because the combination was improper and disrespectful to the Presi-

dent. I had doubted the wisdom of recalling the army of the Potomac from Richmond, therein differing from Chase and Stanton. The object in bringing that army back to Washington, in order to start a new march overland and regain the abandoned position, I did not understand, unless it was to get rid of McClellan. . . . The President never knew of this paper, but was not unaware of the popular feeling against that officer, in which he sympathized, and of the sentiments of the members of the Cabinet, aggravated by the hostility and strong, if not exaggerated, rumors sent out by the Secretary of War. Both Stanton and Halleck were, however, filled with apprehensions beyond others, as the army of stragglers and broken battalions, on the last of August and first of September, came rushing toward Washington."

After Pope's defeat, Mr. Chase says: "The President himself gave the command of the fortifications and the troops for the defense of Washington to McClellan. It was against my protest and that of the Secretary of War." (*Ibid.*, p. 450.)

Mr. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in his book, "Lincoln and Seward," New York, 1874, page 194, says:

"At the stated Cabinet meeting on Tuesday, the 2d of September, while the whole community was stirred up and in confusion, and affairs were growing bad beyond anything that had previously occurred. Stanton entered the council room a few moments in advance of Mr. Lincoln, and said, with great excitement, he had just learned from General Halleck that the President had placed McClellan in command of the forces in Washington. The information was surprising, and, in view of the prevailing excitement against that officer, alarming. The President soon came in, and in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Chase, confirmed what Stanton had stated. General regret was expressed, and Stanton, with some feeling, remarked that no order to that effect had issued from the War Department. The President, calmly, but with some emphasis, said the order was his, and he would be responsible for it to the country. Before separating, the Secretary of the Treasury expressed his apprehension that the reinstatement of McClellan would prove a national calamity."

Mr. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, in private letters, from which, now in the hands of the editor, the following extracts are taken, says:

Under date April 22, 1870: "The bitterness of Stanton on the reinstatement of McClellan you can scarcely conceive. He preferred to see the capital fall. . . . McClellan was bound to go when the emergency was past, and Halleck and Stanton furnished a pretense."

Under date April 3, 1879: "The folly and disregard of public interests thus exhibited would be incredible but that the authors of this intrigue, Messrs. Stanton and Chase, when the result of it came, and I proposed the restoration of McClellan to command, and to prevent the completion of ruin by the fall of this capital, actually declared that they would prefer the loss of the capital to the restoration of McClellan to command. Yet these are the men who have been accounted by a large portion of our countrymen as the civil heroes of the war, whilst McClellan, who saved the capital, was dismissed." . . .

I shall not refer at length to Stanton's treatment of Halleck. It appears from Stanton's life that he handled Halleck without gloves, and no doubt that general's biographer has painted Stanton in his true colors in return for injuries sustained without warrant.

If there is one name dearer than another among those of the great generals of the Civil War it is that of the magnetic Sherman, whose march to the sea is said to be in every text-book on military science in the world, and whose "Marching Through Georgia" has put "Yankee Doodle" in the shade, and comes nearer being the national air of America than anything else. He was the general renowned for wit and wisdom, whose every word uttered after the Civil War was treasured by the people. It is conceded by all who were intimate with him that he was the most charming personality, the most brilliant and entertaining conversationalist of his day, yet he did not escape Stanton, who did all that was possible to exasperate and humiliate him.

General Sherman suffered untold miseries at the

hands of Simon Cameron, Stanton's predecessor in the war office. Those who are familiar with the first edition of General Sherman's memoirs are aware of the baseless grounds upon which Cameron and Adjutant-General L. Thomas furnished the press with statements, in which they reported that Sherman "was crazy, insane and mad." General Sherman says, in his memoirs: "The authority given for this report was stated to be the Secretary of War himself, Mr. Cameron, who never, to my knowledge, took pains to affirm or deny it." It was several months after that foul slander had been circulated before, even with his brother's Senator Sherman's, influence, General Sherman could be reinstated, and when he was, he was only assigned to the command of the camp of instruction. In fact, it was not till six months afterward, at the battle of Shiloh, that General Sherman was given an opportunity to prove to that and all future generations how groundless was that charge, "that reason did not always hold her empire o'er his brain," and that brilliancy, great activity and sound judgment are not solely the attributes or accomplishments of the lazy and stupid. It is a deplorable fact that men and women of mediocrity, of narrow minds and sordid views, as well as small-fry doctors, often raise the cry of insanity against those whose capacities they are as incapable of judging properly as an apothecary is of weighing an elephant upon his scales. When cultured Americans, reared as large families as mechanics and laborers do, and impurity was not so fashionable, one-horse doctors had opportunities of earning fees from sources that they are now deprived of. Without enterprise or ability, or a sense of justice sufficient to induce them, in case of failure, to seek other and legitimate pursuits, they now organize sanitariums, faith cures and other fads, and hang around courts, soliciting fees as so-called experts on insanity, and often, through wilfulness, cupidity or ignorance, aid malicious, foolish or ignorant relatives to deprive their benefactors or friends of their liberty. Had General Sherman's relatives adopted modern methods in his case, and subjected him to trial, it is possible he could have been, if

tried, as many have been, railroaded to an asylum, and thus have had his career cut short or ruined.

When Lincoln, as his real historian narrates, was suffering from an attack of melancholy after the death of his first love, when his friends thought it necessary to take him to Kentucky for a change, when he left his future wife at the altar, nearly two years before she married him, to get even with him, which she did all his life, if he had been tried for insanity and deprived, as others have been, of witnesses, the right to address the jury impaneled to determine his right to liberty, would it not have been possible to convict him, and would not that have left him "to dull oblivion a prey?"

But, as it has often been said, Grant stood by Sherman when he "was crazy, and Sherman nobly stood by Grant when he was drunk," as Sherman's memoirs will verify.

But to return to Stanton's persecution of Sherman. Lee, at Appomattox, surrendered to Grant on April 9, 1865, and on the 18th of that month General Joseph E. Johnston and General Sherman drew up a basis of agreement for the surrender of the Confederate army, near Durham's Station, in the state of North Carolina. Sherman inclosed it, directed to Lieutenant-General Grant, or Major-General Halleck, at Washington, on the same day, and on April 24th General Grant arrived at Durham, having brought with him from Washington written answers from the Secretary of War and of himself to General Sherman's communication. They embraced the copy of a dispatch made by Mr. Stanton to General Grant, when he was pressing Lee at Appomattox, which dispatch Sherman says, if sent me at the same time (as should have been done) would have saved a world of trouble. I did not understand that General Grant had come down to supersede me in command, nor did he intimate it, nor did I receive these communications as a serious reproof, but promptly acted on them.

War Department,
Washington City, April 21, 1865.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT:

General:—The memoranda, or basis, agreed upon between General Sherman and General Johnston, having been submitted to the President, they are disapproved. You will give notice of the disapproval to General Sherman and direct him to resume hostilities at the earliest moment.

The instructions given to you by the late President, Abraham Lincoln, on the 3d of March, by my telegraph of that date, addressed to you, express substantially the views of President Andrew Johnson, and will be observed by General Sherman. A copy is herewith appended.

The President desires that you proceed immediately to the headquarters of Major-General Sherman, and direct operations against the enemy. Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The following telegram was received, 2 p. m., City Point, March 4, 1865 (from Washington, 12 m., March 3, 1865):

(CIPHER.)

Office United States Military Telegraph,
Headquarters Armies of the United States.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT:

The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on solely minor and purely military matters. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss or confer upon any political question; such questions the President holds in his own hands and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions.

Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

In his reply to Stanton, among other things, Sherman said: "I had flattered myself that by four years of patient, unremitting and successful labor, I deserved no reminder such as is contained in the last paragraph of your letter to General Grant."

On the same day he and Johnston met and agreed upon practically the same terms of surrender that Lee did when he surrendered to Grant. On April 23d Stanton issued what is called "His First Bulletin," which, among other things, stated that "the orders of General Sherman to General Stoneman to withdraw from Salisbury and join him will probably open the way for Davis to escape to Mexico or Europe, with his plunder, which is reported to be very large, including not only the plunder of the Richmond banks, but previous accumulations."

"A dispatch by this department from Richmond says:"

"It is stated here by respectable parties that the amount of specie taken South by Jeff Davis and his partisans is very large, including not only the plunder of the Richmonds banks, but previous accumulations. They hope, it is said, to make terms with General Sherman, or some other commander, by which they will be permitted, with their effects, including this gold plunder, to go to Mexico or Europe. Johnston's negotiations look to this end."

After the Cabinet meeting last night General Grant started for North Carolina to direct operations against Johnston's army.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

"Here followed the terms and Mr. Stanton's ten reasons for rejecting them. The publication of this bulletin by authority was an outrage on me, for Mr. Stanton had failed to communicate to me in advance, as was his duty, the purpose of the administration to limit our negotiations to purely military matters, but, on the contrary, at Savannah, he had authorized me to control all matters, civil and military.

By this bulletin he implied that I had previously been furnished with a copy of this dispatch of March 3d to General Grant, which was not so, and he gave warrant to the impression, which was sown broadcast, that I might be bribed by banker's gold to permit Davis to escape.

I regarded this bulletin of Mr. Stanton as a personal and official insult, which I afterward publicly resented."

Sherman wrote to Grant a few days afterward, on

April 28th, a long letter, resenting Stanton's insults, and, among other things, says: "I did think that my rank (if not past services) entitles me at least to trust that the Secretary of War would keep secret what was communicated for the use of none but the Cabinet, until further inquiry could be made, instead of giving publicity to it along with documents which I never saw, and drawing therefrom inferences wide of the truth.

"I have never in my life questioned or disobeyed an order, though many and many a time have I risked my life, health and reputation in obeying orders, or even hints, to execute plans and purposes not to my liking. It is not fair to withhold from me the plans and policy of government (if any there be), and expect me to guess at them, for facts and events appear quite different from different standpoints. For four years I have been in camp, dealing with soldiers, and I can assure you that the conclusion at which the Cabinet arrived with such singular unanimity differs from mine. I conferred freely with the best officers in this army as to the points involved in this controversy, and, strange to say, they were singularly unanimous in the other conclusion. They will learn with pain and amazement that I am deemed insubordinate and wanting in common sense; that I, who for four years have labored day and night, winter and summer, who have brought an army of seventy thousand men in magnificent condition across a country hitherto deemed impassable, and placed it just where it was wanted, on the day appointed, have brought discredit to our government. I do not wish to boast of this, but I do say that it entitled me to the courtesy of being consulted before publishing before the world a proposition rightfully submitted to higher authority for adjudication, and then accompanied by statements which invited the dogs of the press to be let loose upon me. It is true that non-combatants, men who sleep in comfort and security while we watch on the distant lines, are better able to judge than we poor soldiers, who rarely see a newspaper, hardly hear from our families or stop long enough to draw our

pay. I envy not the task of 'reconstruction,' and am delighted that the Secretary of War has relieved me of it.

"P. S.—As Mr. Stanton's most singular paper has been published, I demand that this also be made public, though I am in no manner responsible to the press, but to the law and my proper superiors.

"W. T. S., Major-General."

May 5th I was in possession of the second bulletin of Mr. Stanton, published in all the Northern papers, with comments that assumed that I was a common traitor and a public enemy, and high officials had even instructed my own subordinates to disobey my lawful orders.

War Department, Washington, April 27, 9:30 a. m.

To MAJOR-GENERAL DIX:

The department has received the following from Major-General Halleck, commanding the Military Division of the James: Generals Canby and Thomas were instructed some days ago that Sherman's arrangements with Johnston were disapproved by the President, and they were ordered to disregard it and push the enemy in every direction.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Richmond, Va., April 26th, 9:30 p. m.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Generals Meade, Sheridan and Wright are acting under orders to pay no regard to any truce or orders of General Sherman respecting hostilities, on the ground that Sherman's agreement could bind his command only, and no other.

They are directed to push forward, regardless of orders from anyone except from General Grant, and cut off Johnston's retreat.

Beauregard has telegraphed to Danville that a new arrangement has been made with Sherman, and that the advance of the Sixth Corps was to be suspended until further orders.

I have telegraphed back to obey no orders of Sherman, but to push forward as rapidly as possible.

The bankers here have information to-day that Jeff Davis' specie is moving south from Goldsboro in wagons as fast as possible.

I suggest that orders be telegraphed, through General Thomas, that Wilson obey no orders from Sherman, and notifying him and Canby and all commanders on the Mississippi to take measures to intercept the rebel chiefs and their plunder.

The specie taken with them is estimated here from six to thirteen million dollars.

W. H. HALLECK, Major-General Commanding.

I suppose the exact amount of treasure which Davis had with him is now known to a cent. Some of it was paid to his escort, when it disbanded at and near Washington, Georgia, and at the time of his capture he had a small parcel of gold and silver coin, not to exceed ten thousand dollars, which is now retained in the United States treasury vault at Washington and shown to the curious.

The thirteen millions of treasure with which Jeff Davis was to corrupt our armies and buy his escape dwindled down to the contents of a hand valise!

To say that I was merely angry at the tone and substance of these published bulletins of the War Department would hardly express the state of my feelings. I was outraged beyond measure, and was resolved to resent the insult, cost what it might. At the close of the war he said:

"The next day (by invitation) I went over to Washington and met my friends, among them General Grant and President Johnson. He was extremely cordial to me, and, knowing that I was chafing under the censures of the War Department, especially of the two war bulletins of Mr. Stanton, he volunteered to say that he knew of neither of them till seen in the newspapers, and that Mr. Stanton had shown neither to him nor to any of his associates in the Cabinet till they were published. Nearly all the members of the Cabinet made similar assurances to me afterward, and, as Mr. Stanton made no friendly advances and offered no word of explanation or apology, I declined

General Grant's friendly offices for a reconciliation, but, on the contrary, resolved to resent what I considered an insult as publicly as it was made.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

"The morning of the 24th was extremely beautiful, and the ground was in splendid order for our review. The streets were filled with people to see the pageant, armed with bouquets of flowers for their favorite regiments or heroes, and everything was propitious. Punctually at 9 a. m. the signal-gun was fired, when in person, attended by General Howard and all my staff, I rode slowly down Pennsylvania avenue, the crowds of men, women and children densely lining the sidewalks and almost obstructing the way. We were followed close by General Logan and the head of the Fifteenth Corps. When I reached the treasury building, and looked back, the sight was simply magnificent. The column was compact, and the glittering muskets looked like a solid mass of steel, moving with the regularity of a pendulum. We passed the treasury building, in front of which and of the White House was an immense throng of people, for whom extensive stands had been prepared on both sides of the avenue. As I neared the brick house opposite the lower corner of Lafayette square, someone asked me to notice Mr. Seward, who, still feeble and bandaged for his wounds, had been removed there that he might behold the troops. I moved in that direction and took off my hat to Mr. Seward, who sat at an upper window. He recognized the salute, returned it, and then we rode on steadily past the President, saluting with our swords. All on his stand arose and acknowledged the salute. Then, turning into the gate of the presidential grounds, we left our horses with orderlies and went upon the stand, where I found Mrs. Sherman, with her father and son. Passing them, I shook hands with the President, General Grant and each member of the Cabinet. As I approached Mr. Stanton, he offered me his hand, but I declined it publicly, and the fact was universally noticed."

CHAPTER XVII.

Shields a Political Martyr—More Proof of Colonel Carroll's Failure at Port Republic—Colonel Haycock's Conclusive Evidence—General Jones an Unwilling Corroborator of Colonel Haycock—General Coppinger's Opinion—General Sheridan's Rank When General Shields Defeated Stonewall Jackson—Extract from General Oates' Speech—But for Carroll's Disobedience General Shields Would Have Been One of the Most Successful Generals in the Civil War.

SHIELDS A POLITICAL MARTYR.

While at Columbus, Ohio, last year and early this spring, I wrote Senator John Sherman for an explanation why he and other Senators refused to confirm General Shields as a Major-General of volunteers when Lincoln sent his name to the Senate soon after his victory at Winchester. I said that I was writing the General's life and could not understand why colonels who fought under him on that occasion were made brigadiers as a reward for their services and he was denied any reward, while McClellan and Stanton had congratulated him warmly for his skill, zeal and activity. I received no reply from the Senator. In my last letter I said if any reasonable excuse could be made for such unjust discrimination, it was due to the General's widow and children as well as to the public, and that if he could make none and would not attempt to palliate or excuse the wrong inflicted upon the General I would feel at liberty to criticise his course in that matter as freely as that of other Senators. When his brother, General Sherman, was removed without cause, he exerted himself to the utmost to get him restored, and one would suppose he would be willing to do justice to a brother general. His silence was ominous. It was the height of absurdity to deny Lincoln's recommenda-

tion in regard to the chief, who had exposed himself in front, and at the same time honor his subordinates. Such rank injustice is almost without a parallel, and if there ever was a case which justified Stanton's criticism of the Republican administration before he entered its cabinet, this is one. Put none but Republicans on guard, however inefficient, must have been the rule, which tolerated the removal of Fremont for checking Stonewall Jackson at Cross Keys and Shields for defeating him before then at Winchester.

It was but inviting defeat and insuring disaster to have placed over both of these soldiers the Bobbin Boy of Massachusetts, N. P. Banks, the politician whose failures in Virginia are only surpassed by what has been justly termed his Red River disaster.

Shields' confirmation was delayed until Colonel Carroll's failure to burn the bridge at Port Republic, as ordered by Shields, which appears in his official report of that affair, and is established beyond doubt by other proof contained herein, and without investigation Shields, while in his prime, was driven from the army. He knew the scandal caused during the Mexican War by Worth's and Pillow's court martials, and being a Democrat, if he had aired his grievances in the press, he would have been classed as a copperhead or traitor, and he had little reason to expect justice from a court martial when the Senate of the United States denied him his richly earned laurels.

He left posterity to vindicate him, when party strifes had ceased and political necessities did not demand martial victims, and in this he proved wise. Missourians elected him to legislate for them in their State Assembly. He was appointed Railroad Commissioner, and in January, 1879, they elected him one of their United States Senators.

Those acts of approval and that of Illinois in selecting him as the only man to ever represent his state in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, are vindications greater than any that a court martial could give. This is a verification of the saying that "He who lives for fame must live for posterity."

Samuel Sprig Carroll was born in Washington City, D. C., September 21, 1833, entered West Point in 1852, graduated in 1856, and appointed to the Tenth U. S. Infantry, with which he served in Minnesota and Kansas. In 1857, he accompanied Johnson's Expedition to Utah, returned in 1859 and was stationed at West Point as quartermaster. In November, 1861, appointed colonel of the Eighth Regiment, Ohio Volunteers; commanded regiment till May 24, 1862, when he was placed in command of a brigade in Shields' division;



COL. CARROLL AT PORT REPUBLIC.

commanded brigade and was nominated brigadier-general, but was not confirmed until May 13, 1864, when he was severely wounded at Spottsylvania and was out of the field until February, 1865, when he was placed in command of the Department of West Virginia. He was appointed brigadier-general May 12, 1864; April 6, 1865, was assigned to command Army of Shenandoah; in May assigned to command First Army Corps, Camp Stoneman, Washington; in July assigned to command the District of Northeast Virginia, headquarters

at Fredericksburg, and in September at Charlottesville, and remained there until January 1, 1866, when he was mustered out of volunteer service and placed on recruiting service. In July appointed lieutenant-colonel Twenty-first U. S. Infantry and joined regiment at Petersburg; in January, 1867, appointed inspector-general, Miles' Division of the Atlantic, until May, 1869, when he was retired as major-general U. S. A., and has since died.

Washington, D. C., February 22, 1894.

W.M. H. CONDON, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 15th inst., asking me if, in my opinion, the late General James Shields was to blame for the federal defeat at Port Republic, Va., and for such details as I can furnish you bearing upon that matter.

In reply to the first and main part of your question, it evidently being the sole item of paramount interest to you, I beg to say that in my humble opinion General Shields was not to blame for our defeat at Port Republic. This opinion is based upon impressions made upon my mind at the time and upon a knowledge of certain facts which transpired while I was actively engaged as one of the factors relating thereto. Shortly after the battle of Port Republic, General Shields was recalled to Washington, and I, with several others of his staff, accompanied him. I saw no further service connected with the army, having shortly afterward received appointment connected with the military branch of the U. S. Navy. It follows, therefore, that the details of the stirring times with General Shields have grown dim in my memory. I submit the following as to the best of my recollection of the Port Republic affair:

I bore the orders from General Shields to Colonel Sprigg Carroll, then commanding brigade, which orders were in regard to the expected battle at Port Republic.

These orders were made out in a private room at the General's headquarters in a hotel at Front Royal, Va., were dictated by the General, written out by Adjutant-General Pelouse, and read over to me by him until committed to memory by me, then given to me to bear out into the rain and dark to Colonel Carroll, whose brigade was in advance some miles up the road toward Front Royal—on the route to Port Republic. Only General Shields, Adjutant-General Pelouse and I were in the room when the orders were made out and issued to me.

These orders were for Colonel Carroll to load up by daybreak his wagons with commissary stores, borrowing from General (Tyler? I am not sure), and then to push forward as a flying column straight to Port Republic, "burn the bridge," and hold Jackson in check, and that he, Shields, would be behind him and come in at his support and a victory would be won, etc. Concluding with these words, "Do this and you will win your stars."

These orders were delivered by me to Colonel Carroll, and he moved early the next morning. I accompanied Colonel Carroll one day's march. It is my impression that rains delayed the celerity of movement originally contemplated for Carroll's brigade, as well as Shields' own supporting column. However, when Carroll had his fight at the bridge (I think a few days had elapsed), the day was fair and his defeated forces (in reasonable order) were met (I cannot recall the distance) by the advance of Shields' main body coming to join in the engagement, and which took position on hills to the right and left and covered, or joined, Carroll's forces. I was not

as far up as the bridge, but with Shields' main body where my duties lay, and saw only this last movement.

Here you have such facts as I can recall with certainty. My humble opinion is no better than that of any other participant—knowing what I know. Other prominent features of that campaign may be known by others and their views may differ from mine. Except the plan of the battle of Chancellorsville, I can recall no great tactics of the war equal to the combinations that were sought to be made effective at the culminating point—Port Republic. Shields and Carroll were both brave and hard fighters. If Carroll had burned the bridge, the chances of defeating Jackson would have been greatly in Shields' favor. No man living could say with certainty before a battle with Jackson that victory was sure to perch upon his banners. It is, however, but natural to conclude that the gallant soldier—the only living man who had ever defeated Jackson (at Winchester)—might have made (had his original plans been carried out) sufficient head against his wily enemy to have been spared all semblance of defeat. It may be urged in General Carroll's behalf that his subsequent brilliant career proved him at Port Republic that which sometimes befalls all men in all walks of life—a victim of unhappy circumstances.

Very respectfully yours,

GEO. B. HAYCOCK.

LETTER FROM GENERAL JONES.

Delaware, Ohio, March 16, 1899.

WILLIAM H. CONDON.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your request for my information as to whether General James Shields issued an order to Colonel Sprigg Carroll to proceed as speedily as possible to Port Republic, and "burn the bridge and win his stars," etc., will say the only personal knowledge I have bearing on the controverted point is, that immediately preceding the disaster to the advance of our forces, under command of Colonel Carroll, a messenger from General Fremont reached General Shields with information as to the position of Fremont's army, and as to his plans and purposes, and I heard General Shields explain to this messenger that he would push his advance to the bridge at Port Republic, burn the same, and then cross his division at Columbia bridge to join Fremont in an effort to crush Jackson. That such was General Shields' purpose, and that he sent this word to General Fremont by the return messenger, I personally know. Columbia bridge had been burned by the Confederates, but a floating bridge was to be constructed over which Shields' division was to pass. Such a bridge was well under way, if not already completed, when the disaster at Port Republic occurred. I remember it was claimed at the time that Colonel Carroll was forced back by superior numbers, and was unable to burn the bridge; others claimed that his cavalry had set it on fire, and that he ordered the fire extinguished, and finally the controversy arose as to whether or not an order to burn the bridge was ever given. I read an article many years ago, purporting to have been written by some gentleman connected with General Fremont's headquarters, in which it was claimed that it was fortunate that the bridge at Port Republic was not burned; that in such an event Jackson would have turned upon and destroyed Fremont's forces. But this writer was evidently not aware of the plan understood between Generals Fremont and Shields, by which Fremont was to be reinforced by Shields' division. Had not the plan of burning the bridge at Port Republic miscarried, and had

Jackson been forced to renew the fight with General Fremont, to save himself he would have been compelled to overcome the combined forces of Fremont and Shields.

At the time the advance under Carroll started for Port Republic, I was absent with an expedition of cavalry, sent from the vicinity of Luray toward Culpepper Courthouse, to ascertain whether our forces were likely to be attacked from the rear by a column rumored to be approaching Luray from that direction. After ascertaining that no danger was to be apprehended from that source, I reported to General Shields, whom I found on the road between Columbia Bridge and Port Republic. It was here the messenger from General Fremont reached us, having crossed the river in a skiff, and the conversation which I have detailed occurred.

Your letter awakens reminiscences of events that occurred thirty-seven years ago, when I was a young lieutenant in the Fourth Ohio, doing active duty as an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Shields. I was detailed from the ranks, and saw General Shields for the first time when I reported for duty at his headquarters. I was by his side when he was wounded at the battle of Winchester, and remained with him until he quit the service. I loved him, was beloved by him, and I greatly revere his memory. After his resignation I returned to my regiment and company in Carroll's Brigade, and the most precious legacy that I will be enabled to leave my children is the fact that their father fought in Carroll's Brigade, under Hancock, at Gettysburg.

General Shields and General Carroll were officers of such superb valor that those who served under them would much prefer to extol their virtues than to call up any matter of controversy between them that might in any way reflect upon the memory of either.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN S. JONES.

GENERAL COPPINGER'S LETTER.

Fort Houston, San Antonio, Texas, March 15, 1894.

Dear Sir:—I received yesterday your letter and Donahoe's Magazine containing memoir of General Shields. For both accept my thanks.

I regret greatly I cannot throw any light on disputed points concerning orders at the battle of Port Republic. I was not there. I know nothing definite of the orders issued.

Concerning the bridge, my impression was that "somebody blundered," and that that "somebody" was not General Shields.

I knew him intimately. He was a grand man and a gallant soldier. In my judgment, his fighting in the Shenandoah Valley was masterly, where so many had tried and failed.

Of his aides-de-camp Captain Keily was shot through the head, both jaws broken, at Port Republic; recovered enough to serve again, but ultimately died.

Colonel J. O'Keefe, shot twice at Five Forks, and died of the wounds a few weeks after.

Colonel Miles Keough, killed with General Custer on Little Big Horn in fight with Sioux Indians.

They came directly from Italy, where they were lieutenants in the Pope's service. They went directly to the field in Virginia. They fought, they died—these gallant Irish gentlemen—dear old boys—God bless them.

Faithfully yours,

J. J. COPPINGER.

General Phil Sheridan, in February, 1862, was in Missouri, under General Curtis, acting as chief quartermaster, a position he was worked out of by an Iowa ex-banker, who, after the war, was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a large sum of money from the United States Treasury at Washington while employed there as clerk.

General Halleck sent Sheridan to purchase horses for the army, and for that purpose he went to Madison and Racine, Wis., and Chicago, which place he made the center of his operations. This is the duty he was performing when General Shields defeated Stonewall Jackson. Sheridan's rank then was captain of infantry.

If Colonel Carroll, on June 9 of that year, at Port Republic, had burned the bridge, as Colonel Haycock's evidence conclusively proves he was ordered to do, the effect on Stonewall Jackson and his army would have been disastrous in the extreme. More proof of this cannot be required than the admission of General Oates of the Confederate forces, who, on December 6, 1893, as a member of Congress, said: "Shields had made a circuit of the valley up the river so as to get before us, and he had a long march to make to reach Port Republic. But he had pressed on until he had approached that village, and had he crossed his force into the forks of the two rivers and captured the bridge, there was no escape for Jackson. He would have had an army in his rear and one in his front, and near the crossing of the river, with no road or bridge to escape, and it would probably have proved his destruction."

If Shields, in addition to having defeated Stonewall Jackson at Winchester in March, had destroyed or captured his entire army in June, would he not have been one of the Shermans, Sheridans or Meades of that war? Alas, that the blunder of a subordinate should deprive his chief of merited renown, curb the career of a "born soldier" in his prime, and cause his removal from command, while the cause of his downfall is rewarded with increased honors.

It is very gratifying to find that my work in behalf of the Shields' statue was the occasion which produced such convincing proof and conclusive evidence as is contained in General Oates' speech, that Jackson's escape and the capture of the bridge at Port Republic was not through any fault of General Shields. If not, why should he have been denied by a war Senate his major-generalship, won at Winchester? Was not that rank injustice and outrageous treatment? Kimball, Tyler and Sullivan, his subordinates at Winchester, all rewarded and he censured, impliedly, by his subsequent removal from command. Look at his picture, denoting health and vigor, and see if there is in a lineament of his features the faintest indication of weakness or irresolution.

I have heard it from scores that Colonel Carroll reached the bridge, planted his guns, put the combustibles on the bridge, to burn it as ordered, and then, thinking the force on the other side was small, he delayed to capture it, was deceived, and then was driven from the bridge, which his force left without even lighting a match to burn it.

Such criminal negligence was almost treason. It was willful vio-

lation of written orders, as Colonel Haycock's letter shows, if it was not cowardice, shown at a vital time.

That Carroll was known to have been blameworthy, most regimental and other historians concede, which, in a measure, accounts for the Senate's failure to confirm him as a brigadier for nearly two years afterward.

No one wrote the history of his regiment, the Eighth Ohio, for nearly a score of years after the blunder at the bridge, trusting, probably, to time to wipe out the disgrace from Carroll's record. General Jones, in his letter, praises Carroll, yet corroborates others in regard to Shields' intended junction with Fremont frustrated by Carroll and others.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Senator Shields in Minnesota—One of the Founders of Faribault and Shieldsville—His Election as One of Its First Senators—Departure for California—Marriage There—His Children—Small Pension Until Just Before His Death.

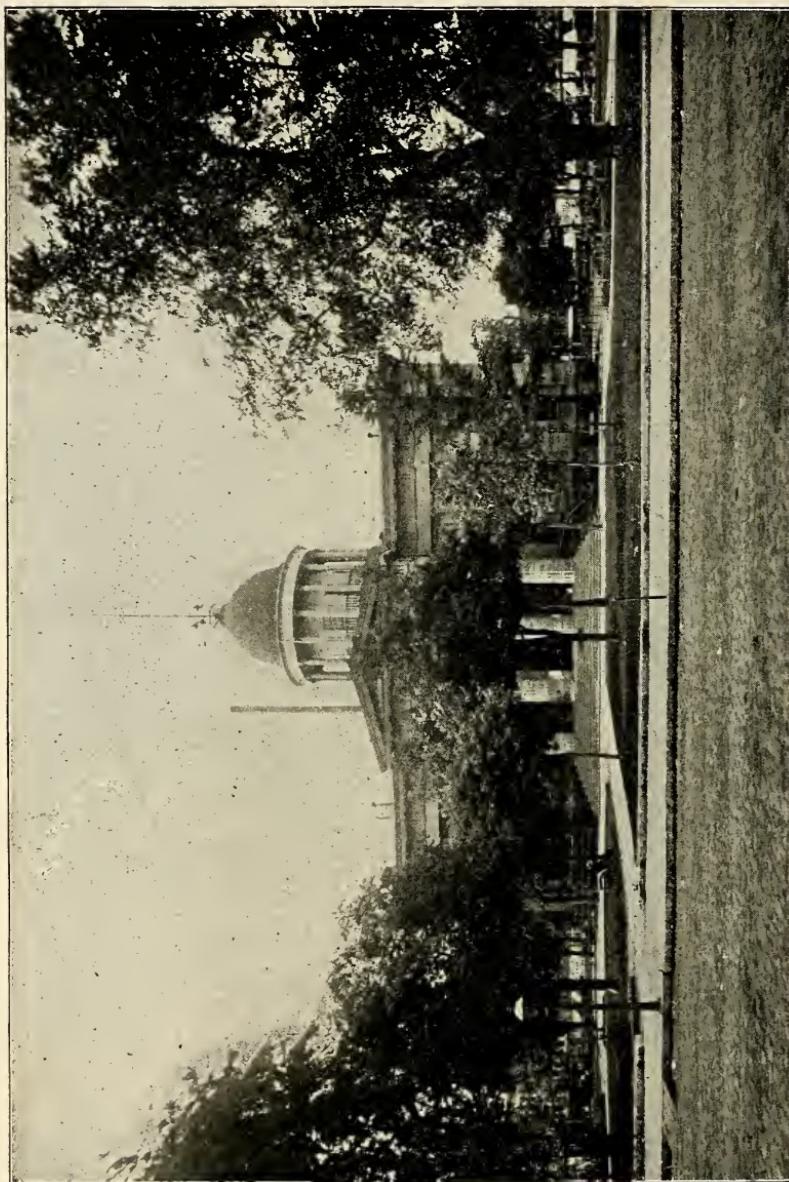
I find the following in a History of Faribault, Minn.:

"The first proprietors of what is known as the old town were A. Faribault, Luke Hulitt, W. Morris and H. H. Sibley, and successively appear the names of J. W. Smith, Porter Nutting, J. H. Mills, W. Sherwood, Sr., Samuel Wallace. General Shields, late United States Senator from Illinois, purchased an interest in the town in 1855, and received a deed from Judge Chatfield May 29, 1856. General Shields, as agent and attorney of the company, has since issued titles for all the lots sold; the old site, as surveyed and plotted by B. Densmore, contains 280 acres. The population of Faribault was estimated in 1888 at about 6,500, while to-day (1898) it is safe to assert it exceeds 9,000.

Alexander Faribault and General James Shields were the principal proprietors of the original town of Faribault. General Shields for six years served with marked ability in the Senate of Illinois, and, at the expiration of his term, in 1855, came to Minnesota. In 1855 President Pierce appointed him territorial governor of Oregon, which position he held only for a brief period.

He founded the village of Shieldsville, and soon afterward took up his residence in Faribault, Minn., being interested in the town site company. When the first Legislature of Minnesota convened at St. Paul in December, 1858, it elected General Shields and Henry M. Rice United States Senators. The General drew the short term of two years. His term having expired, he failed to be reelected, and in 1860 went to California.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion he tendered his services to President Lincoln and was appointed a brigadier-general in Banks' corps. He soon again displayed his military genius and fighting qualities by decisively defeating Stonewall Jackson in the battle of Winchester. For his services in this brilliant victory President Lincoln nominated him a major-general, but the Senate re-



OLD STATE HOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., IN WHICH GEN. SHIELDS WAS ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR.

fused to confirm the appointment, and General Shields resigned his commission and returned to California, afterward removing to Missouri. In 1879 he again entered politics and was elected United States Senator from Missouri to fill an unexpired term. He ran for Congress in 1875, and, though receiving a majority of the votes cast, his opponent contested the seat and the Republican Congress unseated the General. In 1878 the House passed a bill authorizing the President to appoint him a brigadier-general of the United States Army on the retired list, but the Senate failed to concur. During the last few years of his life he frequently lectured, and was everywhere received with marks of esteem and appreciation. He died suddenly at Ottumwa, Iowa, where he was lecturing and visiting friends, on Sunday evening, June 1, 1879. The funeral took place at Carrollton, Mo., and the remains now lie in the little cemetery near that city. Thus ended the brilliant and romantic career of a man whose native genius, indomitable pluck and tireless energy enabled him to surmount all obstacles and to place his name high on the pedestal of fame in his adopted land, which he loved and for which he shed his blood and devoted the best years of an honest life.

Shieldsville was subdivided into lots by General Shields in 1855, and he had a farm in the suburbs, on which he had men running a sawmill by hand. It is said when he went to California he gave the farm to a nephew.

The town is about ten miles northwest of Faribault, and, while fairly prosperous, was outstripped by the latter place, at which many state institutions are located.

Shieldsville is blessed with a fine Catholic church, built of stone, eight large creameries, several large stores, sawmills, grist mills, schools and every indication of thrift and prosperity.

Its inhabitants are principally industrious mechanics, with a fair sprinkling of members of the different professions. Its postmaster, Patrick McKenna, has resided there since the place was started, and, like his neighbors, reveres the memory of its founder.

General Shields was elected United States Senator from Minnesota May 12, 1858, and in drawing lots drew the short term, which was thence to March 4, 1859.

Mrs. Shields was Mary Ann Carr. She was born in Longhall, County Armagh, Ireland. She emigrated with her father and mother when she was only ten years old. Only a few weeks after arrival here her father died of sunstroke, and one year later her mother died, leaving her an orphan. The General was then living at Faribault, near St. Paul, where she first met him. He left about that time for California. Judge Corkery and his wife left St. Paul shortly after and went to California. Miss Carr went with them as companion to Mrs. Corkery, who was delicate.

The General opened a law office in San Francisco

and the Judge was his partner. He and the young lady met frequently at Corkery's and the result was marriage. She was a kind, affectionate and attentive wife, devoted to her husband's welfare, and has shown great wisdom in caring for her children since the General's death, always strictly attentive to her home duties and the welfare of her children.

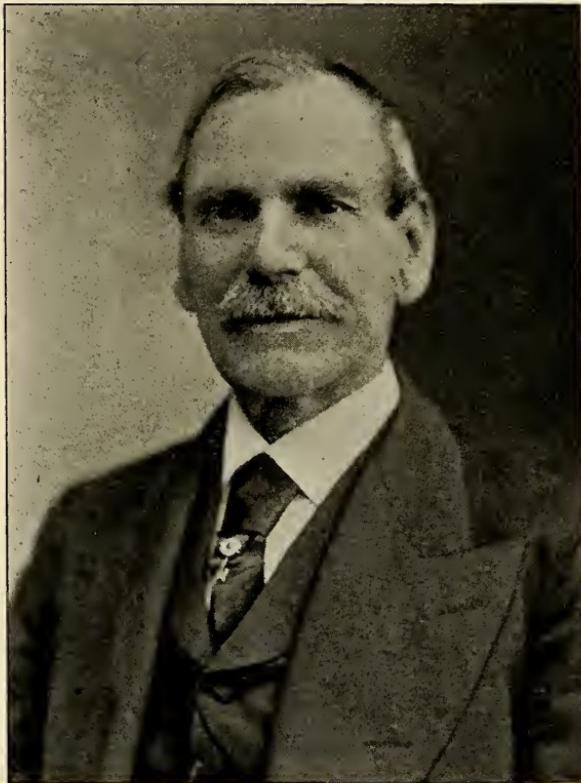
There were five children born to them. Mary, who died when eight years of age, and James, who lived to about the same age. His father regretted his loss very much and some believe he never ceased to grieve over it. He was the General's image and seemed to have inherited all his fine traits of character. He had the same fiery gray eyes, quick movement and temperament.

Charles J. was the next child. He is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, of the law department of the Washington Lee University of Virginia, and was practicing his profession at Carrollton, Missouri, but is in the army in Porto Rico.

Katherine J., his daughter, graduated from the Boston Conservatory of Music with the highest honors. She is organist of the Catholic Church at Carrollton, where she resides with her mother, and no ladies in the city are more highly respected. I regret to learn that her health is poor.

Daniel J. was educated at the Christian Brothers' School and Georgetown University at Washington, and is connected with the Wabash Railroad at St. Louis.

In 1894, when I last saw her, she was bright and active, drove her own phaeton, from which she alighted as briskly as her daughter could, and everywhere cordially greeted by the best people of Carrollton. Her daughter is an accomplished equestrienne, and I was pleased to hear a fine old gentleman say to her, "That horse of Charlie's is not good enough for you to ride. I'm going out to buy a drove and shall see that you have a better one than his to ride soon." This shows how the General stood among his neighbors. I regret that I cannot induce Mrs. Shields to sit for her picture.



Very much truly
James Shields

SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

General Shields first applied for pension January 17, 1859, and he was granted a pension of \$30 per month, commencing February 21, 1859, for disability caused by gunshot wound of right chest, received in the battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico, April 18, 1847, and a gunshot wound of the left arm, received at the storming of Chapultepec, Mexico, on the 13th day of September, 1847.

When he entered the service during the late War of the Rebellion, his pension under existing laws ceased from the date of his entry into the service, December 6, 1861. After his discharge from the service March 28, 1863, his pension was restored to him, to commence the date after his discharge, namely, March 29, 1863. He was paid at that rate until June 18, 1878, when the pension was increased by special act of Congress to \$100 per month.

By a special act of Congress, approved June 28, 1879, payment of pension at the rate of \$100 per month was continued to his widow and children, the full amount of said pension to be paid the widow during her widowhood, and at the expiration thereof, if the same should occur while said children or any of them are under the age of sixteen years, then the said pension to be paid to such of said children as may then be under the age of sixteen years, in equal parts, until they respectively arrive at that age.

CHAPTER XIX.

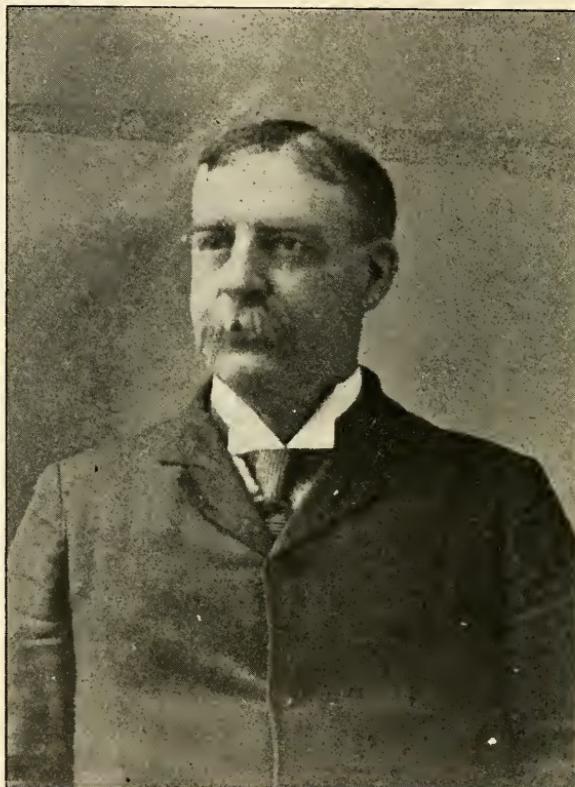
Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Organization of the Shields Guard at Auburn, N. Y., in 1877—Welcome by Colonel Kennedy—Response by General Shields—Procession—Flag of the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina Carried Through the Mexican War—Speaker Pomeroy's Address—Governor Robinson's Welcome—Governor Wade Hampton's Response—General Shields' Enthusiastic Welcome and Brilliant Speech.

The celebration of the Twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Shields Guards, a military body of Auburn, N. Y., was the occasion of General James Shields' visit to that city on July 20, 1877. The celebration had been suggested and elaborately planned by Captain M. H. Hogan, of the Shields Guards, and the famous hero of two wars had very graciously accepted the invitation to be present. An invitation had also been extended to and accepted by General Wade Hampton, governor of South Carolina, who had been with the famous Palmetto regiment at the battle of Churubusco. Governor Robinson of the Empire State was also invited to be present at the ceremonies.

Governor Robinson had notified the reception committee of his arrival in the city, on the evening of June 19, and preparations had been made to give the chief executive of the state a royal welcome. There was an immense assembly at the station to await the arrival of Governor Robinson. The large building was crowded to its utmost extent, and the streets adjoining were filled with an enthusiastic, surging mass of people, all anxious to catch a sight of the distinguished guest. The stirring strains of the Old Auburn Band and a salvo of artillery, by Captain Webster's firing party, emphasized the cordial welcome of the populace. The Governor and his son, Hon. D. C. Robinson, were conducted through the crush of people by Captain Hogan and Hon. Charles N. Ross to a carriage and conveyed to the residence of the latter gentleman, preceded by the band and accompanied by a large concourse of people. As the party passed St. Peter's Church, the chimes struck out a merry welcome.

The arrival of General Shields was made with the modesty characteristic of a true soldier, quietly and unannounced. Although coming on the same train with Governor Robinson, no dispatches preceded him, and the reception committee departed from the station, leaving the old hero to find his own way to the hotel. This just suited

the dry humor of the General, and, without making himself known, he passed to the Osborne House and registered his name. This led to inquiry, and the word was rapidly passed that the General had come, and the welcome, though delayed a short time, must have satisfied him that the hero of Cerro Gordo, Churubusco and Winchester had warm friends in the city. These friends, twenty-five years before, delighted to honor his glorious deeds by giving his name to one of its leading military organizations. Preceded by the band, the General



CAPT. M. H. HOGAN, NOW OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

was at once conducted to the residence of Mr. Ross, whose guest he was during his stay in Auburn.

General Wade Hampton arrived the next morning at an early hour. He was also given a rousing welcome. He was escorted to the residence of Mr. Ross, where he met his old friend, General Shields, and Governor Robinson.

The mammoth celebration had been announced throughout the state, and the trains on the different railroads leading into Auburn

were crowded with visitors. The cordial reception of the visitors was evidenced by a general display of decorations from public and private buildings. It was an elaborate demonstration of popular enthusiasm. On the arrival of the Independent Zouaves of Rochester, with the regimental band of that city, they were escorted to the residence of Mr. Ross by the Shields Guards. Their handsome appearance and soldierly bearing elicited considerable applause. After a selection by the band, Colonel T. J. Kennedy, in behalf of the Shields' Guards and their visitors, made the following address:

"General Shields: In behalf of the Shields Guards and of the Rochester Zouaves, commanded by Captain Ward, we welcome you to Auburn, and your fellow citizen and friend, General Hampton. We remember your brave acts on the field of battle in Mexico. It was with a thrill of joy we heard of your victories. It was with sorrow we heard of the deep wounds received in your country's service. It is with heartfelt pleasure we meet you here to-day, and we pray that you may live in future time to see our nation, our whole country, united and happy, for no man has a better right to enjoy his country's happiness and prosperity than he who has shed his blood on foreign soil and upon our own, for the defense of the flag.

"Therefore, in behalf of these soldiers, like yourself, natives of the Green Isle, but true adopted citizens of this country, following its flag where duty calls, I bid you welcome.

"And to you, sir, Governor Hampton of South Carolina, I extend a cordial welcome. It was my fortune at the opening of the late war to be one of the first men in the state to offer my services to the country. The first military company was organized under my command, and I remember well the day of our first parade in the streets of Auburn, the day we heard of the firing on Fort Sumter. With sad hearts we moved forward to the inevitable contest. The day was fair and pleasant, like this, and we rejoice, after years of separation and estrangement, to meet in friendly reunion, the Governor of the representative Southern commonwealth, the 'Palmetto' State. We have met him before, some of us, on the field of battle, and learned to honor his valor and that of the brave men under his command. With that contest we have nothing to do to-day. A want of the knowledge of the South on the part of the North and a want of the knowledge of the North on the part of the South led to many errors, and now we seek a better understanding. We seek to forgive and forget the mistakes of the past, weeping for those who fell in battle—mourning the brave men who gave their lives for their convictions. Meeting thus to-day, fellow citizens and soldiers of the North, and you, the Governor of a southern state, we say to you, we welcome you heartily.

"And General Shields, who before the war fought with the soldiers of the South in the battles of our common country, under the 'Palmetto' flag, it is no common event that these two gentlemen meet under these circumstances. Each representing a section of our reunited land, you meet in fraternal regard, under the flag of our glorious country, the stars and stripes. Shoulder to shoulder, you and the sections you represent are henceforth to stand united as one against foreign foes, never again to wage unfriendly strife against each other.

"Once more I bid you welcome, and the blessings of Providence rest upon you and may your lives long be spared to your country."

General Shields then came forward and replied in a voice choked with emotion. As he proceeded, something of the ancient fire came

into his blood, and the old-time eloquence to his lips, giving the hearer a faint idea of the personal magnetism the old hero must have possessed over his soldiers in the days when he was ever a leader where danger was most threatening.

"Fellow Soldiers of the Shields Guard, Fellow Soldiers of Rochester and Fellow Citizens: I thank you sincerely for the kind and generous welcome you are giving us to-day. I came to Auburn with some reluctance, from my quiet home, but I cannot now express to you my gratitude for the invitation or the pleasure it affords me to be present. You will excuse me from making a speech at this time. I have only to say that I came here to see the members of the Shields Guard, who have done me the honor to keep up my poor name for the past twenty-five years. I wanted to take each member by the hand and thank them for this courtesy. I wanted to thank the citizens of Auburn for their kindness toward this company, which bears my humble name. I wanted to come here to meet, perhaps for the last time, the Governor of the grand, noble, old "Palmetto" State of South Carolina."

Three rousing cheers were then given for South Carolina, and then the General continued his remarks, concluding by introducing General Wade Hampton. General Hampton excused himself from extended remarks and briefly alluded to the object of his visit—to bring the famous flag of the Palmetto regiment, that it might be borne in the procession of the Shields Guard. His remarks were greeted with cheers, and the soldiers filed away to join the line of march.

The line formed in State street and moved at 11 o'clock, under command of Chief Marshal Major William H. Boyle and aids, Colonel T. J. Kennedy, Lieutenant-Colonel C. V. Houghton, Forty-eighth Regiment, Oswego; Major R. P. Schooley, Fifty-fourth Regiment, Rochester; Major M. Auer, Yates Dragoons, Syracuse; Commissary John J. Letchworth; Chief Engineer James H. Norris, Christopher Deering and Quartermaster Frank H. Griswold. The line moved into Clarke street. The following is the formation of the procession:

Chief Marshal. Fifty-fourth Band of Rochester. Rochester Zouaves, Captain Ward. Forty-ninth Regiment Band. Forty-ninth Regiment Drum Corps. Forty-ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Colonel J. E. Storke. Storke Cadets, Major Frank Richardson. Seward Post, G. A. R., Commander W. E. Webster. Auburn City Band. Auburn Fire Department. Carriages, with Superintendent Pillsbury, Warden Welles of the Prison, Mayor McCrea and Common Council.

General Shields carried the flag of the veteran Palmetto regiment of South Carolina which was borne by that gallant organization in the Mexican war. The line of march led to Burt's Grove, in the southern part of the city, which was reached at 12 o'clock. It was there that the exercises of the day were held.

The distinguished visitors were escorted to a grand platform. The colors of the Shields Guard and the famous Palmetto flag were

planted on the platform, and the sword presented to General Shields by the state of South Carolina for his gallantry during the Mexican war was also displayed. It attracted much attention, both on account of its elegant workmanship and its associations. The sword was inclosed in an elegant scabbard, richly ornamented with jewels, containing the names and dates of the several engagements in which the General won renown. It was inscribed as follows: "From the State of South Carolina to General Shields, in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican war, and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto Regiment."

On the platform were seated Governor Robinson, Governor Hampton, General Shields, Hon. T. M. Pomeroy, Hon. D. C. Robinson, Hon. C. N. Ross, Elmore P. Ross, Esq., Mayor McCrea, the Board of Aldermen, General J. N. Knapp, W. J. Moses, Hon. D. A. Ogden of Penn Yan, Hon. Clinton Page of Binghamton, Henry Stowell of Seneca Falls, F. J. Patten of New York Sun, F. H. Hovey of the Rochester Express, Dr. Bunce of Louisiana, and other less noted persons.

Hon. T. M. Pomeroy, ex-speaker of the House of Representatives, was the first to deliver an address from the platform. He spoke as follows:

"It is my pleasure, in behalf of the Shields Guard, to extend the most cordial welcome to all their invited guests here present, to honor the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their organization; and especially to you, General Shields, the distinguished soldier and statesman, whose name they bear, and to Governors Robinson and Hampton, the compliment of whose presence is a compliment, indeed.

"It is certainly an occasion which is graced by the presence of the governors of two states, which were represented in the thirteen stars, which appeared upon our national flag, when first unfurled a hundred years ago. The simple celebration of such an anniversary, by a single company of the National Guard of New York in a quiet inland city like ours, would assuredly never have sufficed to have brought together upon this platform two gentlemen thus representing the executive offices of the states so widely separated by distance and so little related in material industries and social intercourse as New York and South Carolina.

"The Shields Guard was organized soon after the close of the Mexican war, while yet the sounds of Palo Alto, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco and Chapultepec were ringing in the public ear like the echoes of near thunder. It was a war unique in our history. It is the only one in which our nation has been engaged that was fought entirely, or principally, upon foreign soil. The invading army was so small that each regiment, almost each officer, preserved an individual character to the end. Worth, Hardin, Shields, and their gallant comrades, stand out as plainly as their commanders, Scott and Taylor, on the page of history. They are clearly defined, each in his separate sphere, as separate pieces of statuary upon a common pedestal. When the haze of three centuries shall have gathered about the battlefields of Mexico, the achievements of our little army will seem to posterity as romantic, as now to us appear those of the invading army of Cortez.

"The Shields Guard was organized and has ever remained composed, mainly, if not entirely, of citizens of Irish descent. No wonder then, that in casting about for a name, they should have adopted that of their then young countryman, who, coming here a boy, an alien and

a stranger, had in two wars gallantly won his way in a military promotion from a simple lieutenant to a major-general, and, in addition had won such advancement in the field of politics that the great state of Illinois had commissioned him to represent them in the Senate of the United States. It is with no common pleasure, therefore, General Shields, that to-day your presence is most heartily welcomed here, as an acknowledgment on your part that in this act of theirs they have not taken your name in vain.

"And I may say here, on my own account, for I have been a resident of Auburn during the whole period of the existence of this company, and all of our citizens will concur with me in saying it, that at no time, and on no occasion, have the Shields Guard done discredit to him whose honored name they adopted.

"They none the less, but, rather the more, appreciate the presence of Governors Robinson and Hampton, knowing, as they do, that it is a deserving token of respect from their several states to the distinguished soldier and statesman under whose inspiration the united regiments of the Empire and Palmetto states were held to the bloody charge which contributed so much to the victory of Churubusco, and as a further assurance, on the part of their several states, that under the same command, should occasion again require them to defend the soil, or the flag of the Union, the united regiments of both states will not be wanting.

"The fragrance of the blossoms just scattered, by common consent, upon the graves of the dead of our Civil War will ascend as incense to the patriotism of all living; and the common consciousness of all reasonable men that now is the great opportunity for the development of our democratic government under the American nationality will grow into inspiration of our future. The unfortunate opportunity for European interference with American institutions, during our division, disappears with our reunion, and the Monroe Doctrine again becomes the Gibraltar of the free governments of the Western Hemisphere.

"A confirmed union, universal liberty under constitutional guarantees, and absolute freedom of national development, are the seeds gathered for us from the threshing floor of war, and though we may sow tares with them, the same heavenly promise that has given to us seed time will secure to posterity the harvest. Love does not flourish in the soil of domestic suspicion, nor patriotism in the soil of sectional hate. Our war is ended. God's judgment upon our great trial by the wager of battle is final. The record is made up. Its issues cannot be retried. Standing on that judgment, by that judgment, the past is as the night, the present as the morning, and the future as the day.

"And to you, gentlemen, citizens, soldiers of the National Guard from our neighboring cities and villages, who are here to show your kind appreciation of the soldierly bearing and gentlemanly deportment of the Shields Guard during the past twenty-five years; and to the other companies composing their comrades of the Forty-ninth Regiment, including its promising appendage of the young Storke Cadets, and to the firemen of our city, who have so generously united in this demonstration, and to the Mayor and Common Council, and our citizens generally, I tender again the thanks of the company.

Mayor McCrea then introduced Governor Robinson, who was received with enthusiastic rounds of applause. Governor Robinson's address of welcome to Governor Hampton is appended:

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens: I appear before you for the purpose of introducing to you a distinguished gentleman, the Governor of the State of South Carolina, and of welcoming him here to our state.

"Governor Hampton, I am aware that your visit here is unofficial and prompted by motives of personal friendship to the venerable veteran of the Mexican war, who is with us, and to the military organization which bears his honored name. But I cheerfully avail myself of the occasion to welcome you to the state of New York.

"In doing so I need not refer to events that have passed into the history of our country, nor to those of a purely political character, but only to those of recent occurrence and of national importance. The manly and heroic qualities which you have shown within the last six months have established your fame forever in the hearts of the American people. When, after you had been elected governor by the people of South Carolina, you found the capitol of your state in possession of federal troops, forbidding your entrance and compelling members of your Legislature to pass under the censorship of an armed military guard, the inevitable popular excitement created thereby spread over the whole country. Universal apprehension and alarm prevailed, when it was seen that a single indiscreet word would rekindle the flames of civil war and again deluge the land with blood. But you uttered no such word nor performed no such act. With patience, with moral courage, and with absolute self-command, you met the storm of human passion and arrested its progress. With your own voice and your well-deserved magnetic power over the people, you upheld the majesty of the law. You preserved the peace, you appealed from the injustice and wrong which you were suffering to the reason and conscience of the nation. Your appeal was heard, your vindication came. Truth and justice triumphed. The federal troops no longer march through your legislative halls. You are fully installed in the possession of your office and your rights as governor of the state.

"I am sure that I speak the voice of the Empire State when I once more bid you welcome to her soil, alike for your personal worth and your high position in the gallant state of which you are the honored chief. In these, the days of corruption and extravagance in public service, New York is proud to hail you as the chosen leader of your people in the war waged by all good citizens against official malfeasance and legislative traffic in the rights of men. The record of your life assures us that in this struggle for honest government, South Carolina could have no nobler chieftain, and New York no more worthy ally.

"Fellow citizens, I have now the honor to present to you, his excellency, Wade Hampton, Governor of South Carolina."

Governor Wade Hampton of South Carolina was then introduced by the Mayor. His appearance was the signal for a spontaneous outbreak of applause.

"Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency and Fellow Citizens of New York: I need not to say to you how profoundly I have been touched by the too flattering remarks of the gentlemen who have presented me to you, and how cordially I appreciate the compliments they have paid my native state. I come, as your Governor has said, not in an official capacity. I did not even come to take an active part in the demonstration of the Shields Guard and the citizens of Auburn. I came solely to join in paying honor to a gallant soldier, and my old friend, General Shields. I came at his request to bring from South Carolina that flag which waved over him on the hills and plains of Mexico—that little flag which derives not a little of its luster from his brilliant achievements.

"That was the flag, my friends, which was first placed on the walls of the City of Mexico, over the halls of the Montézumas. It was the last flag to wave as the conquering army left the capitol, the

regiment remaining by request of the Mexican city authorities and forming the rear guard.

"That regiment, my friends, went out eleven hundred strong, comprising the best blood of the state—young men buoyant with life and hope. It returned to South Carolina with but 220 men, and now but a small number of them are left to guard this sacred relic. I am sure they would have loaned it for no other purpose than that it might do honor to the man who did honor to it. Your distinguished Governor has been pleased to allude to the contest in South Carolina. That, my friends, was not a political struggle; it rose far higher than any such contest ever waged on this continent. It was a contest for civilization, for home rule, good government, for life itself. It was a contest waged by the people of South Carolina, not as demagogues would tell you—against Northern men. It was a contest waged against the carpet-bagger; and when I say carpet-bagger, I mean by that a thief. We do not call any Northern man, any Irishman, any German, any Englishman, who settles in our midst as an honest citizen, a carpet-bagger. We welcome such with open arms. We tell them to come to our genial skies and fertile soil. Come one, come all, and I pledge them, in the name of the state, a hospitable, warmhearted reception. We do not ask whether they are Republicans or Democrats. I want to impress this on your minds and will do it by an illustration. What was done by the Democratic Legislature of South Carolina in almost its first action? A vacancy occurred on the Supreme Court bench of the state. A chief justice was to be elected. It was a place which had been filled by men of the highest reputation in our commonwealth. The names of honored sons of Carolina who would have done honor to any bench in the country were presented; but that Democratic Legislature elected to the Supreme Court a citizen of New York who came to the state as a soldier and who is a Republican.

"What further proof do you want that we are not governed by proscriptive feeling? Does it not show that we have fulfilled the pledges and promises made during the last canvass to make no distinction on account of race, color, or party?

"I declared that if I should be elected governor of the whole people of South Carolina, that I would know no race, no party, no color; that all men who stood on the soil of North Carolina, native or foreign born, white or black, should be equal before the law, and so help me God, it shall be done.

"I am glad to say the bitterness which marked that strife is passing away. And I say to you, men of New York, as I say at home, that I owe my election to the colored men of South Carolina. Thousands of them voted for me, knowing that I had been a good friend of the race; knowing that I was the first man after the war to recommend that they should be given the right of suffrage, and I have never yet changed my opinion on the subject. Knowing this, they sustained me in large numbers, and I am happy to say that nearly all the fears of the more ignorant are passing away and they are satisfied that they will be dealt with in all respects as citizens of South Carolina. We intend to try to elevate them, to teach them, and show them the responsibility as well as the blessings of liberty. We want them, as other citizens of America and South Carolina, to be worthy of the great boon of citizenship in this great republic.

"My friends, I must again thank you for this most cordial greeting, doubly gratifying because it is the voice of New York reverberating to South Carolina. I came, as I said, to do honor to my distinguished friend, General Shields. He wore the blue and I wore the grey, but we can let the curtain drop over those years and go back to the time when that flag borne by him waved alike over men of the South and men of the North. And I say this to you—a South-

ern man and a rebel, who fought as hard as he knew how against you. And I say, also, that if that flag floats as it should do over free and equal states, if it shall be the symbol of liberty and equality and justice to all the states and to every man in every state, the men of the South will honor it and love it as of old, and the time may come once more when New York and South Carolina shall stand shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy and their blood mingle upon the soil. My friends, I shall bear the cordial greeting back home with me to our little Palmetto State, and assure our people that your hearts here throb kindly for us. I trust in God that a better future is before the whole country, and that we shall have peace, liberty and prosperity to everyone under the constitution."

Mayor McCrea then introduced the hero of the day, General James Shields, who was greeted by three enthusiastic cheers and a tiger. His true Celtic humor and eloquence held the audience to the close.

"Fellow Citizens and Fellow Soldiers: I left my home the other day to visit Auburn, expecting to make the acquaintance of the Shields Guard and to thank them for the honor of bearing my name. I expected to make the acquaintance of many people of Auburn and thank them for the kindness they have shown during all these years to the members of the Shields Guard. But such an occasion as this I did not expect, and I am a little bewildered. Such a brilliant spectacle I was not prepared for. I did not dream you had such a great city here, and that you would turn out to give such a welcome. If there is one company in America that ought to be proud to-day it is the Shields Guard of Auburn. Here is the Governor of your great Empire State of New York; a man that I was more anxious to see than any other man in the state. Why? Because his name has been borne over our prairies until it has become a household word with us, and I will give you the reason: For his incorruptible integrity, for his inflexible purpose, rising above the pitiful devices of the politician, and conducting the affairs of this great empire in the interests of the whole people.

"He is here to-day to welcome the Governor of old gallant, chivalric South Carolina, and also to welcome me.

"This company deserves a great deal of credit for what they have done; not because they have kept up my name, though I am a most grateful man for that—I had a great many companies called after me once, but when I went into obscurity, they went into nothingness—and their captain is a man of vim. I do not believe there is a man on earth who could have dragged me from home but that same gentleman. But I thank him from my heart, and I thank you, citizens of Auburn, for bringing me here. It is a glorious day in my life.

"And here is the Governor of South Carolina come to honor the anniversary—Wade Hampton, the savior of his state. If there is one man in America who should be welcome in the State of New York, that man is Governor Hampton. There does not live a people more ready to appreciate true greatness than the people of this great sovereign state. He has redeemed South Carolina without doing wrong to any man or class of men of any color. What a magnanimous example to the other states of the Union. Yes, he is welcome here, and welcome anywhere in this broad land. He is a representative man. He represents his own state, represents American manhood, represents the best qualities of human nature, justice, moderation and true American conservatism. Napoleon once said of one of his generals that if he had a hundred of such men he would place France at the head of the world. If we had a succession of governors like

Robinson and Hampton, it would place America at the head of the world.

"Now I am coming in for a large share of praise, for all this, and that bewilders me. I am not a governor, or a distinguished citizen. I am simply a private citizen, living in retirement and almost obscurity; I am a kind of a farmer; all my reputation is that I am an honest man, and about the poorest farmer in Carroll County. And yet this has a great significance to me. It has a great many meanings. Twenty-five years ago this company was organized in Auburn. It assumed my name and emblazoned it on its standard. It has kept up that name for twenty-five years. It keeps it up now, and that company has not sullied that name from that day to this. Sixty-seven years ago I was born to the inheritance of that name. I have borne it for sixty-seven years, through all the trials of peace and war. Your gathering to-day is a certificate to all the world that the name you bear and the name I bear is still unsullied. Such a certificate was well worth a visit to Auburn.

"I suppose the members of this company, like myself, are nearly all adopted citizens, and I tell you we will not yield to any native citizen in fidelity to the United States government. The Irish have proved it on many occasions, on every battlefield in America and in all countries, I believe. They are fond of a free fight. They love a battle for the excitement of it, not from the love of carnage, like the savage, or a Bashi-bazouk, but for the fun of the thing. I will give you one anecdote, and then I will close. Lord Castlereagh, when minister at Paris, had for his coachman one Tom Doyle of Galway, and he was just the man for Lord Castlereagh. He would have driven a four-in-hand down the crater of Vesuvius. One day his Lordship was out in the vicinity of Paris, taking an airing. Tom was driving and some of the royal family were in the carriage. They passed a field where some Frenchmen were fighting, and Tom says, 'Thim Frenchmen don't know how to fight the Galway style. Hould the reins, your honor, and I will show them how to fight in civilized style.' His Lordship, who was the politest man in all Europe, took the reins and Tom jumped over the fence and laid about him right and left. The Frenchmen, surprised at the sudden attack, made common cause against the invader. After half an hour's engagement they all became tired, and Tom Doyle was allowed to retire with the honors of war. When he came back I do not think such a spectacle was ever seen in France. His eyes were black, his nose bloody, his head battered to a jelly, but Tom was happy, and simply remarked that 'he had not had such an illigant time since he left Galway.'

The above conveys but a faint idea of the humorous way in which the rollicking story was told. In conclusion, the veteran again expressed his heartfelt thanks for the cordial reception and the kindness shown him. Cheers greeted the conclusion of the speech, and in response to calls, Captain Hogan of the Shields Guard spoke as follows:

"Fellow Citizens: Allow me, in behalf of the Shields Guard, to return to you my most heartfelt thanks for this grand ovation. Allow me to thank the visitors from Rochester, Syracuse, Oswego, and other places, who have joined in the celebration to-day. To our distinguished visitors, Governors Hampton and Robinson, we are grateful beyond words to express for their attendance and the interest they have shown. To General Shields, whose name we bear, we also return our thanks and pray that he may be spared many years in health and strength. Mayor McCrea, the Common Council of Auburn, the firemen and military, I thank you heartily for your co-operation and trust we will be able to repay you at some future time."

This concluded the speaking and the distinguished persons were escorted to the home of Hon. Charles N. Ross, where dinner was

served. In the evening a reception was held at the residence, and more than 4,000 people shook hands with General Shields. At the state armory a grand ball wound up the day's festivities. Brief speeches were made by General Shields and Governors Robinson and Hampton. It was in the wee sma' hours of the morning of the 21st, when the honored soldier and statesman retired.

General Shields' visit to the "Loveliest Village" and the attending ceremonies mark an important event in the history of Auburn.

CHAPTER XX.

Speech at Banquet Given by Meagher's Irish Brigade on the Potomac
—At the Tabernacle in Chicago—Great Political Address Delivered in Kansas City on Greeley and Brown—Letter on Home Rule in Ireland—Introduction of Jefferson Davis at Sisters of Charity Fair.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

The noble sentiments that actuated the brave veteran at that time may be gleaned from the remarks made by him at a banquet given by the Irish Brigade on the Potomac, commanded by General Meagher.

"I was in New Mexico when I first heard of the battle of Bull Run. I read the account in a Spanish newspaper and I wouldn't believe it. I felt it must be an invention of our enemies, for I knew that the Spanish were the most persistent haters of everything American. I had fought in Mexico alongside of Northern men and Southern men, and I knew that both were brave. I did not believe that either would run away, and if any man had dared to tell me that the account was true I would have knocked him down. But shortly after I read the account in our own papers and I felt humiliated. I determined at once to come and offer my services to the government, to be employed in any way in which I could be the most useful. I had not desired to again enter the field of conflict. I had suffered great privations in a soldier's life.

"I desired to spend the short remainder of my life in peaceful associations, and had you been successful I should have done so. But when I saw that you were defeated, when I saw the government which had so long

protected me and from which I and mine had received such great kindness was in danger of being overturned by the hands of traitors, I determined at once to leave my home in the far West and devote what little blood was left in me and the few years that remained to its defense and support. For the future, until this war is ended and the rebellion overcome, I have no political feelings or preferences. Let us, I beg of you, during this conflict have no Democrats, no Republicans, but one party, and that for our whole country in all its integrity."—Irish World.

In the Tabernacle in Chicago the General defined his position on the Irish question very unmistakably. He said:

In two wars he had shed his blood for that flag (pointing to the stars and stripes), and it was his pride both as an Irishman and American soldier that he had never brought a stain upon its folds. ("True for you," and continued cheering.) In defending that flag he had received four wounds, the marks of which he carried on his old, war-worn body—wounds he prided in because received in a proud cause, maintaining the supremacy of the greatest and freest flag on God's broad earth—(vehement applause)—and he would say that if the opportunity came, as he hoped it would come, old as he was, he would be willing to take four more wounds in making that flag (pointing to the Irish colors) a free flag—to float above a country and a people free as the great land they lived in. And, continued General Shields, no Irishman can be true to the American flag who does not honor and uphold the flag of his native country.

In the course of his address he said: "On the hills of Tyrone there roamed an Irish lad—wild as any hare that ever skirted them—born amid wars and rumors of war, with a love of liberty innate in the Irish. He in boyhood left the home of his forefathers to seek freedom where it existed—in America. Ten years later he was making laws with Lincoln and Douglas. Ten years later he was on the Supreme Bench of Illinois. Ten years later he was in Mexico with Scott, Taylor, Wool, Worth and Quitman, and in the Senate of the United States with Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton and other giants, and seventeen years afterward met and defeated Stonewall Jackson.

GREELEY AND BROWN.

Turner-Halle Crowded to Repletion—Masterly Speech of General James Shields—The Hero Statesman's Scathing Review of the Iniquities of Grant's Administration.

The fact that General James Shields, the hero-statesman, would speak at Turner Halle last evening had the effect, notwithstanding the rainy weather, of filling the hall with as large a number of the substantial, tax-paying citizens of Kansas City as have ever been assembled together. The galleries were packed, and standing-room could not be found on the floor. General Shields was introduced by Mr. R. W. Hilliker, president of the Central Greeley and Brown Club of Kansas City.

GEN. SHIELDS' SPEECH.

He said:

This is a time when men who love their country better than party ought to speak out plainly. At a crisis like this, when so much is at stake, it is inexcusable in any man who feels as I do to remain silent or indifferent. For this reason I have come here expressly to exchange views with you, to speak my mind to you, and to consult with you about our duty as Democrats in the approaching campaign. My mind is made up on one point: If we want to rid the country of Grant's administration, we must support the Liberal ticket. A third ticket is an absurdity, and the Democrats who urge it do so with intent to betray the Democratic party. [Applause.] As the matter now stands, there is no alternative. We have to choose between Greeley and Grant. I take it for granted that our first object is to oust the administration. Until this is done we can accomplish nothing. But in spite of its sins, perhaps on account of its sins, the administration is powerful with the people, and will take a powerful combination to defeat it.

It will take a combination of all elements of opposition in America to wrest this country from the deadly grasp of the ultra-Radical party, and no combination would be able to effect this at this time, if Grant's administration had only been a moderately decent success. But it has not. General Grant, as President, is a decided failure. His administration is the greatest failure in our political history. [Applause.] He has had glorious opportunities to make himself invincible with the people, but the man was utterly incapable of turning them either to his own advantage or the advantage of the country. The day he took his seat for the present term in the presidential chair what an opportunity this man had to exalt himself and benefit his country. The whole South, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, lay prostrate before him, bleeding at every pore. He saw the Southern people, people of his own blood and race, crushed in heart and broken in spirit, with their eyes turned to him at Washington as next to God their only hope. As chief magistrate, what was his duty toward the Southern people in that extremity? What was his duty toward them as an American soldier, as a Christian gentleman? To raise them from the earth, to pour balm into their wounds, to speak hope to their hearts, and to restore them to the fellowship of freemen and the rights of free born American citizens. Had General Grant done this, in all America there would be no opposition at this time to his reëlection. His name would be blessed in the South, respected in the North, and honored throughout the civilized world. But the man is by nature incapable of any great, generous, or magnanimous action. [Applause.] He

preferred to give up his time to fast men and fast horses, and to other kindred fast attractions, and to disport himself and his gift carriages right royally at Long Branch and other places of fashionable dissipation; and he abandoned this generous people to the tender mercies of a ring of Radical politicians, who, for meanness, rapacity, and vindictiveness, have no equals, I am happy to say, among the descendants of Europeans on this continent, and very few among the descendants of Africans of the second generation. We dare not call this a political failure. No, it is far worse—it is a political crime—the deepest and darkest in our political history. Well, General Grant's management of foreign affairs is on a par with his management of Southern affairs. His diplomatic exploits have at least the merit of novelty. His first experiment was on San Domingo. San Domingo was not a success; on the contrary, it was a disreputable failure. Even Charles Sumner of Massachusetts could not stand it. [Laughter.] You all know it is a tropical island. Well, Charles Sumner has tropical tastes. He is extremely partial to deep colors, and San Domingo is deep enough in point of color to suit any taste. But Charles Sumner denounced the whole thing in his grand way as a grand swindle and a grand outrage. Of course, it was both a swindle and an outrage. But there was nothing grand about it. It was simply "a pet measure" of the administration to enrich a few relatives and political favorites, and merely violated the law of nations and the Constitution of the United States. I honestly believe that our worthy President is innocently ignorant of the very existence of the law of nations, and he has himself, both as General and President, set the Constitution aside so often under the standing plea of "military necessity," that he ought to be pardoned for happening to forget that such a thing as a Constitution is still in existence in this country. The English treaty was the next great diplomatic achievement of the administration. Everybody has heard of the English treaty and of our claim for consequential damages. Changes have been rung upon this treaty by the administration press of the country. Indecent boasts were published to the world about how our astute diplomats had outwitted John Bull. Grant's superior diplomacy, it was said, filled the world with amazement. There was amazement, no doubt, but it was amazement at our superlative impudence, unconscionable cupidity and preposterous pretensions. The claim was pressed with brag and bluster and vulgar swagger, that were perfectly novel in civilized diplomacy. But when our commissioners prepared to unfold it at Geneva, it was saluted with an outburst of ridicule and scorn from universal Europe, that made the administration assure us they are ashamed of themselves at last. Now they are hastening to withdraw it all. But instead of acknowledging their mistake, like honorable men, they are trying to wriggle themselves out of it by a new deception, far more dishonorable and damaging to our character than the original blunder. The proposition now is something like this: "Gentlemen of England, our claim of consequential damages for the ruin you inflicted upon us in the late war we now withdraw, provided, always, that you English agree to make no claim for consequential damages against us when we ruin you in the next war." Thus ends this second diplomatic achievement of our incomparable administration. And the end is so imimitably ludicrous and discreditable that it will provoke the mirth and scorn of Europe. But a people that can stand this administration are able to stand any amount of old world ridicule and scorn. [Applause.]

The financial policy of the administration is even worse than their foreign diplomacy. Our revenue system is more extravagant, cumbrous and wasteful than any other system of the kind in the known world. This unsystematic system presses with dead weight upon every branch of legitimate human industry.

In Democratic times, especial pains were taken to lay the principal burdens upon accumulated wealth, and to make the burdens as light as possible upon labor and on such things as were necessary to the furtherance of labor. But our advanced Radicals have changed all this. Accumulated wealth is now the favored interest; and the power that produces wealth, that is, human labor and its accessories, are the favorite objects of Radical taxation. Even here in the favored West agriculture is going down under these burdens. Our farmers are struggling bravely, but they are slowly sinking into an approach to the condition of the agricultural peasantry of Europe. The condition of our mechanics is even worse than that of the farmers, because they are more dependent upon capital. They are sinking gradually into a state of semi-servitude to capitalists. If this goes on they will soon be as much the slaves of capital as the machinery with which they are associated. One of our greatest and proudest interests has gone down already, that is the shipping interest of the country. A few years ago this country was the second maritime power in the world, and bid fair to be soon the first; but in the year of grace, 1872, we can hardly rank with the very lowest of the second-rate maritime powers of Europe. The people know this, and yet the agents of the ruin continue to be their favorites, and while pretending to represent them they are in reality their oppressors, and all this time capitalists are increasing their wealth by millions. More of the profits of labor finds its way into the coffers of speculators than even into the treasury of the United States. The number of millionaires is increasing annually. In fact, we have more parvenu millionaires in America to-day than in all the rest of the world besides. It needs no great foresight to see the end of this state of things. The end will be inevitable, irretrievable ruin. But the cardinal vice of the administration is incurable corruption. The fountainhead of this corruption is Washington, and from the fountain it flows through every branch of the public service of the country. [Applause.] The public service is corrupt from top to bottom. The customhouses are a disgrace to the character of the country. These establishments are not managed now by honest men, but by fast men. Peculation and imposition are the rule; preying and bribery the system of these favorites of our virtuous President. But a committee of Senators say this thing is all right. The Leets and the Murphys are honest men, who never take bribes. They deny stoutly that they take anything beforehand for conferring favors or bestowing offices; but afterwards—after the favors have been conferred and the offices bestowed—why, then, if the recipients choose to present them with money, or plate, or horses, or carriages, or houses, or lands, they accept them graciously, not as bribes, but as testimonials of gratitude. [Laughter.] If they are received beforehand, they are bribes; if they accept them afterwards, they are gratifications. We must not forget that this theory of customhouse ethics has received the endorsement of a committee of United States Senators, and it is well to know that this endorsement is in perfect conformity with the standard of official morality in Washington. If the American people embrace the theory and accept the standard, why the farce is played out. The republic is not worth saving. It must take its place in that shining circle of republics lying south of us on this continent. Sic transit gloria mundi.

The all important question now is, are there honest men enough left to put down the corruptionists—is there virtue enough left in this republic to save it? This election will answer this question. If the country is sound at the core, the Liberal ticket will succeed—not because the politicians want it, but because the people have faith in it. Let it be understood at the outset that the professional politicians of America are not for this ticket. They have not been conciliated at Cincinnati. The people see through this millstone. They

know what this means, and rejoice that they have not been conciliated. What the honest men of both parties want at this time is to raise the South and put down corruption. The best platform that could be made for this purpose is the Cincinnati platform, and the best men that could be put on that platform to do the work are Horace Greeley of New York and B. Gratz Brown of Missouri. [Continued applause.] But some of our self-constituted leaders object to them because they are genuine Republicans. Well, the people are glad of this, for they are tired of sham Republicans. Jefferson said that we are all Republicans and all Democrats. This is emphatically true of Horace Greeley. He is a born Democrat and a genuine Republican. He is the natural foe of every kind of oppression; he abhors proscription and persecution; he makes war to the knife on every kind of rascality; he is for the weak against the strong, for the oppressed against the oppressor, and for the poor, the friendless and the wretched against the world. This, I take it, is true democracy as well as genuine republicanism.

The gallant South has no truer friend at this time than Horace Greeley. As soon as he became convinced that the Southern people were wronged and slandered, he declared himself the friend of the South. When Jeff Davis, in his sore need, was without a friend in the North who would incur the odium of giving security for him, brave old Horace Greeley wended his way to Richmond and presented himself as bail for that fallen statesman. The South is not the country in which an act of this kind is ever forgotten. He is just the man for the country now. He is the man of destiny to abolish rings, stamp out corruption, and restore to the rule of the Constitution. The rule of the bayonet will be relegated to the Rocky Mountains to protect the frontiers and watch the Indians.

Horace Greeley has sterling qualities but the best of them all is his incorruptible integrity. "Greeley the Incorruptible" is the man for this campaign—for this is a war against universal rascality. [Loud applause.] The people have sworn in their wrath to put down corruption. Fortune has given them the best man in America for that work, and in spite of old political hacks—Democratic or Republican—the people will make Horace Greeley President of the United States.

Our own Gratz Brown is the best man in the country to help to carry the standard in this war of purification. He has already borne it aloft in our own Missouri, and the result is the redemption of the state. Brown and Schurz have done for Missouri what Greeley and Brown will do for the country. The Radical ring that ruled here was even meaner and more vicious than the Washington ring, but Brown and his hosts of Liberals and Democrats wiped them out in one campaign. These tyrants of the gutter are so low now that a decent Missouri dog would be ashamed to bark at them. B. Gratz Brown is one of the wisest political leaders in America. The movement he made in Cincinnati smashed the Washington slate, and gave us a candidate of the people, in place of the candidate of the politicians, and this insures victory. The politicians will have to face the music. They must keep the step in the ranks of Grant or Greeley. There is no room for a third party in the present programme. The National Democratic Committee have given us fair warning. We now know what Baltimore means. It means a third ticket, and every man in America outside of a lunatic asylum knows that a third ticket would result in the election of U. S. Grant. Let the Democracy of Missouri speak out at once and speak out boldly. Illinois will follow suit. Let the cry go forth that a third ticket in the field means the election of Grant. The great body of the Democracy is for Greeley, and let foolish leaders play what game they please, the American people, either with leaders or without leaders, will make Horace

Greeley next President of the United States. [Long and continued cheering.]

GENERAL SHIELDS ON SELF-LEGISLATION FOR IRELAND.

We are enabled to-day to present to our readers a letter from the distinguished Irish-American, General Shields, whose career in the land of his adoption has been so fraught with credit to himself, both as a soldier and a legislator, and with honor to the old country to which he has ever clung with the affection of a true and loving child. General Shields addresses this letter to his nephew, Mr. James Shields, of Altmore, Cappagh, and it must be pleasing to find that he is in such harmony with the movement for Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone will do well should he take the counsel of this experienced officer, and discharge the political prisoners; for to punish when the necessity for punishment has passed away is not only abhorrent, as General Shields ably points out, to American sentiment, but is repugnant to humanity in all countries. Our readers will derive pleasure and encouragement from this letter, for the opportunity to publish which we are indebted to Mr. James Shields.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

LETTER OF THE VETERAN GENERAL SHIELDS ON HOME RULE.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following copy of a letter recently written by the veteran warrior, our illustrious countryman, General James Shields, of the United States Service, to a near relative of his in this country. It is worthy of the noble Irish heart of the gallant soldier, who, amid all his splendid services to the land of his adoption, has never forgotten or ceased to love the land of his birth. We hope God may spare him to witness the realization of his fondest wishes—the legislative independence of his native land. We publish in another column a biographical sketch of the distinguished author of the following letter:

Carrollton, Mo., U. S., November 24, 1873.

Dear Nephew:—Your last letter and the Belfast papers accompanying it have given me a good deal of interesting information about the Home Rule movement. From present indications it seems to be gaining ground rapidly amongst the Irish people. But will the Protestants, as a body, unite with the Catholics on this Home Rule question? You know a union of Catholics and Protestants on any question, even one affecting the honor and interest of the country, would be a new fact in Irish history. The day that witnesses a union of this sort will be a glorious day for Ireland. On that day the Irish people, both Catholic and Protestant, will take a high place among the peoples of the world. If Home Rule means nothing more than that the Irish people shall have the legislative control of their own local affairs, the claim seems so just and reasonable that the only wonder here is that it encounters any serious opposition even in slow, conservative England, but that it should meet with opposition

from Irishmen of any class or creed is something that fairly puzzles the wisest heads on this side of the Atlantic. In this country, Home Rule—or local self-government, as it is called—is perfectly understood in principle and firmly established in practice. The people here regard it as the very life-principle of their political system. It is to the powerful influence of Home Rule, operating in every part of the country, that they attribute the rapid development of new states, the general prosperity of old ones, and the freedom and stability of the whole Union. A system that works so advantageously in America will not be likely to operate disastrously in Ireland. The experiment of suffering a people to manage their own affairs in their own way has never yet entirely failed in any country, while the opposite experiment of regulating the affairs of one people in accordance with the views and interests of another people has never yet entirely succeeded in any country. This latter experiment has been in full operation in Ireland for centuries, and I venture to assert that there could hardly be found in that entire island this day, outside of an Orange lodge or an insane asylum, twelve good and lawful men who would be willing to say upon their oaths that the experiment has been a success. If you succeed in establishing Home Rule in Ireland, I venture the prediction that in less than a quarter of a century thereafter it will be as popular in the United Kingdom as it is at present in the United States. It is very evident to us here that there is a wonderful improvement in the general character of the Irish people. The Americans say that you have a new Ireland now on your side of the Atlantic and that we have the old Ireland here on our side. Certain it is that the conduct of your popular assemblies and the character of your public proceedings indicate a remarkable improvement amongst the people in self-discipline, moderation, and self-respect. This moral change has made the Irish a very formidable people. This fact is noticed here, but seems to be unobserved and unheeded on the other side of the Channel. The truth is, they are beginning to understand the greatest of modern secrets—the all-achieving potency of moral force. No man that ever lived understood the tremendous power of this mysterious force better than O'Connell. If the Irish of to-day are able to manage this moral weapon with greater skill and employ it with greater efficiency in public affairs than any other people in Europe, they owe it to the sublime teaching of that extraordinary man and to the imperishable influence of his example upon the character and conduct of his countrymen. Depend upon it, the great moral conquests of the future are destined to be achieved by moral force.

To the friends of Home Rule I take occasion to say you have the sympathies of the whole American people with you in your present movement. No other people on earth have such moral backing at this time as you have. But, as brave men and true men, as Irishmen and Christians, try to prove yourselves worthy of this noble sympathy. Religious dissensions, political divisions, sectional antipathies and class animosities have been the curse and shame of Ireland, and have made a people, as highly gifted by nature as any in the world, a by-word among civilized nations. You have a glorious opportunity to redeem the character of your country, and the men, whatever their rank, who oppose the attempt, are Helots in soul and unworthy of Ireland. Be true to Liberal principles, be true to the Liberal party; all this talk in Europe about reaction is but the very drivel of disappointed imbecility and incapacity. In human society there must be progress or decadence; there can be no reaction. Then hold fast by the party of progress, have nothing to do with reaction, which Europeans call Conservatism. Mr. Gladstone, the leader of the Liberal party, is a man of splendid talents; he is regarded in this country as not only the ablest man in Britain, but the ablest Liberal

statesman of the age. I think he is far better appreciated in this country than in either Great Britain or Ireland. The leading measures of his administration have effected some very substantial reforms, and have initiated a system of policy that must eventuate, by a kind of logical necessity, in the separation of Church and State and a radical reform of the land laws of the country. But, highly as Mr. Gladstone is esteemed in America, there is one act of his administration that meets with the unqualified condemnation of the whole American people—that is, holding the wretched remnant of the political prisoners in captivity. The judgment of America is like the judgment of posterity for Mr. Gladstone, and that judgment, so favorable to him generally, is dead against him on this one point. The distinction in guilt between soldiers and citizens, when the offense is the same, may do for Old Bailey, but will not do before the tribunal of public opinion, the tribunal of history, or the great tribunal of mercy. To persist in punishment when all necessity for punishment has ceased is abhorrent to American sentiment.

The sooner Mr. Gladstone repairs this fault the better for his character as a man and his reputation as a statesman. I have been tempted to write this letter from the interest I take in the affairs of my native land; but I am so thoroughly American that I write in the spirit of this country, and, if this spirit appears a little extravagant to you in some things, I know you will be disposed to make an allowance for it.

Your affectionate uncle,

JAMES SHIELDS.

Mr. James Shields, Altmore, Cappagh,
County Tyrone, Ireland.

Carrollton, Carroll Co., Mo., May 16, 1879.

Gentlemen:—I regret that I cannot unite with you in celebrating Thomas Moore's centenary. The Irish race owes an unspeakable debt to his memory. He found the Irish music, like the Irish language, perishing, and saved it for the world by embalming it in immortal verse. The exquisite airs of his own land were the wings upon which he floated his matchless melodies, and these wings carried his songs, burning with Irish patriotism, through all the homes and halls of the refined, enlightened and liberal society of the Christian world. The effect of this at the time upon Irish life, Irish character, and even Irish politics, was prodigious. Herein Thomas Moore is an example of what one man of fine and exquisite genius can do to exalt the reputation of a whole people. This example should stimulate young and gifted sons of the same land to save the reputation of their race from the imputation of inferiority in any field of human effort to any other race on earth.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES SHIELDS.

At a festival held by the Sisters of Charity to raise funds to build a new hospital in Kansas City, after the war, Jefferson Davis, being in the city, was invited to honor the occasion with his presence, and General Shields was selected to introduce him. In presenting him to the vast audience, the General said: "It is with no ordinary pleasure I introduce to you my old comrade, one whom I was associated with in the army, in the United States Senate, and in private life, and who is, to-day, the best living exponent of true Southern sentiment, and who has it in his power to do more than any man this side of eternity to bring about the era of good feeling between the different sections of our country—Mr. Jefferson Davis." Mr. Davis was greeted with loud applause, and in the course of his remarks said:

"It is highly pleasing to me to be commended to you by one like General Shields, a gentleman who sprang from a heroic race, and whose name would forever shed luster on that race. The bravery, the valor of that race, has been shown on every battlefield." Referring to the object of the festival, he said: "Yours is a noble charity. Although I am a Protestant, I have always admired the Catholics; they are the foremost to help those who cannot help themselves." He also expressed surprise at the magic growth of this city, and said our liberality knew no bounds. Mr. Shields and Mr. Davis, while on the platform, alluded in a feeling manner to old times, especially the times during the Mexican War, when they both fought under the Stars and Stripes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lecture at St. Joseph, Mo., on St. Patrick's Day—Lecture in Steinway Hall, New York, on St. Patrick's Day—Speech at St. Joseph, Mo., on the Fourth of July.

LECTURE BY GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS AT ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

A lecture was delivered on March 17th at St. Joseph, Missouri, by General Shields. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed on the question to be spoken on by the General. After referring to the religious associations connected with the day, the gallant General thus continued:

On the other side of the Irish Channel there is another people, who stand justly high in the estimation of the world—I mean the English people. And I have nothing to say against the English as a people. Some centuries after the conversion of the Irish, St. Augustine, a Christian monk and missionary, was sent to England to endeavor to convert the inhabitants. He succeeded, under God, in his mission. The Saxons, Angles, and Danes, who then inhabited the country, and the ancestors of the present English, were converted through his instrumentality to the Christian faith. This is the year

of our Lord, 1868, and in this year of grace you may travel through England from Land's End to the Scotch Border, and, I venture to assert, you will not find on that whole route one Englishman in every ten who has ever heard the name of St. Augustine mentioned in England, or who can tell by whom, at what time or in what manner, his ancestors were converted; and the chances are that you will subject yourself to frequent insult if you venture to intimate that the English people ever needed any conversion, and especially if you insinuate that they are indebted to a monk for their Christianity. [Applause.] Then across the Channel to Ireland, and travel through that country from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, and every Irishman you meet will be able to tell you all about St. Patrick. How he converted his heathen ancestors, and how he drove the snakes all out of Ireland, and they have no snakes there now; barring the spies and informers, and policemen, and other satellites of the English government. [Tremendous applause.] I will not ask you to tell me which character, as between these nations, is in this particular instance most commendable, but I will only say that nothing is more astonishing than that these noble traits of Irish character, which give the highest proof of moral excellence and native capacity, are sadly misunderstood and poorly appreciated by the whole universal English race. There is not a more striking contrast in history than the success of St. Patrick, and the failure of the English government in the management of the Irish people. [Cheers.] The policy of the former, if policy it can be called, was based on truth and justice, and with this he succeeded in winning the hearts, and in converting and civilizing the people, in a life-time. The policy of the latter has been the opposite of all this, and the effect of this policy has only succeeded in making the same people the most unmanageable, discontented and rebellious people in Europe. [Cheers.] English government in Ireland is one of the greatest failures in history. It has failed to crush, and it has failed to conciliate. Why does not England try the policy of St. Patrick, even by way of experiment? There is but one solution of the Irish difficulty, but I fear British rulers will never find it. [Cheers.] And from present appearances they are as far from it now as they were in the seventeenth century. Perhaps the redemption of Ireland may not be as far off as some of those rulers imagine. We begin to think on this side of the water that the day of its deliverance is approaching. [Cheers.] We know that there is a wonderful vitality in the Irish race—that it possesses astonishing powers of resistance and recuperation. It is hard to exterminate, hard to subjugate and easy to conciliate. It may bound up some of these days and astonish the world. [Thundering applause.] There is a general opinion in this country that it is preparing for such a bound. There is an impression among us that upon the first favorable opportunity, the first general convulsion in Europe will witness the deliverance of Ireland or the downfall of the British Empire, or perhaps both events together. [Cheers.] I wish to say in this place that I am no Fenian, and have never belonged to that order, but I think I understand thoroughly the spirit that animates that body. It is the avenging spirit of the Irish race (cheers), and I believe in my soul that in some shape or other, that spirit will continue to haunt the English government, disturb the peace of English society, and wage war without truce, open or secret, against English authority until the rulers of that country consent to do ample and complete justice to the people of Ireland. I repeat, I am not a Fenian. In common with millions of my countrymen, I find myself unable to approve of the secret character of that organization. We think, with reason, that the wrongs of Ireland are known to the world, and that effort to right their wrongs should be made in the face of the world, and in the clear light of day (cheers). We are also convinced

that secret conspiracy in any form is not adapted to Irish character. A weak, subtle and suspicious race may find it politic to resort to it for the purpose of overthrowing a hated government, but a bold, frank, unsuspecting race like the Irish, can never employ it successfully (applause). Though unfitted by its manliness and generosity for secret conspiracy of any kind, there is still another and a stronger objection to it on the part of those who adhere strictly to the Catholic faith. The Catholic Church disapproves positively of every form of secret organization or political organizations for political purposes. Eighteen centuries of universal experience in human affairs have convinced that enlightened body that secret societies are liable to gross abuse, and certain to be perverted to unwarrantable purposes. It has, therefore, concluded, in its wisdom, to put its seal of disapprobation upon them all. This is an insuperable objection with conscientious Catholics, and is entitled to considerable weight, even with reflecting Protestants. I have no wish to be understood as intimating by this that any movement in favor of Ireland should be exclusively Catholic. Far from it. I think that any national movement in behalf of that country should embrace the whole Irish people, Catholic and Protestant, and every friend of Ireland, of every denomination, who loves freedom and hates oppression. The deliverance of Ireland means the deliverance of the whole people. It means equal rights and equal privileges for all. I would be as bitterly opposed to Catholic ascendancy as I am to Protestant ascendancy. I hope and pray that the day is not far distant when all these unjust ascendancies shall disappear from the face of the earth (applause). But we all know that the great body of the Irish people are Catholic to the core. Catholicity and nationality are almost inseparable in Ireland; both have been conjointly persecuted by the same government; under the double-headed persecution it has welded them together and made them almost identical in that country (enthusiastic cheers). This it is which constitutes the great strength of Ireland, and no political movement antagonistic to the Catholic can ever secure that strength or emancipate the Irish people. The man who thinks otherwise may be a good Irish patriot, but he is neither a good Catholic nor a wise statesman (cheers). If I had any influence with the Fenian body, I would address them to-day in some such language as this: "Remodel your organization forthwith; change the form and character of your whole society as speedily as possible. No more secrecy or conspiracy. Make your organization worthy of the Irish cause and the Irish race. In your present form you may annoy England, but you can be of no substantial benefit to Ireland. In spite of errors and mistakes, you have done some good already. You have taught the English government that the Irish spirit is still untamed and unsubdued, and that it is bolder, stronger and fiercer than ever (tremendous applause). You have taught the English people that there is another Ireland growing up on this side of the Atlantic that hates English ascendancy, and despises English power (cheers). You have fired the Irish heart with visions of freedom and independence, and you have shown the civilized world that in the hour of extremity the worst enemy of England will find his best ally in Ireland (enthusiastic applause). It is but justice to admit, however, that something of this kind was required when you first entered upon your organization. But it is needed no longer, and if you wish to serve your country still, to do it much and effectually, you must change your system. The Catholic prelates and clergy of Ireland, I am happy to see, have declared for the Repeal of the Union and an independent parliament for Ireland. This will be all sufficient, as it will place the destiny of the country in the hands of its own people. The present time is peculiarly propitious for such a movement. It will command the support, not only of the Catholic clergy and people of Ireland, but of a powerful body

of liberal and enlightened Protestants. It will find an influential party in England in its favor. The whole Irish race and the friends of Ireland in the United States will sustain it—and sustain it with a zeal and energy only second to that what they would put forth in the preservation of their own country. I find the sympathy and moral support of the whole civilized world would be on the side of Ireland in such a struggle, and at this advanced age of the world such a combination of civilized power would be simply irresistible. But even if the Irish people should find themselves compelled, in the long run, to resort to the employment of physical force, even in that case such a powerful moral organization would be of essential advantage in such a struggle. As the Catholic clergy of Ireland have already raised the banner of Repeal, let us rally around that consecrated banner; let the Irish slogan be the Repeal of the Union and an independent Irish parliament (tremendous cheering), and I am convinced that in a very few years we will have an additional anniversary to celebrate—the anniversary of the deliverance of the Irish Nation (unbounded applause)! In our meeting here to-day we must not forget that numbers of our countrymen are suffering in dungeons at this moment for the crime of loving their native country; we must never forget that some of the truest of our race have been already sacrificed for the same crime, and they have already died the death of felons, and that the last prayer that ascended from their hearts, the last cry that issued from their lips, was "God bless Ireland!" (Enthusiastic cheers.) Millions of Irish hearts in this country will re-echo with that pleading cry, and the shout will break over the broad Atlantic—"God bless Ireland!" (Tremendous applause.) Let us here to-day, on this anniversary of our country, send our heartfelt sympathy to these brave but unfortunate men; let us send some substantial token of relief to the destitute families of those who are the victims of English tyranny. What stronger appeal can be made to Christian hearts than an appeal in behalf of those disconsolate mothers who have been made widows, and those hapless children who have been made orphans by the barbarous policy of a government that rewards love of freedom and country with cells and dungeons, chains and halters.

The General retired amid the most enthusiastic and vehement cheers of the audience.—Cork Examiner.

A LECTURE.

On last Sunday evening the gallant Major-General James Shields lectured in Steinway Hall, in presence of a large audience. General Shields, in speaking, held a heavy cane. He said that he could never speak unless he had a sword or a cane to flourish. He spoke as follows:

This is St. Patrick's Day. This is a glorious day for the genial Irish race. What the Fourth of July is to Americans the 17th of March is to Irishmen—that is, a great national anniversary. This Irish anniversary commemorates the birth of a man and the conversion of a nation to Christianity. The American anniversary commemorates the birth of a nation and the vindication of its right to freedom and independence. The Irish need this kind of anniversary also. They need a Fourth of July as well as a 17th of March. The year that brings them both these anniversaries will be a year of jubilee for brave old Ireland. Depend upon it, that year of jubilee is not so far off as some people think. Prudence, organization and union will speedily bring it about. Prudence! I do not think that word exists in the old Irish language. I am very certain the virtue itself has not been prominent in the Irish race. The Irish are a

primitive race with primitive virtues; they are fearless and inflexible, frank and hospitable, quickly roused to anger, quick to forgive, and true as steel to the faith of St. Patrick and to the land of their birth and the country of their adoption. But let us frankly admit that what the world calls prudence has not been one of the cardinal virtues of the race. They have been deficient in the money-making and money-keeping virtues. These have not been the virtues of the Celt. The Celtic Irish, therefore, have had to be content with less than their share of wealth and luxury, and more than their share of hard work and hard fighting in this world of ours. We may take it for granted, therefore, that our race is not destined to control the money markets of the world. And it is not at all likely to produce many such signal examples of moneyed omnipotence as that of Rothschild in Europe and Vanderbilt in America. Still the Irish have other qualities and capabilities quite as profitable to the world at large, though perhaps not so profitable to themselves as a people. These qualities would make them successful in all the arts of peace and war were they only to act in perfect harmony and union among themselves. But union, it is painful to say, seems to have been a thing impossible among the Irish. Faction is the rule, union is the exception. I have set out to speak the truth to-night, and with God's help I mean to do it to the best of my ability. Here is the radical defect of the Irish race. Divisions among the people and dissensions among the leaders form the melancholy burden of Irish history. Union is strength. This great truth has never yet been thoroughly comprehended by the Irish race. Eternal shame upon those men who devote their lives to foment dissensions and excite hate among their own countrymen. If they do this villain's work in the name of country, they are traitors under the mask of patriots. If they do it under the plea of religion, they are doing the work of hell under the name of heaven. If this spirit of faction cannot be eradicated from the race the condition of Ireland can never be much improved. The Irish must content themselves with playing an inferior part in the great drama of human history.

But I am very sure that a method exists by which this fell spirit can be entirely eradicated. The Irish, as a race, are the most manageable and tractable soldiers on the face of the earth. As soldiers they soon learn to live together, work together, drill together, and fight together like born brothers. The reason is, they are born soldiers—they are essentially a military race.

You may take the Irishmen who work on your streets, place them in the ranks as soldiers, put American arms into their hands, and then give them six months' effective drill, such as Irishmen alone can stand, and, old as I am, I will agree to fight them, when thus prepared, against any equal number of men of any race or nation under the canopy of heaven. I give it as my conviction that three years of regular military organization and rigid military discipline would do more to elevate the Irish as a race and give them confidence in themselves than three centuries of schools, colleges and national universities. In my opinion, then, a general military organization of the race would be the most effective method of eradicating forever this fatal spirit of insubordination. You all know the history of Ireland by heart, you feel it in your very hearts, for it has been burned into your very souls. The fact is, the marks of the brand, though disappearing fast, are yet visible here and there in the errors of the race. Well, with that history in my hand, I will venture to-night to indulge in a little historic prophecy. You all know the Scotch are generally reputed canny and sagacious. Well, a Scotch poet has wisely sung that

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Either from this or some other cause, a fancy has come into my brain that the historic life of St. Patrick is a perfect type of the national life of the race for which he labored on this earth. Patrick was born of a noble family. The Irish race has sprung from one of the noblest branches of the human family. Patrick was seized in youth by ocean robbers, carried into Ireland, sold into slavery, and compelled to serve a tyrant master seven long years. The Irish race became the prey of men who were little better than professional robbers. These men seized upon the country, and, after centuries of fierce struggle, reduced all that remained of that broken race into dismal and discontented servitude. The duration of Irish servitude was seven centuries; the duration of Patrick's servitude was seven years. Does not this typical parallel resemble ancient prophecy? Having been robbed and decimated for centuries, an attempt was made to legislate all the nobleness of human nature out of the remnant that was left. The attempt was atrocious. The Jews in Babylon were better treated by the worshipers of Baal than the Irish in Ireland by the followers of Christ. Patrick finally escaped from servitude, crossed the sea to his native Gaul, and in that friendly land, by arduous labor, prepared himself for his great mission in Ireland.

Millions of Irishmen left their country, crossed the ocean, and among a friendly people on this Western continent have ample opportunity to make every preparation, consistent with their duty as citizens, to assist the Irish in Ireland, to redeem, regenerate and disenthrall their native land. St. Patrick succeeded in converting and civilizing the Irish people and made that sea-girt island, thus prepared by his efforts, a safe asylum for Christian civilization during the darkest centuries of Christian history. What have the Irish people on this continent yet done in preparing themselves to aid in the redemption of their country? It is a duty of natural obligation, resting upon the race on this side of the Atlantic, to prepare to assist their brethren at home in their efforts to ameliorate the condition of their country. Were I dictator of the Irish race for only three years, I would form all the men of Irish blood on this side of the Atlantic into a complete military organization. This I would do openly and in strict conformity to law—not for the purpose of revolution or violence, but for the purpose of forming a great race into a compact body and to teach it the habit of disciplined union. Then, with half a million of organized men at my back and with the sympathy of forty millions of freemen to support me, I would send well-chosen delegates to Ireland. Some of those who ought to be chosen, I could almost lay my hand upon to-night; and by those delegates acting in concert with the leaders of Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, lay and clerical, a program could be agreed upon which would not fail to ameliorate the condition of that country. That program ought to be in perfect accord with the desires and aspirations of the Irish people at home. For us who have abandoned that country to attempt to dictate any particular line of policy to the people who remain there would be an arrogant assumption, which would prove to the world that we had gained but little wisdom by our association with a free people. No, we must make their program ours, and we must support that program with all the moral and material aid which this transatlantic Ireland can possibly furnish. And remember that this Ireland has more than double the numbers and quadruple the wealth of the ancient home of the race itself. This program thus agreed upon at the joint conference should be presented to England and proclaimed to the world, and in the present condition of Europe, Asia and the world generally, England could not safely afford to reject it. Some such plan as this, were I temporary dictator, I would commence to prepare this present year. I would tolerate no invasions of Canada, no secret societies, no

conspiracies, no tomfooleries of any kind, for, however well meant, they are only frittering away the hopes and wasting the energies of a great, generous and too-confiding people. This is my plan, and I feel morally certain that it would be eminently successful. Let us not for one moment anticipate the rejection of an overture so fair in itself, and prepared with such an accompaniment of moral force. But should England blindly reject it, then I refer you to the historic parallel I am running to-night between the life of Patrick and the life of the race. Milcho was Patrick's master, but Patrick, instead of seeking to avenge the past, wisely and nobly sought him out, and did his best to convert and save him. This friendly overture Milcho rejected with scorn. Now mark the sequel; there is a terrible warning in it. Milcho, maddened at the sight of his former slave returning with power and majesty, set fire to his own home, and perished, a raging maniac, in the flames. The heathens had their Nemesis. This retributive power still exists, and still performs her terrible office in the government of this world. After the lapse of centuries in the case of nations, she strikes her implacable balance. She keeps strict accounts between oppressors and oppressed, and then strikes her balance, and when that fatal balance is struck, powerful nations are swept from the earth, like Babylon, in a night, and the world that bowed before them knows them no more. Let all whom this may concern take warning in time.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN AMERICA.

Speech of General Shields.

Our space will not admit nor does our inclination lead us to attempt to give the numerous addresses delivered in St. Joseph and vicinity on the Fourth. It is next to impossible for speakers to invest the subject of our national anniversary with sufficient freshness to interest the reader after the enthusiasm of the day and the surroundings have passed.

But, as entirely out of the beaten track and as a tribute to a gentle sisterhood whose lives in our very midst are devoted to divine charity, our readers will thank us for giving them the following brief and chaste address of the distinguished visitor to our city, whose name heads this column, delivered on the evening of the Fourth, at Brady's Hall. General James Shields is known to everybody in this country:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—At the request of a number of my particular friends in this city, I have come here this evening to speak a few words in the interest of those excellent ladies, the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph. It would be almost impossible for me to decline a request like this, in any case; but in this case I could not refuse to contribute my feeble efforts to further any object in which these estimable ladies take an interest. We all know that every matter or thing of this kind in which the devoted Sisters take an interest has for its sole and exclusive object the benefit of others. In all they undertake, in all they accomplish, in all their enterprises, these ladies have always and in all places the good of others at heart. Even when they appeal to the public for assistance we must never forget that the assistance they ask for is not for themselves, but for others, and generally for the poor and helpless of the community in which they live. In giving assistance, therefore, to them we only supply them with means to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to minister to the sick, to educate the young, to succor the distressed, to comfort the afflicted, to support

schools, hospitals, and asylums, and to perform other duties of Christian charity for those who stand most in need of it. There is one fact which should be thoroughly understood by all; that is, that the first objects of the care and solicitude of these devoted ladies are the poor, the despised and the neglected of this world. Religion has consecrated them for this work. And there is not an old soldier in America, with the true heart of a brave soldier, who will not testify to the untiring zeal with which this class of women discharge the duties of charity and mercy to which they have dedicated their lives before the altar of the living God. Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy are the two religious orders in special favor with the army of the United States. All those soldiers who have seen service in the field will retain through life a vivid recollection of the trials and suffering incident to war—some have suffered themselves, the others have witnessed the sufferings of their faithful comrades. These men will all tell you of whole villages of military hospitals, and of thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, writhing and suffering night and day within their melancholy precincts. They will then tell you how a large number of quiet, modest, gentle ladies, singularly and plainly attired, moved silently, day and night, through these hospitals, going with noiseless step from bed to bed, and attending, like ministering angels, to all the wants of those poor prostrate, suffering soldiers. They will further tell you how they nursed these poor sufferers with a mother's tenderness, soothed them in their agony, watched over them while they slept, and wept for them and prayed for them when they thought their last hour on earth was close at hand. This disinterested devotion was something which these poor soldiers found it hard to comprehend. They had never seen their gentle nurses before—might never meet them on this earth again—never even learned their names, nor whence they came, nor whither they went—but they will bless them in their hearts as long as they live, and will maintain against all Christendom that, if the spirit of Christian charity and heavenly pity resides anywhere on this earth, it has its home in the hearts of the gentle ladies who nursed them in those military hospitals. Doubtless, they have learned since that these women are called Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, and that they are devoted members of the Roman Catholic Church; and, no doubt, they wonder greatly at this, for they have heard a great many unpleasant things said from time to time in Sabbath sermons at home about the gross superstitions of that kind of people. But just now it would take a great deal of eloquent preaching to make them think ill of the ladies of these two religious orders, and I believe in my soul that there is not an old veteran yet alive in this country, who has passed through the ordeal of a military hospital and been waited upon there by these devoted Sisters who would not rather take his chance of salvation in their company than in the company of a convocation of the most eloquent divines in America. The truth is, the unanimous verdict of our veteran soldiers is that to minister to the wasted remnant of war, and the mangled wrecks of battlefields, Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy are the best substitutes for angels that this earth is able to supply in its actual condition at this present time. As I happen to be a man, I claim for my sex a kind of rugged superiority in all the stern vocations of life which require great physical strength and great mental power; but, at the same time, I recognize in the other and gentler sex a decided superiority in the higher and purer departments of duty which contribute to exalt our moral and spiritual existence. In man's most exalted idea of heroic duty it must be confessed there is always something gross and earthly. The man who has been most successful in the destruction of the greatest number of his fellow-creatures is his ideal hero and earthly demigod. Hence the Alexanders, Cæsars and

Napoleons of this world are the idolized heroes of masculine history. Man's natural tools have always something destructive in their character; but not so with women. Their idea of heroism is infinitely more spiritual; their most ardent desire is to save their fellow creatures; to comfort and console them; to purify them, and to lift them up out of the sordid path of gross pursuits and gross enjoyments into a higher region and a purer atmosphere. It is exceedingly fortunate for this country that at the present time, while a very active class of women are battling might and main to precipitate their whole sex into the dusty arena of politics, there to engage in a fierce struggle with men for the vulgar prizes of public life, we have another class of women like the Sisters of Charity, who are laboring for a very different purpose and who present a very different example to their sex; an example of patience, modesty, self-denial and self-sacrifice, and of the daily practice of all the gentle and womanly virtues. Those ladies who devote their lives to the practice of these virtues ought to be held in honor and respect in every civilized community. And I am proud to know and to proclaim publicly that here, in St. Joseph, there is but one feeling—that of honor and respect—for our modest, gentle Sisters of Charity. Any country in which the people ignore and reject the gentle virtues of charity and mercy, and the more heroic virtues of self-denial and self-sacrifice, is a country already doomed. Its soul is dead. Its downfall inevitable. France, for the last quarter of a century, neglected as a nation to either honor or respect these virtues. It set up the first Napoleon as a national idol, took his military character as a national model, made mere military success the chief object of the people's worship; a worship admirably calculated to reduce a nation of heroes to a nation of brigands. In fact, France's great idol himself was little more than a transcendent Corsican brigand at best. Well, the result of all this is now before us. There is Sedan and Metz, and burned, blighted, blood-stained Paris, and last and foulest result of all—Communism—the abomination of desolation of the nineteenth century—an open war of demonized men upon all the Christian virtues, and upon all men and women who practice them. There is a remarkable harmony between the general character of a people and the ideal character of their historic idol, which they try to mold into their own likeness. The Greeks, in their decadence, ignored the grand examples of their early history—the noblest examples of self-denial, self-sacrifice and devotion to country in human history—and made Alexander the Great their historic idol and national model, deifying military prowess and the abstract spirit of conquest. History gives us the result—the subjugation of Greece and the extinction of Greek civilization. The Romans, in their decline, took Julius Cæsar for their national idol, and closing their eyes to the many great qualities of that remarkable man—to his clemency, generosity and magnanimity—they regarded only his unscrupulous ambition and unparalleled military success. The end was ruin irremediable. Their monstrous vices, their contempt of all heathen, and even human, virtues, made these conquerors of the world the ignominious prey of the fierce barbarians of the northern forests. The English people have been more fortunate in their choice of a national idol. They recognize Alfred the Great as their grandest and noblest historic character. This extraordinary man united in himself mostly all the great qualities that adorn human nature. This example has not been lost upon the English people. That patience, perseverance and fortitude—that devotion to country and reverence for law and limited government which distinguished Alfred the Great—are the prevailing characteristics of the English people at the present day. But of all the countries in history, our own America is the most transcendently for-

tunate in this respect. The historic idol of the people of the United States—their first and greatest national model—is the ever-glorious and immortal Washington. George Washington is indisputably and beyond all question the grandest and noblest public character in profane history. He combines in his character the highest type of the hero, statesman, patriot and Christian. No man is able to analyze Washington's character. His great qualities are so well balanced, combined and blended together that no man can separate them or assign a predominance to any one great quality over all others. His virtues are in such perfect harmony that no man is able to criticise his life. His character is rounded off into a complete whole. There is not one great virtue that adorns human nature that you cannot predicate of George Washington. Patience, prudence, fortitude, clemency, wisdom, justice, courage and perseverance are all there, and add to these his love of country and reverence for his Creator, and you have in George Washington the grandest and most beautiful public character in human history. So long as the people of this country honor and respect his character, and imitate his virtues, they have nothing to fear for the fate of their country. And a people who honor and respect the virtues of George Washington will never be indifferent to the virtue of the most humble, even to the modest virtues of the gentle Sisters of Charity.—St. Joseph's (Missouri) Gazette.

CHAPTER XXII.

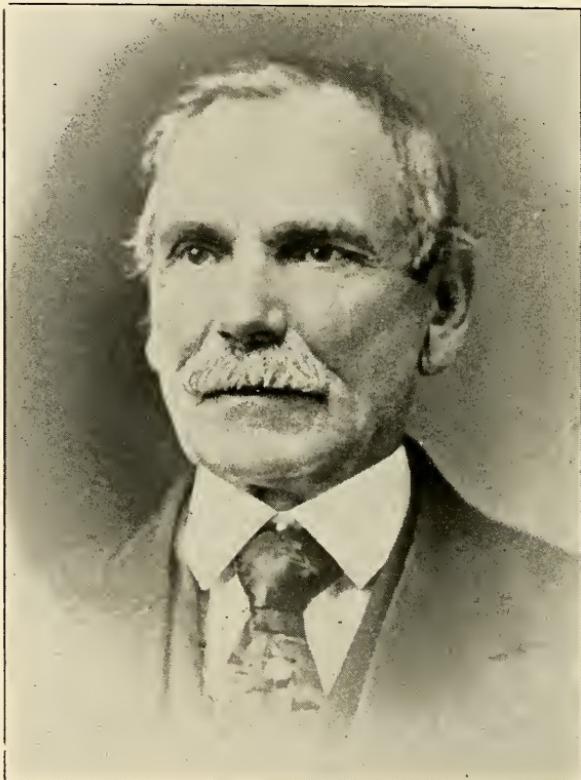
Lecture in Brooklyn in Behalf of Yellow Fever Sufferers—His Graphic Descriptions of Jackson, Webster, Clay and Calhoun—Eloquent Speeches by Other Prominent Citizens.

To show General Shields' versatility—his many-sidedness—I publish several of his addresses. I wish to do with him as Herndon did with Lincoln—reveal him as he really was—which is biography; anything different is romance or fiction. Therefore, I lay before the reader one of his campaign speeches, made the year I was first elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois. His patriotism shines forth in his references to Home Rule, his St. Patrick Day addresses, as well as his Fourth of July orations, while his religious fervor and benevolence are evident in his lectures on behalf of hospitals and other charities, and in his great speech in behalf of the yellow fever sufferers.

The addresses were difficult to find, and unless reproduced here would be lost to posterity. An edition of his speeches and an account of the laws he originated and assisted in passing can be published for half the cost of this work, and will be, if a well-grounded demand therefor is found to exist in the future, coupled with many reminiscences of the great man which readers may furnish me.

While much of this publication is a compilation and the written testimony of prominent friends of General Shields, its relevancy

and importance will be appreciated by those who desire to see all the proof adduced that can be to sustain my claims on behalf of the subject of this book. I expect my position and assertions to be attacked, and, therefore, have fortified in advance. United States Senators, even from Illinois, and those whom they have provided fat offices for, and for their descendants, will be apt to set up the work of their benefactors in "piping tunes of peace" against General



GEN. SHIELDS' LAST PICTURE.

Shields' unsurpassed bravery. As a distributer of spoils I am pleased to state he never distinguished himself, therefore his camp followers are few and far between.

EDITORIAL IRISH WORLD, OCTOBER 5, 1878.

A brief announcement that Maj.-Gen. James Shields would address a meeting in aid of the yellow fever sufferers brought a large concourse of people to the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, last Thursday evening. As early as

seven o'clock the audience commenced to assemble in front of the Academy, which was not yet opened, and half an hour later, when the doors were thrown open, the assemblage had extended to the other side of the street.

General Shields, who was the guest of Captain C. J. Murphy, of 446 Henry Street, according to arrangement, was escorted to the Academy by Rankin Post, G. A. R., who turned out nearly seventy strong, under the command of Captain George W. Squires. The Fort Hamilton Artillery Band volunteered to furnish the music. As the General made his appearance on the stage, shortly after eight o'clock, three cheers were proposed and heartily given for the "hero of two wars."

The Academy, by this time, was filled from "pit to dome" by a brilliant audience, while on the platform were most of the committee of arrangements, which was composed of the following well-known citizens: Rev. W. W. Bowdish, pastor First Place M. E. Church; Rev. Dr. Duryea, pastor Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. Hall, pastor Holy Trinity Church; Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, pastor First Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. Hamma, pastor English Lutheran Church; Rev. Joseph Fransioli, pastor St. Peter's Church; Rev. Father Malone, pastor SS. Peter and Paul Church; Rev. J. B. Murray, pastor Metropolitan Mission; Rev. Dr. Schenck, pastor St. Ann's on the Heights; Rev. Dr. Storrs, pastor Church of the Pilgrims; Rev. Jesse B. Thomas, pastor First Baptist Church; Hon. Judge Van Cott, Hon. Judge McCue, Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Captain C. J. Murphy, Hon. William E. Robinson, General Roger A. Pryor; also Mayor Howell, Rev. T. S. Slicer, Rev. S. Hyatt Smith, Rev. Dr. Thwing, Colonel Pultz, Captain Jas. Tanner, Colonel Thomas S. Henderson, General Gibson, U. S. A., Hon. Geo. L. Fox, Rev. D. S. Ferris, Colonel Polton, U. S. A., Rev. Joseph Wild, and many others.

Patrick Ford, editor Irish World, was chairman of the committee of arrangements; Augustine Ford, secretary; and Hon. James Howell, mayor, treasurer.

Captain Murphy rendered very efficient service in making the demonstration a success.

OPENING EXERCISES.

"Corporal" Tanner called the assemblage to order, and in doing so, on behalf of the committee, tendered heartfelt thanks to the large audience for the generous support given by their presence. In reference to the distinguished gentleman who was to speak here to-night, Major-General James Shields, he was not as familiar with Brooklyn as Brooklyn was with him. He was coming before an audience that reflected, regarding the stricken South, that we who conquered should be the first to succor them in the hour of their affliction. He then introduced Hon. W. E. Robinson, who, on coming forward, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Unexpectedly I have been called upon to perform the task of introducing the speakers this evening. Happily, it is not expected, neither would it be proper for me, to make any lengthy remarks before introducing to you the principal object of the evening. You all know we have in our midst here to-night Major-General James Shields. (Loud applause.) I cannot now tell you his history. When this country wanted heroes he was present, and on the battlefield he has performed heroic acts which have associated his name with the great, being such as to elicit the encomiums of General Winfield Scott.

We are assembled to-night in a holy cause. We have met together in the holy cause of charity. Politics are unknown among us. Sect is ignored. Upon this stage are men of different denominations and calling—the Catholic and Presbyterian, the Episcopalian and the Baptist. Our brethren of the South, whom we love as the sons of our mother, are suffering and dying. The cry which ascends from our Southern brethren has spread over the land, and it has touched the hearts of the nation. Long since General Shields suggested, in a letter to one of the gentlemen of the committee, that he would like to come

here and perform the services which he is here to-night to perform toward his brethren of the South, where brave men, the Catholic and Protestant clergymen, are bending over the sick and closing the eyes of the dying. Brave men and braver women who are facing distress and danger greater than that encountered on the field of battle—braver women, whether clothed in the common garb or the garb of the pure Sister of Charity, that have gone and are going to these scenes of death. (Loud applause.) Just as Mr. Robinson finished speaking the band struck up "Hail to the Chief." A slight flutter passed through the audience, and every eye was directed toward the stage by the pervading feeling of eagerness to see the distinguished man—the main attraction of the occasion. General Shields, with the aid of his cane, raised himself from his seat and, leaning upon Mr. Robinson's arm, slowly advanced to the front of the stage. His infirmity was at once apparent, but as the overwhelming outburst of applause greeted him, his keen, gray eye glistened with gladness as he glanced rapidly over the audience, and he seemed to have gained strength and renewed vigor.

GENERAL SHIELDS' SPEECH.

The storm of applause having at length subsided, the General commenced:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—At the outset I beg to ask an indulgence which I feel you will grant me; I therefore ask that you will hear me patiently, which I know you will; that you will hear me indulgently as an invalid; that you will let me speak slowly and quietly and without any strain or effort to-night. I trust you will grant me this indulgence; and I do so because I know this magnificent audience never came here to hear a poor talk from me alone. No, no, my fellow-citizens of this great city of New York and Brooklyn; you have come here for a grander, a nobler, a more sublime and holy purpose. I wanted to come here to tell you, and through you to tell the citizens of this imperial city, that New York has won the admiration of the whole Western world, and I am inclined to think the South also; for by your

noble efforts in the paths of Christian charity you have achieved greater glory than you ever did by your commercial magnificence. (Loud applause.)

You, who are supposed to be given to gain, to progress, to business, all at once have set the glorious example to this American people, that on this occasion of terrible distress, when it would seem that the angel of pestilence has visited one of the finest portions of our country, that you of New York and Brooklyn, and the whole North and the West, have stepped forward and given an exhibition of charity such as never was given with human alacrity before; and you have given it for a noble cause.

I remember—for I have Irish blood in my veins (loud applause)—that when poor old Ireland was the stricken of nations, of all the peoples of this broad earth that stepped forward and carried abundance to poor old Ireland was this same American people. The people that showed the greatest ardor and enthusiasm and feeling for poor Ireland then were those from regions that have been stricken by pestilence recently; for a more hospitable people God never made than the people that are now stricken. They have their faults—so have the Irish—but, after all, they have a great many virtues to overbalance them.

You have done a noble thing, a grandly charitable thing, and you have proved it to me even an old man. In times when there seems to be some discouragements all over the land you have shown the truth of what Dean Stanley announced in Boston, that “There is a divine element in human nature that will always assert itself in a scene of great distress and great calamity.” Yes, that divine element has asserted itself in these United States of America in a way that is not only honorable to America, but to human nature all over the world. (Loud applause.)

At this point the General had become somewhat faint and asked for time to breathe, but in less than two minutes again resumed:

I am never going to say much again about heroism on the battlefield. I feel humble when I think how far a feeble woman can transcend a soldier in real, genuine service. I have witnessed, myself, ladies embarking on board the steamer, going to the scenes of desolation to nurse the

sick and dying. Some of them left their homes and families; some we could not tell whether they had homes or families; they did not want to be known; they had no names that society knew them by. There they went slowly but fearlessly on board the steamers bound for the stricken cities, to go down to the pestilential abodes, and there nurse the poor, sick, dying patients, and prepare them for another world. They did it calmly, without any ostentation, only next day to be stricken down themselves, unprepared to follow those patients, perhaps to the same graves, and to meet the same Maker—all calmly, quietly, heroically, such as never took place on a battle-field this side of heaven. I have seen these poor, feeble, gentle women, that I thought a cannon would frighten to death, perform acts of heroism such as no man has ever yet performed. (Loud and long continued applause.)

And, my friends, you are doing good. You are doing it for your own people; for people who speak your own language; for people born on your own soil; for people who breathe the same air, and people who have the same government—and they are bound to have it. (Loud applause.) And these people will know that if we were fighting against them, we were fighting as much for their benefit as for our own. We were not fighting to save this country for ourselves; we were fighting to save the country for them also, and they will rejoice as much hereafter for that as we are doing. And now I hope in God that hereafter no man will be found in the South to attempt to fire the Southern heart against the North, and that no man will be found in the North mean enough to inflame the Northern men against the South. (Loud applause.)

JACKSON, WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN.

But this is not the topic I am to speak on to-night. It is another topic, and I wish I was in a condition to make my speech worthy of the subject. I promised to give sketches of four eminent men; four of the most remarkable Americans that ever lived—of Andrew Jackson (applause), Daniel Webster (applause), Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. (Loud and long continued applause.) I will not give you history; you can read history for yourselves. What I want to do to-night, if you will let me in this poor invalid way, is to bring these men, as it were, before you; to present them to you here in this audience, as they were

present in their day to their associates, and as they are present to me at this moment in mind and in memory; and to do that I want to give you a faithful description of their general appearance, their mode of speaking and acting, the peculiar characteristics which distinguished them both in mind and body—distinguished them in their day among their contemporaries.

When I was young Jackson, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, were household words in every home in these United States. They are loved and honored in America still; they still live in the American heart, and they will shine forever in the brightest pages of American history. (Loud applause.) It is a luminous history, full of great names and great deeds. It is a treasury of grand examples to the future generations of America. Some of the greatest examples in human history are to be found in your American history. George Washington (loud applause)—one of the greatest figures in human history, as accepted by the civilized world. Washington is the highest type which the human race has yet produced of the citizen soldier, the Christian soldier, the incorruptible patriot and the enlightened statesman. (Tremendous applause.) And then the others—Jefferson, Henry, Franklin, Adamses (John and Samuel), John Hancock, Alex. Hamilton, who, in point of ability, was second only to Washington himself. These are the great examples in your Revolutionary history. But the page that succeeded the Revolution was also a wonderful one. A wonderful body of men, produced, as it were, out of that fiery struggle. They had all the characteristics of their predecessors—faithful to themselves, faithful to their country, never feared failure for themselves or their country, and they didn't fail. Never was such a progress witnessed as the progress of the American republic during that generation which has passed away and never will again, for the same conditions will never exist again. It was a phenomenal progress in the arts and sciences; progress in every human enterprise, in wealth, in power, in population, in territory—such astounding progress in one generation by one people was never witnessed upon this planet before, and never will be witnessed on this planet again; the same conditions will never exist again. And of all those men of that great generation the most remarkable one of the four men whose names I have mentioned to-night was Andrew Jackson.

I think I see him in my mind now; tall, spare, sinewy, athletic. Not an ounce of surplus flesh was ever seen on Andrew Jackson's body, but bones, sinew, muscle—an iron frame and iron constitution. Look at the man; you can see it in his very head, cut so you think he was made for a leader of men. It was not a large head, it was not quite gigantic, but it was a head for thought and action both. So was the brow made for active thought and inflexible purpose. Then the countenance the same—able, resolute, commanding. But the eye! I have seen many a bright eye and remarkable eye in my day—and there was a time when, like some of these young fellows, I liked to look at pretty eyes (great applause and laughter)—but of all the eyes I have ever seen in a human countenance, Andrew Jackson's eye transcended them all. The most magnificent dark gray eye I ever looked upon. (A voice in the audience—"Yes, by the eternal!") (Cheers.)

The General continued:

You could read the battle of New Orleans in that eye. Yet it was a tender eye; it was as tender in private life as any eye I ever saw. In public duty it was inflexible. There was a time when it was as calm and gentle as the eye of one of these young ladies (meaning the young ladies present, who evidently appreciated the compliment, as they became all smiles), and at other times that eye did not fear anything in the world. (Applause and laughter.) There was one thing which it hated, it hated fraud—and I wish some of our leading men had the same propensity now. (Prolonged applause.) And it hated falsehood, and it hated knavery, and it hated cowardice. Wouldn't you like to have Jackson to rule the country again? (Tremendous applause.) I don't believe Andrew Jackson ever saw a human being maltreated that he did not take its effect on his own hands; he never saw a human creature down that he did not try to protect; he never saw anyone wronged that he did not oppose the wrongdoer. What wonder, then, that he did not have much peace on his hands? He was fighting all the time; he was victorious always. That accounts why he was in so many struggles, but he always fought for some unfortunate person—sometimes a woman, sometimes a man—and he would fight against the whole world for a poor creature that he believed to be wronged. That is the kind of a man Jackson was. He was a popu-

lar man with a certain class of society. Jackson was never popular with what you call the higher classes in America—a very strange thing. This born hero—this modern type—never was popular with what were called the literary men, and the fashionable classes, and the wealthy classes. They considered him illiterate. No; he wrote one of the best state papers that has emanated from the State House since Washington's day. He was educated as Washington was educated; he was educated as Christopher Columbus was educated; he was educated as Cromwell was educated. (Applause.) I remember well when he was candidate for the presidency. If you went into a fashionable hotel and took a seat at a fashionable table, nine-tenths of those around you, you would find, were opposed to Andrew Jackson. But go into a common or ordinary hotel, where ordinary people were assembled, and you could make a bet that they were all for Jackson. But they carry—the common people carry—the day, and always will. (Applause.)

I have a word to say about another. I will get through as quick as I can, as I want to hear the others talk. This is about Daniel Webster. "Black Dan," as we used to call him. (Loud applause.) His head was large and powerful. Webster was an immense man. He was immense physically and intellectually. The whole man seemed to have been cast in a colossal mold. I will tell you what Webster's distinguishing characteristic was—power. Not energy, not activity, not industry, but—power, power; absolute power; power physical, power intellectual; power that could perform tragedies without apparent effort. You saw it in his walk, in his deportment; you heard it in his conversation and in his eloquence. The very sight of the man was power. Literal and intellectual prominence were the characteristics of the man. I never saw such a head upon a human body for size, weight, magnitude, capacity. I never saw and never heard of such a head. It was perfectly colossal. And then the brow. I have no name for it. Majesty—that won't do. It was an Olympian brow; that is the name for it. A brow the beautiful Greek painting was imagined for its Olympus. That was Webster's brow. This is what the British minister at Washington, Lord Bulwer, told me in that city. He happened to be in Spain when Daniel Webster was in London, and on returning he said he heard everyone talking about this great American—

this wonderful New England man. "I thought," he said, "I would ask Sir Robert Peel what manner of man that great American was, and this was the answer: 'I tell you what I think about the manner of man he is. He has more intellectual greatness in his very looks than there is in the whole life of any Englishman now living.'" That was the opinion of the leader of Her Majesty's government. And I believe in my soul that he said what was true. In intellectual greatness I don't believe a man lived on the whole globe that equaled Daniel Webster. You ought to hear him speak. Now, for the benefit of those young men here, I will try and describe it. Every educated man ought to be acquainted with Daniel Webster. He is the best model of senatorial eloquence in the English language. But you must hear him spoken in order to appreciate him; and that is what I would like to describe. It was not exactly oratory—what we Western men call oratory. I will tell you what it was; simply honest, powerful, overwhelming speech. It was overwhelming speech, without the slightest apparent effort. It was speaking such as I have never heard another man speak; and one would think the man had twice as much behind him as he was giving the public. It was a natural outflow. His favorite costume when he made his great speeches was a uniform of the American Revolution—a blue coat and buff vest. When he entered the Senate in that dress we all knew we had an intellectual treat before us. He would rise in his seat calmly and slowly. He would enter upon his discussion just as a gentleman would in earnest conversation, and that would go on swelling, and increasing, and growing, and enlarging, and expanding in the finest manner until the Senate chamber would vibrate to his voice like tones of muttering thunder. It reached everywhere, filled everywhere, and the effect upon the audience was to chain them to their seats, as if they were under a spell. That was his eloquence. I never heard such eloquence. And yet you always felt that the chamber was so full that he had far more behind him than he was giving the public. Reserved power—that was Webster.

But a word about Henry Clay. (Loud applause.) Henry Clay—glorious "Hal." He was altogether unlike Webster. Taller than Webster, careless, reckless, fearless; no vanity, no affectation; everything natural; and yet, as he did everything perfectly natural, he did every-

thing graceful. One of the strangest specimens of man. Anything but handsome; yet the ladies said he was the most captivating man in America. He was not much better looking than I am myself (applause and laughter); but there was an illumination of genius, and there was a kindness of heart, and then he was essentially a man. That you felt when you looked upon him. Take him all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen in America. He captivated everyone—the schoolboys as well as everyone else. It was all “hurrah for Clay.” And the newsboys—they all knew him, and he knew them and their tricks, too. I will give you an instance. As he was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one morning his friends, the newsboys, were playing with a young goat. He thought they were tormenting it and he said to them, “Get away.” And they got away, when the goat made a lunge at him and downed him (loud laughter and applause), and there he was, struggling with the goat while the newsboys all stood a short distance away enjoying the joke. (Laughter.) Why, the ladies came down in their carriages to see Mr. Clay in the middle of the street wrestling with the goat. They did not know what to make of it. (Loud laughter.) Finally he cried out, “Boys, what am I going to do with this goat?” After another laugh they told him, “Mr. Clay, let go his horns and run.” And he did. He ran into a jeweler’s store close by and slammed the door behind him. (Loud laughter and long-continued applause.) But you should hear him speak. When he arose and began speaking, I tell you he would not utter six sentences when you would hear the silk dresses of the ladies rustle all along the galleries as if a wind had passed through the Senate chamber. The moment he commenced speaking and as he went on the excitement would increase, until it aroused the whole Senate, and the excitement would rise and rise until it would burst out into an explosion; and then he would change his manner and denounce the Democratic administration, and he would denounce it pretty severely. Cast your eyes around those galleries and you would see some of the prettiest eyes in the world flashing scorn at the Democracy, and the fans go up threateningly, like bayonets, as though they would exterminate the Democratic party. Then he would change his manner, soften his tone and recapitulate the sufferings of the people, and how the Democrats were wrong-

ing the people, and you would see their fair heads bowed, the eyes growing dim, and the cheeks growing pale, until they seemed as though they were themselves the only sufferers of the calamity. And he could do it with any audience, an audience of backwoodsmen as well as an audience of Senators. It was the magic of genius, the true fire of matchless eloquence. Friend and foe hung upon his words spellbound, and he charmed them all. (Enthusiastic applause.)

But I must say a few words of John C. Calhoun. Entirely different from the others, I will speak of the man to-night as I saw and knew him. Tall, slender, stately, eloquent, courteous—as fine a type of a Southern gentleman as I have seen in the city of Washington was John C. Calhoun. His conversational powers could not be surpassed. He had earnestness, zeal, enthusiasm, and especially what I would call intense earnestness, and that he carried into everything. To me he always appeared more of a missionary than a politician, and his party was more like a sect than like a party. They looked up to him as a prophet, and in every respect his light was unlimited. I have not time to describe the man. His whole appearance was grand, intellectual. It was spiritual—what I would call spiritual. I have never known a man—a public man or a private man—have more that was spiritual and less that was animal in his possession than John C. Calhoun. There was not a mean, sordid, sensual feature in his whole countenance. I believe in my soul he was one of the most sincere men I ever met. We called him an Abstractionist. Why? Because we could not understand him. He seemed to live in an abstract world. His life was more like spirit life than worldly life. The intensity of his faith made him look further into the future. He saw with his soul as we see with the eyes. He saw signs in the heavens that none of us saw; and by the light of what has transpired since his day, he seems to have been more like a prophet than a politician. And if John C. Calhoun had lived this great and terrible struggle would never have come off. (Great applause.) His followers went much further than he ever intended and they wanted the great wisdom that he possessed. I owe this to him to-night—because his memory in some respects has not been fairly treated. I never agreed with him, of course, in politics, but I want to do justice to the man. When he spoke he stood perfectly

perpendicular and never changed his position. He kept his eye fixed upon the president—and what an eye it was! So intense, so full of fire, so full of power, and at the same time so full of what I call a sort of magical spirit. And then he would pour out his unlimited rhetoric; unlimited short sentences, every sentence a proposition, and every proposition a link in the chain of logic, as strong as iron and as hard as ebony. It was not what is called logic in our Northern language. It was logic at white heat, and nothing could withstand it. It carried everything before it. His earnestness, his enthusiasm, his intense force seemed to sweep everything before him. Half the time we Senators could not understand him, for half the time he would address himself to Daniel Webster. They understood each other, and they were the only two men in the Senate who did. I believe that of all the men in that body Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, were the only two who understood one another. Webster, while Calhoun was speaking, would lean over his desk, composed, dignified, powerful, and fix his great black eye on Calhoun's face, and "glower" at him, as the Scotch would say. He would drink what he said. And when Webster spoke Calhoun would sit bolt upright in his seat, as though he wanted to penetrate his very soul. They left us other Senators out of the question, as though we were not worthy of attention. I could give you a number of anecdotes, to-night about Daniel Webster, Calhoun, Clay and Jackson; but I have talked far more than I expected to be able to do. And I have done it because you have been, not only a patient, but indulgent audience; and if I always have such audiences as you are I will live forever. (Loud and long-continued applause.) I am going to drop my doctor to-morrow, you have done so much for me. I am glad you have given me this opportunity, and I am proud and glad you have given me the chance to address such a magnificent audience as is present here to-night.

The closing words of the General died away in a storm of enthusiastic applause that was renewed again and again, which evidenced how highly the brilliant assembly appreciated the distinguished soldier and statesman.

Rev. Father Malone, of Brooklyn, E. D., was the

next speaker. He said that it was customary to make an apology before addressing an audience, but he should waive that custom because the occasion naturally suggested thoughts to every man, which it was natural he should express, especially when he saw such a magnificent gathering assembled for such a noble purpose, and he would add when he heard such an eloquent speaker as Major-General Shields, the hero of two wars and ex-Senator for three states. They knew he was the native of a soil from which many of them had come, and he would say that he felt proud of that son of the Emerald Isle, the hero of El Molino, Chapultepec and Winchester. General Shields was not ashamed of his native country, nor should anyone be ashamed of it. But while not ashamed of Ireland and cherishing feelings of Irish patriotism, he allowed his mind to be imbued with warm attachment to his adopted country and had done noble and generous work in its interests. He (the speaker) was proud to see a citizen of Ireland rise to such eminent dignity. He was a noble type of the Irish-born citizen of the United States. The object which brought him and them together was sacred and glorious. He (the speaker) took a little pride in stating that his congregation were the first to send a donation to the plague-stricken people of the South. They forwarded one hundred dollars to a Catholic clergyman of the South with strict injunctions to make no distinction in distributing it between Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile. (Loud cheers.) The clergyman to whom they sent it died before he received the gift. Another died after putting his signature to the check. A third to whom it was sent wrote and gave him (the speaker) the information that the donation in question was the first which the South had received. (Cheers.) This is not all. They hoisted that flag first, when at Sumter the sacred symbol of liberty—the stars and stripes—was first fired at. (Prolonged applause.) He had no political purpose in making that statement. He said it because it was true. But in all that movement for the relief of the suffering South there

was nothing expressed by the North but what was always in the heart of their people. The Northerners were brave in the battlefield, and they were generous in the hour of victory. They conquered the South to save the interests of all Americans and benefit the very people they had conquered. As they faced them when they were flushed with victory, so they hastened to relieve them when they were borne down by disease. Everywhere their conduct represented what was deep in the Northern soul—love of all the citizens without distinction of any of the United States. (Enthusiastic cheers.) The people in that hall were a type of the people everywhere in the North—as ready in peace to give the hand of friendship and brotherhood as in war to subvert sedition and scatter the ranks of rebellion—and above all to show that Christian charity whose healing influence could not fail to ratify union and produce brotherly love and good will. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

General Gibson, U. S. A., was the next speaker. He said that in the presence of the large and brilliant audience, characterized by culture and beauty, assembled in the fair city of Brooklyn in a cause of humanity, mercy and charity, after the eloquent speeches of the distinguished gentlemen who preceded him, it behooved an humble man like him to speak, if not with “bated breath,” certainly with considerable hesitation. They had heard a renowned soldier, who had distinguished himself in two wars, who was scarred with wounds received under the flag of the United States in Mexico, and who had rendered noble service during the late fratricidal conflict, and, in addition to this, had worn the toga of an American Senator as the representative of two great states, and whose presence recalled the memory of brilliant wars that produced a race of heroes, among whom he stood in the front; in time of peace, as in time of war, he likewise stood in the forefront—at once an Irishman and an American, the countryman of Sarsfield and of Washington—they had heard him and must necessarily listen with apathy to a speaker as inferior as himself. He (the speaker) regretted the ab-

sence of a distinguished gentleman who was expected to preside on that occasion—a statesman, a lawyer and a soldier—whose deeds on the battlefield and eloquence in the forum had won him a reputation second to none, and whose noble defense of the Southerners a year ago in that hall met with a sympathetic response from every mind that was gifted with intelligence and every heart that throbbed with love of country. He meant Gen. R. A. Pryor. (Loud cheers.) The lecturer had given them his recollections of the great Harry of the West—the forest-born Demosthenes, the second Patrick Henry, the influence of whose eloquence, power and patriotism had averted the storms of sedition. General Shields had described Daniel Webster, whose words had sunk so deep into the hearts of the people of the North, and so dimmed the fires of the South that discontent failed of its purpose, and liberty and union were established in the states then and forever, one and inseparable. His breathing thoughts and burning words, instilled and engendered by every wise pedagogue, accompanied with “words of learned length and thundering sound,” on the minds of his pupils, and repeated in every city in that broad land, so affected and impressed the hearts of that generation that the success of the cause which he advocated became inevitable, and brave and noble men yielded up their lives to secure it. He (the speaker) would repeat that, in the inmost recesses of the Southern heart, the words of Webster carried love of that union, unnerved the strength of the blow, and made it spend its force before it fell upon its object. Owing to him their country became a land of unity, peace and concord, filled with loyal hearts and faithful hands in every corner of its wide domain. (Loud cheers.) And the Northern oak and Southern palmetto sheltered no foe to their indivisible union. (Renewed cheers.) General Shields’ reminiscences of the great and wise Calhoun were deeply interesting. To him the country was indebted for all that was good in the organization of its armies, and for success in the time of conflict. He formed that military school of America

which gave such noble soldiers to the country. (Prolonged applause.) But they were not there that night to blazon the virtues or extol the glories of friend or foe; but to pour out a tribute to a terrible affliction. If their Federal armies went out to the Southerners in the hour of their rebellion, their hearts went out to them warmly, generously, earnestly in that grievous visitation of God. (Renewed applause). To help them in the time of need, to relieve their unequaled sufferings, the widow gave her mite, the poor man his scanty pittance, and the rich man out of his abundance. Lazarus offered his rags, and Dives brought forth his treasures, and the miser who clutched the eagle with so desperate a grip that the bird of Jove shrank under the pressure—the miser relaxed his grasp and dropped the coin into the treasury of benevolence. He became more than kin and more than kind. All honor to those benefactors of suffering humanity, and all honor to those brave and generous souls who devoted health, and life, and strength to arrest the pestilence “that walketh in darkness,” be it the priest whose hand smoothed the pillow of death, or the noble physician who confronted the plague and risked life to mitigate agony. (Loud cheers.) All honor to those ministering angels—cool and intrepid as a hero on the field of battle—whose hands soothed the aching brow and moistened the parched lips of burning fever. (Applause.) The courage of the field of war was noble; but glory led the way and spurred the soldier to noble action. But the courage of frail men and tender women risking life in the face of the dreadful scourge—to bear the peace of Christ to souls forlorn and lost without them—was the Godlike courage of the holy martyrs. (Loud and enthusiastic applause.)

Rev. J. B. Murray, pastor of the Metropolitan (colored) Mission, next addressed the meeting. He said that he was happy to be there that night to mingle his voice with that of his hearers—to join heart and hand with them in that great work of Christian charity performed in behalf of their fever-stricken brethren in the South. That glorious outpouring of sympathy and practical charity would do

much to weld the broken chain of affection that had been severed by the late war—a chain that bound man to man and connected earth with heaven. (Loud applause.) It would establish that eternal truth in the heart of all thinking men if possible more firmly than ever that there is one common fatherhood and one common brotherhood in human nature. (Renewed applause.) God grant that their efforts might be characterized by oneness in their progress, and be blessed with success in their termination. (Loud cheers.)

Rev. Mr. Bowdish, of the Methodist Episcopal church, next addressed the meeting. He said it would be injudicious on his part to occupy them long. He only rose to express his appreciation of the lecture given them by the honored gentleman who had addressed them first that night. They were greatly indebted to him for the portraiture of the characters of four distinguished personages named as the subject of his lecture, and he (the speaker) was sure they responded warmly to all he said of the greatness of those men. He (the speaker) watched carefully every feature in that portraiture, and in each instance he named—in each character he mentioned—kindness of heart was the predominant and distinguishing trait. And he thought that if they were alive and came on that platform their voice would be heard there in approval of that charity for which they were moving as citizens of that great republic. His (the speaker's) heart was deeply touched lately at the altar of prayer—surrounded by persons of various denominations. One of the most distinguished clergymen leading the way first read the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and when he closed the sacred volume he poured forth a prayer for the South—for the "brethren and sisters," as he called them. And it seemed to him (the speaker) that everyone responded without regard to creed a hearty "Amen!" And so it seemed that night in that place their hearts responded to that call of charity. They seemed to have moved from the sanctuary of God, from the place in which thousands gathered for public prayer, to meet in that hall for a holy purpose. He thoroughly appreciated the

address they had heard from General Shields, and his earnest prayer as he retired was that their honored friend might live, if it pleased God, for years to come; that his voice might be heard long North and South and his brave heart ever beat in sympathy with the interests of that metropolis. (Loud applause).

During the reverend gentleman's speech two flags—torn by the bullets and stained with the smoke of battle—which had waved above the heroic soldiers of the Sixty-ninth in many a long and bloody conflict, were noiselessly advanced toward the front of the platform. They represented Ireland and America, and were followed by a battalion of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Colonel James Cavanagh, the Irish Volunteers, and the Association of the Veterans of the Mexican War, who stood behind the flags with that modest bearing which characterizes those gallant men, "Corporal" Tanner then rose and explained the nature of these flags and the object of this display. He said the flags in question were known to the American army by the epithet of "Old Glory." Old soldiers were present on the platform who had often faced death in the shadow of those standards. They would not be satisfied unless the meeting gave three cheers for those ragged banners of the Sixty-ninth, and for our honored statesman, jurist and general—our beloved Shields. In compliance with the corporal's suggestion, the whole meeting rose and uttered three hearty and ringing cheers.

The audience being dismissed, the escort, composed of a battalion of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, Colonel Cavanagh commanding, Rankin Post, the Alliance Honor Guard (Capt. Dennis Brown), the detachment of the Irish Volunteers, under the command of Capt. Breslin, and the Mexican Veterans formed on the street, and surrounding the carriage of General Shields, escorted him to the residence of Mr. Murphy, in Henry street, where a reception was held. The band serenaded the General, and he returned thanks in a fitting speech. Others present made short speeches, and the occasion terminated in a formal reception. The affair was a thorough success throughout, and netted a goodly sum for the Sufferers' Fund.

Editorial in *Irish World*.

GENERAL SHIELDS IN NEW YORK.

Thursday, the 26th of September, came, and with it came thunder, lightning, and rain. It was the date of General Shield's lecture in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. On the same evening, and for the same noble object, two other entertainments were given—a grand concert at Music Hall and a literary and musical entertainment at the Atheneum. It was, too, a week of high political excitement. Tammany wrestled with the Tilden forces at Syracuse, and the Clan Conkling crossed swords with the Administration faction at Saratoga. The papers were full of the strife, and eyes were directed in that direction and could not be diverted therefrom. The 26th was likewise the night fixed for the Greenback-Labor Convention of Brooklyn. All things considered, perhaps no other night in the whole year could have been more unpropitious for a lecture—no matter who was the lecturer. And yet, despite the inclemency of the weather, and the rivalry of the two halls, and the political hubbub, hardly ever, if indeed ever, did so glorious an audience fill the Academy of Music. For numbers, intelligence, and enthusiasm, that audience perhaps never was surpassed. Never was there a grander outpouring of the City of Churches.

To be sure the object was a holy and humane one. The spectacle of whole regions stricken with pestilence, and perishing, day by day, for the want of assistance, is calculated to open all hearts and purses. But the smoke of battle hides the dead and the dying, and in the din and the turmoil of a great political campaign, when old parties are dying and a new party is being born into the world, what silvery tongue can make itself heard?

Certainly no ordinary orator could dare to go before the people on such a night. No orator who valued his rhetorical reputation. And on such occasions—during political convention weeks—no orator ever does venture to call the great, surging, excited people to a halt. They never do it. Their weak voices couldn't be heard. But General Shields is a man that was born to command. When he sends out the cry, "Attention!"—whether in field or forum, the multitude stand and all eyes are fixed upon him. There is no rule without an exception; and one notable exception in this connection was Santa Anna, the commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces, who, when he once began to run away from Shields, never halted until the bullet-proof hero of Cerro Gordo uttered the word of command at the very gates of the City of Mexico.

General Shields stood between two audiences; one before him filling the vast auditorium; the other on the stage, which receded back to the extreme distance. Perhaps never before did a more numerous, a more distinguished, or a more representative gathering ever assemble on the stage of the Academy. There were fully six hundred there. Are we not right in calling that an audience in itself? Of this number about two hundred were priests and ministers of the various religious denominations. There were General Gibson and officers of the U. S. Army; there was "Corporal" Tanner, State

Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, with his posts; there were the gray-headed Veterans of the Mexican War—old comrades of Shields; there, too, was Colonel Cavanagh, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, with his drum corps and his tattered battle-flags. There, likewise, sat the Mayor, the chief magistrate of the city, to do honor to the occasion.

Down in the orchestra was the United States Band, which was sent thither expressly by order of the commanding general.

General Shields, it will be remembered, rose from his sick bed to speak on this occasion. He was feeling very badly all that day. "I fear," he said, "I fear I will not be able to go through with it; but—but—(and his determined eye lit up)—I'll speak to-night for the South if I were to die in the venture!"

Half-past seven p. m. is at hand. "Light up!" There is a flash of electricity—the gas in the great hall is literally struck by lightning—and instantly a thousand jets are in a blaze! We go to the stage door. The space in front of the Academy is black with people and from opposite directions come converging streams in Montague street. The doors are thrown open and in twenty minutes the house is packed. The stage, too, presently fills up. Civilians and military, lay, and clerics, take their places. Hark! It is the rattle of drums and the clashing of cymbals and the notes of the ear-piercing fife without. The General with his escort enters. All is hushed. He is very pale, very attenuated. Surely the aged and shattered frame needs that cane to aid it along. Silence reigns and all eyes and all hearts turn toward him, Simultaneously all on the stage rise to their feet. A voice: "Three cheers for General Shields!" The great audience rose, too, and then, as the band played "Hail to the Chief," and as the recollections of the victories of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chapultepec, and Winchester, flashed back; then, as the chieftain that had, a generation ago, led in triumph the citizen soldiery of New York up to and into the City of Mexico stood before the remnants of his comrades in arms; then, as the only man that had ever successfully crossed swords with Stonewall Jackson came in sight; then, as he that had worn the toga of the Senator with honor and kept the ermine of the judge untarnished showed his beloved face; then, as this brave-hearted man, whose aged body is covered with scars and whose great soul is filled with mercy—then, when General Shields, now a feeble sick man himself, presented himself before the people of Brooklyn to lift his voice in behalf of the distressed of the South,—then went up a tempest of ringing cheers such as never, never before resounded within the four walls of that house! Never!

It did the old man good. General Shields declared the enthusiastic reception given him did him more benefit than all the doctors. "It made a new man of him." How could it have been otherwise? General Shields must have been more or less than man could such an ovation have had no influence on him.

At the close of the lecture the General was escorted with military honors to the residence of Captain Murphy, 464 Henry street, where

General Shields had been staying since his illness, and where, with a number of invited friends, an enjoyable hour was spent.

Captain Murphy himself is a veteran of two wars. He was a drummer boy in Mexico, and his services in the late war for the Union won for him the esteem of his comrades, and the especial recognition of President Lincoln himself.

The Captain's wife is a relative of the illustrious Irish Revolutionist, Wolfe Tone. Is it not fitting that in such a household the foremost military man of the Irish race of to-day should lay on his stretcher in the hour of discomfiture?

Next day (Friday) General Shields was driven to the branch office of the Irish World, in Brooklyn, where all the ladies and gentlemen in the establishment, forty in number, were introduced to him and shook his hand. After an address of welcome by Mr. Devyr, to which an appropriate reply was made, the General, amid a parting cheer from the office, drove to the house of Mr. Ford, where he took dinner, and thence to the railroad depot for Cincinnati.

The Irish World is no inordinate admirer of wars or warriors; but it believes in fair play—especially toward one who risked life and limb in a cause which those who secretly sought to injure so openly professed to espouse.

But the people were not unjust to Shields. State Legislator, State Auditor, Judge of the Supreme Court—almost every position of honor in their giving was placed upon his shoulders. One notable proof of his popularity stands prominently forward: James Shields is the only man in the Republic ever chosen by three distinct states to represent them in the National Senate. The only man! This trinity of tributes, which is so conspicuous a testimonial to his exalted worth, reflects glory on those states themselves. In honoring a man like Shields they did honor to their own sense of justice and uprightness.

Shields was a man of action rather than a student. He did not devote his life to the solution of any great societary problem. He was not, and he did not pretend to be, either a philosopher or a reformer. The flag of his adopted country was ever before his eyes, and, when it was menaced, his sword sprang instantly from its scabbard. "Our Country—may she be always right! But, right or wrong, our Country!" is ever the soldier's toast. Is it unnatural that Shields' ardent temperament should have felt something of this sentiment? Is it strange, either, that he, like thousands of his countrymen before him, should have cast his lot and linked his fortunes with the Democratic party?

Yet Shields was not hidebound. He had an eye to perceive and a judgment to discern; and when a political truth was presented to him, instead of antagonizing it, as purblind and bigoted partisans do, he gave it manly recognition, regardless of the consequences of that recognition to the organization of which he was a member. On the Greenback doctrine he was thoroughly sound. In conversation with us he stated his views fully and frankly—views which were published at the time in the Irish World, and if he did not push on

to the logical conclusion of his own reasoning, this short-coming, we suppose, must be set down to the credit of that second nature of which association is the mother and force of habit is the nurse.

Shields' views on the Irish question are set forth fully in our biographical sketch, and it is unnecessary to repeat them here. One of the burning desires of his life was to strike a blow for Mother Land. "I have received four wounds," said the old man, "in defense of the Stars and Stripes; and I would cheerfully receive four more wounds to make that flag (pointing to the green colors) the standard sheet of Free Ireland!" His public career extended over a period of forty years. It was as spotless as it was brilliant, long and varied. One singular incident in connection therewith—one that emphasizes the remark just quoted—was the fact that the evening of the very last day of his public life was consecrated to the memory of Robert Emmet! That was on March 4 last in the city of Baltimore. That date closed the last session of the Forty-fifth Congress, and, with it, closed General Shields' Senatorial career. This tribute of Shields to Emmet, on the anniversary of the birth of Ireland's young martyr, and the dying day of the veteran soldier and statesman's own official existence, has something of a poetic fitness in it that deserves, at least, a passing mention.

CHAPTER XXIII.

General Butler, a True Friend of General Shields, One of America's Greatest Lawyers—Heroic Method Adopted to Reduce Hours of Labor in Factories—Splendid Address by a Brave Lawyer—His Efforts to Secure Justice for the Destruction of a Convent and to Wipe Out a Stain on the Escutcheon of Massachusetts—Senatorial Duplicity and Parsimony.

General Butler was one of the ablest lawyers of his day, the most painstaking and original in attack or defense. No opponent could anticipate what he would have to meet when so crafty a lawyer as Butler was his rival. It is conceded that he established more precedents and won more difficult cases than any lawyer in Massachusetts, or in the East, during his long career as a leader of the American bar.

In politics, he was a free lance, at times a Democrat, a Republican, or an independent. He, like many other great men, voted with, but did not belong to, any party. He never sacrificed his views or abandoned his principles at the behest of a caucus. It is to his credit that he was early a friend of the working classes. In 1849, in Lowell, Mass., he favored the reduction of the hours of labor to ten in number, since work in the factories for longer hours had proved

very detrimental to the health of the operatives. The capitalists who controlled the corporations violently opposed the movement, but, notwithstanding their opposition, nine out of ten state representatives were elected in favor of the ten-hour law. Through a clerical blunder, which was not allowed to be corrected, a new election was ordered and an attempt was made to deter employees from re-electing their nine friends. The Hamilton Corporation, which employed a very large number of men who were in favor of the ten-hour law, a few days before the second election placarded the following notice: "Whoever employed by this corporation votes the Ben Butler ten-hour ticket on Monday next will be discharged." Ben Butler, on his own responsibility, had hand-bills circulated containing the following notice: "The workingmen of Lowell will have a meeting at the City Hall on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, to hear an address by Colonel B. F. Butler, upon the subject of this notice (quoting the Hamilton notice): "Whoever employed by this corporation votes the Ben. Butler ten-hour ticket on Monday next will be discharged, and advice upon the question of what shall be done by the workingmen and friends of the ten-hour law in view of this notice in the coming election."

(Signed Per Order.)

After the distribution of the circulars the workingmen were in a ferment. The hall was filled to suffocation, and Colonel Butler was picked up and rolled over the heads of the audience and placed on the stand. He looked around for leading men for president, vice-presidents and secretaries, but they were not there. In the audience he saw a clergyman, whom he asked to open the meeting with a prayer, and when he had concluded he occupied a chair on the platform. Then Colonel Butler said, in part: "Our fathers fought the battles of the Revolution, braving the perils of war with the British Empire to establish one very important and essential privilege to this people, viz., the right to govern themselves by electing to their legislatures, by votes cast in an orderly and quiet manner, according to the laws, men to represent them and their interests, such as they shall deem proper. If, under our republican form of government, established by our patriotic fathers, the people of this country, acting under and in accordance with the laws, cannot govern themselves by their votes, cast according to their consciences, then the Revolution was a failure. If the workingmen can be deprived of their freedom and rights by threats of starvation of themselves and their wives and their children, when they act according to the laws and their own judgment, then they had better be slaves, indeed, having kind masters, instead of being freemen, who are only at liberty to do what their taskmasters impose upon them, or starve. And this question must be settled here and now. On the next election depends the whole politics of the state; and, therefore, the whole power and wealth of corporate influence in the state has been brought to bear upon these weak men, the aldermen, to do us the great wrong of nullifying the last election. What have we done? So great a wrong and outrage would justify revolution; it would justify us in any proceeding to recover our liberties, for we have done no wrong. One of the corporations, where large numbers of workmen are employed, and get small enough wages for good work, has, as the representative of all the corporations, issued the notice in question. You have shown yourselves to be the party of law and order, seeking to do everything according to the law, and not otherwise, and now you are told that

if you exercise your rights as freemen in the manner your constitution points out, you are not only not to be permitted to enjoy any of the divine blessings which the reverend clergyman has invoked upon your heads, but you are not even to be permitted to suffer in freedom and peace the primeval curse of the Almighty—'By the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread.' You gave up God's blessing long ago when you were obliged to work for these tyrants, but you could not see your children starve, and, therefore, you submitted to the punishment of His curse and asked by the sweat of your face to eat your bread. Now, even this is to be taken from you, unless you vote as your masters permit you to do, and thereby become their slaves. This is an unlawful threat to use unlawful force upon you, for it takes away your right to govern yourselves according to your consciences. You have only complied with the law; they have resorted to force. They avow an intention to oppress you; you have only shown an intention to assert your rights in a lawful manner. I know the power of these corporation. I know many of the men who have been in charge. They have made a mistake in the appeal to force. When that weapon is tried, they are weak and you are strong. They have their mills and machinery, their bricks and their mortar, and that is the extent of their power. You are stronger than they. You have your right arms and your torches, and by them we will blot out this accursed outrage.

"As God lives and I live, by the Living Jehovah, if one man is driven from his employment by these men, because of his vote, I will lead you to make Lowell what it was twenty-five years ago—a sheep-pasture and a fishing place; and I will commence by applying the torch to my own house. Let them come on. As we are not the aggressors, we seek not this awful contest.

"We cannot vote Monday under such a threat. We will vote as freemen and not as slaves. We have given them here and now notice of our solemn determination; let them take up the gauntlet we throw down, if they dare. We must vote next Monday as freemen, or we do not vote at all; no election will be held. They shall have Thursday and Friday in which to adopt or repudiate this threat of theirs to the workingmen of Lowell.

"Let us wait and see what they mean to do, and we will notify them that this meeting stands adjourned, to meet here again on Saturday evening, to hear their answer, and then we have the Sabbath before us in which to act, and 'the better the day the better the deed.' Now, let us all go quietly home. Do not do anything or say anything that will give our enemies any hold upon us. I know, as a lawyer, where I stand in saying what I said, and I desire in this matter that you will carefully follow my advice. If we must come to blows, it must be upon their invitation."

That speech won the day and freed the workingmen of Lowell from the attempt of their employers to own them body and soul.

It is to be regretted that now—fifty years later—there are so few lawyers who dare speak and act so bravely. It is time that threats, expressed or implied, of discharge for the crime of exercising the right of a freeman at the ballot box ceased forever in this Nation. On the eve of another presidential election, would-be leaders of the working classes would do well to read and re-read General Butler's speech to the workingmen of Lowell and familiarize voters therewith.

It may be the means of preventing thousands of employers from posting notices in their factories, or elsewhere, that if a certain candidate be not elected president, the workingmen need not expect work the day after election, as the factory will be closed.

If such language is not treason, what is? If such coercion is long submitted to, what kind of creatures will voters become? Much has been said of the evils of tissue ballots in some states, unfair counts and intimidation, but what greater intimidation can be used than such notices, which are threats of starvation?

When General Butler was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, in 1852, he endeavored to wipe out a disgrace upon the state by the passage of a bill recompensing the Sisters of St. Ursula—an order established in 1536—for the burning of their convent in Charlestown, Mass., on August 16, 1834, by a mob, who first set dogs upon the female pupils attending it, and then destroyed the building, but sectarianism and religious prejudice were so strong that clergymen preached against the bill and defeated it. The convent was erected upon a beautiful eminence, known as Mount Benedicto, twin hill with Bunker Hill in Charlestown. Its blackened ruins still stand, a grim monument of religious persecution and injustice in the state of Otis, Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Webster, Everett, Sumner and Wendell Phillips.

It is very strange that none of these great champions of liberty and freedom ever exerted themselves to do justice to the Sisters whose property was thus destroyed.

A few years ago the Colonial Parliament at Quebec paid a religious order a debt due for a century. There is no statute of limitations for a debt of honor.

General Butler won laurels as a major-general of volunteers in the Civil War and served afterward with distinction in Congress.

General Butler, a Republican, nominated General Shields for doorkeeper of the House when it was Democratic. The position was worth \$200 a month, while General Shields' pension was only \$31.25, and he was trying to support his family by lecturing. That General Butler was a real friend of General Shields is placed at rest by his application for increase of pension sent to General Butler about the time he made the nomination.

It was made before the Democrats had held a caucus, and action was deferred until General Field, an ex-Confederate, who had left the country to serve in the Egyptian army, was selected. During a lengthy debate, General Butler set forth the poverty of General Shields, his military services, as well as his services as senator, and urged his election as a reward to an old, maimed Union soldier, who could decline if he did not wish to accept the profitable position in question. After much political cross firing, General Shields was defeated, and the Democrats, to square themselves, voted to place him on the retired list as a brigadier-general. The Senate was solidly Republican, and these, the heroes of many a fight in state and national Republican conventions, united to a man in opposing General Shields' retirement.

So strong was the General that the Republicans, fearing he would succeed, amended the bill by adding General Grant's name thereto, which would entitle the latter to over three times the pay of the former.

It was openly charged, and not successfully disproven, that the

change was made to kill the bill, which proved true. Blaine, Conkling, Perkins, Edmunds and other stay-at-homes during wars fought manfully against General Shields' interests, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, while Oglesby, the lieutenant who had charge of him while wounded at Cerro Gordo, and Davis, both of Illinois, did all they could to defeat the bill, and to their disgrace be it said they succeeded.

As soldiers, Oglesby's rank in comparison to that of General Shields will ever be relatively what they were at Cerro Gordo, but as an office seeker he distanced General Shields, and became senator by openly violating the letter and spirit of the Constitution of Illinois. No words of commendation can be found that would do justice to Senator Cockerill's efforts in behalf of General Shields, while the scholarly Lamar and the eloquent Voorhees surpassed all others in the gallant fight they made. But the fact that General Shields had to pawn the swords—which now are in a case with those of Ethan Allen and Hancock the Superb—while Grant was being entertained abroad by crowned heads and was not poor, was of no avail. They were put on an equal basis for relief, and the absurdity killed the measure, as amended.

From such friendship for old, decrepit and impoverished soldiers, Good Lord, deliver them.

The day before the vote was taken on General Butler's resolution to elect General Shields doorkeeper, I called a meeting on the subject, which was attended by a veteran of the Mexican War, now a circuit judge, an ex-congressman, three ex-members of the Illinois Legislature, a prominent city official, and several merchants, who united in a telegram to a Democratic congressman, who afterward became mayor of Chicago, requesting him to vote for General Shields. He ignored our advice, but contributed a valuable lot to a school fund afterward, for the privilege of introducing General Shields at a lecture he delivered for the benefit of the school.

It is dangerous to illtreat veterans, if one wants office, and who doesn't?

While General Black was pension commissioner ex-Governor Oglesby, who opposed placing General Shields on the retired list as a brigadier-general, applied for a pension for himself. I cannot give the exact language used by him, as my request for a copy of his application has been ignored, but I remember the substance of it, which was, "not to view it with a critic's eye," adding that he always felt that he was "entitled to a pension for services rendered in the Mexican War." Whether his request was granted or not I do not know or care. He was a comparatively rich man then, having married rich, and when I stood on the eminence on which his house stands at Elkhart, Ill., the day of his funeral, and saw the extent of his domain, I wished every old soldier had a tithe of the comforts he died in possession of. Senator Davis was an able jurist, before whom I have tried cases. He invested in Chicago real estate and became rich through the enterprise of his neighbors, who improved their property. Davis was a very shrewd politician, aided Lincoln to

defeat Seward for the nomination, and secured a federal judgeship from the President. Senator Davis died rich and left his family all he possessed. The lame, halt and blind, the sick and infirm, the aged and decrepit were not remembered in his will. He was thrifty and honest, wise and conservative, upon the whole, a good citizen.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Death of General Shields on a Lecturing Tour, at Ottumwa, Iowa, on Sunday, June 1, 1879—Funeral at Carrollton, Mo., Attended by Prominent Citizens from St. Louis—Military Escort—Religious Services—His Unmarked Grave—Attempt to Induce Fellow Townsmen to Erect a Monument to His Memory.

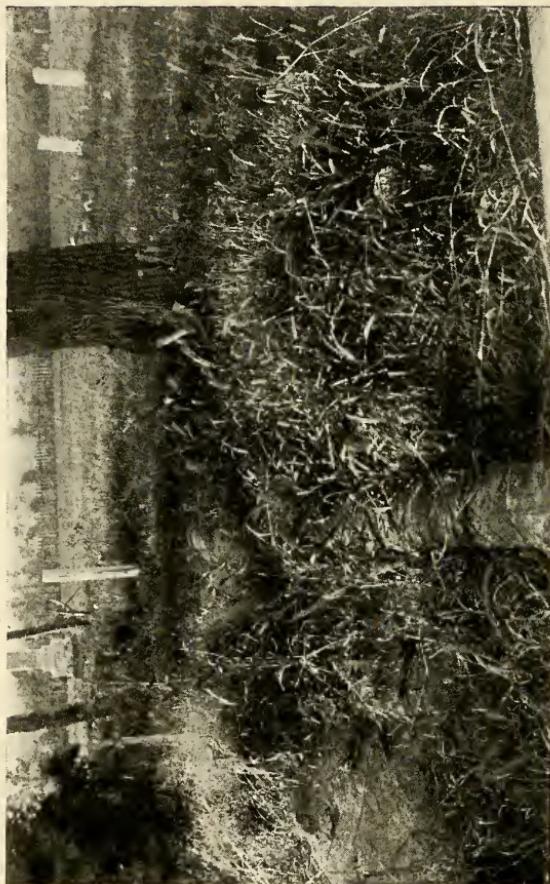
General Shields died suddenly at Ottumwa, Iowa, at half-past ten o'clock Sunday night, June 1. He had appeared in his usual health in the morning and ate a hearty supper at six o'clock, after which he wrote several letters; but just before retiring he complained of a pain in his chest, and shortly afterward said to his niece that he was dying, and in thirty minutes expired sitting in his chair, remaining conscious to the last. He lectured in Ottumwa on Wednesday evening and had remained there visiting relatives. His body left Ottumwa for his home in Carrollton, Missouri.

Few lives in this prosaic age of ours show such romantic features, and few men have left behind them such a record of noble thoughts, gallant deeds and kindly traits. In the high positions to which he was called he bore himself with the modesty of true greatness, and of him it might be said with truth:

“He wore the white flower of a blameless life,
In the fierce light that beats upon a throne
‘And blackens every spot.’”

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of General Shields took place at Carrollton, Missouri, Wednesday. A solemn mass of requiem was offered in the Catholic Church by Rev. J. Ascheni,



GEN. SHIELDS' GRAVE AND THOSE OF HIS CHILDREN.

pastor of the church, as celebrant. A number of other clergymen were present and participated in the ceremonies. Those in attendance from St. Louis were ex-United States Senator D. H. Armstrong, Colonel Don Morrison, president of the Mexican Veteran's Association; Major J. C. McGinness, ex-president, and Major G. W. Gibson, vice-president. After the services in the church were conducted, Rev. Father Walsh of St. Bridget's Church, St. Louis, delivered an eloquent eulogy. Two companies of the Nineteenth Infantry, the Craig Rifles, headed by a brass band of twenty pieces, followed the remains to the cemetery, two miles from the town.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

August 11, 1866, I arrived in Chicago from New York, my native state, and when I stood beside the grave of Stephen A. Douglas, in an unfenced field, with an unpainted fence around his last resting-place, hacked and splintered by vandal relic hunters, I felt that "Fame was but the echo of a long-lost name." Within sight of it was the Illinois Central railroad, which pays six per cent. of its gross earnings into the state treasury, and which was the child of his and Shields' brain, while there towered above both Douglas University, which owed its existence to Douglas' liberality, but which has since disappeared. In March, 1894, I knelt at General Shields' grave, without a stone to mark it, and felt both pity and contempt for the thousands of his neighbors who permitted it to remain unmarked. As I had helped to secure \$50,000 to complete the Douglas Monument, I wrote a letter to one of the papers in Carrollton, urging some action in behalf of a monument to Shields, offering to assist in the city or at the Legislature. I never received any encouragement, and the present postmaster has not, on request, sent me a copy of my letter, which shows that he is more interested in a live officeholder than a dead general. While at Springfield, in 1899, for forty days, passing the Willard Statue bill, I sent a Kansas City member of the Missouri Legislature a bill for a Shields monument, which he did not introduce.

CHAPTER XXV.

General Shields' Greatest Journalistic Friends—Their Struggles and Triumphs—Vast Influence for Good, for God, Race and Country—Glorious Records of Patrick Ford, of the Irish World, and Patrick Donahoe, of the Pilot.

New York, July 12, 1900.

DEAR MR. CONDON:

I owe you many apologies, and I feel very sorry for the apparent indifference with which I have treated your request for my photograph and biographical sketch. Be assured I appreciate your kindly feelings for me very sincerely. As a gentleman and friend, what other sentiment could I possibly entertain for you?

But every day I am crowded with matters of public interest, and to these things personal affairs must give place. Nevertheless, I have never forgotten you and your kindly request, but I did not well know how to get up a biographical sketch of myself for there is nothing of importance in my life to note, and I did not see of what use a picture of me would be in your book, unless there was something of interest to give with it in the shape of letter-press.

However, I desired my son a week since to send you a portrait—half-tone you called it—and he promised to attend to the matter and to have it ready by last Tuesday. But it is not done yet. The fault, however, I think, is not his.

To-morrow I will mail you a photograph; but really I am puzzled to know what to put on paper respecting myself. Very sincerely,

PATRICK FORD.

Mr. William H. Condon, 502 Journal Building, Chicago.

New York, July 13, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. CONDON:

As to the biographical sketch of myself, I really could not venture on anything like that of myself, nor could I ask anyone else to do it. Frankly speaking, I don't know of anything in my career that is worth recording, or that would be of special interest to anyone.

With regret for my inability to oblige you, and with sincere best wishes for yourself and your book, I am, very truly yours,

PATRICK FORD.

Mr. William H. Condon, 502 Journal Building, Chicago.

I regret exceedingly that Patrick Ford's modesty has prevented me from adorning this work with his portrait.

It is fitting that it should appear herein, since he was one of General Shields' warmest and best friends. He, in his Irish World, published more about the General than all other newspapers that I have seen. He has kept his memory green and never omitted an occasion to honor and assist him. His paper is one of the greatest weeklies in the country. No newspaper has done more to educate and elevate the Irish race. His weekly columns on temperance would do credit to Father Matthews', Archbishop Ireland's or Frances E. Willard's pen. His weekly calendar of important events in Irish history tends to keep alive the love of home and fatherland, as well as to inform the sons and daughters of Irish parents that they will find nothing to blush for in the record of their forefathers. His classified items for wage-workers, as well as his noted events at home and abroad, provide a valuable fund of useful information for his readers, while his editorials sparkle with wit and are laden with wisdom. No one, in the years he has been the editor and proprietor of the Irish World, has doubted the sincerity of his views, or denied that he has had the courage of his convictions. Such a man's usefulness cannot be estimated—it is vast and limitless. He is a national character and richly deserves to be classed with his friend, General Shields.

After writing the above account and receiving Mr. Ford's letters, I concluded to seek elsewhere for biographical sketches of him, and found two, one in the Pall Mall Budget, of September 9, 1886, which contains the following interview: "I was born in Galway, Ireland, April 12, 1834, and sailed with my father for the United States when I was eight years old. My father was a man of deep religious feeling, extremely conscientious, poor, hard-working; whatever good there may be in me I attribute to him. We came to Boston, and there he put me in a public school until I was thirteen. Then it was necessary for me to stop schooling and try and help him, to take care of myself at least. Nearly all my reading and the notions I got were such as the most ordinary current literature afforded. I got some work as a messenger boy, and when my errands took me up Cornhill I couldn't help stopping at the second-hand book-stalls; in this way I read a great deal of the Investigator, a journal which openly attacked the whole Christian world, and I read everything which came in my way. I knew nothing of Ireland or its history or politics. I might as well have been born in Boston. I

knew nothing of England. I brought nothing with me from Ireland—nothing tangible to make me what I am. I had, consciously, at least, only what I found and grew up in here. But the atrocious system under which the Irish people suffered reached and helped to form me even here.

"I traveled footsore, day after day, through Boston for a place at a dollar a week, or at any price. I would see a notice, 'Boy wanted; no Irish need apply.' To get that place I must lie. I couldn't do that, even if I could have got rid of the brogue which would have betrayed me. My father had taught me to speak truth at all costs. I went seeking in this way for some months, quite hopelessly, finding constantly that the facts that I was Irish and a Catholic were always against me. I was not yet awake about Ireland, but I began to think early, to read whatever I could lay my hands on, and, when at last I got a little work I stayed up at night to read and think over what I had read, and what I had heard, and what in my own little life I had known; and I realized that I was a victim of the condition of poverty and enslavement in which my country was, and I began to see that it was necessary for everyone of Irish blood to do all in his power to change that state of things. I had one place a little while, and then another, but I never got at ease in Boston, which was the most English and the most Irish city in the United States.

"When I was about fifteen I entered William Lloyd Garrison's office as printer's devil, and gradually got to do a little on the *Liberator*. Then I struck out for myself, and started in 1861 the *Boston Sunday Tribune*; it was anti-slavery and pro-union, and lived only for a few numbers. My eldest brother, who went into the navy, went down with the 'Cumberland'; my youngest brother went out at the age of fourteen as a drummer boy, came back and enlisted in the navy and served on the Mississippi. My father, then past fifty, but bubbling over with patriotic enthusiasm, enlisted for the Union. There were just two brothers left—I and the one next to me in age. We did not at once decide to enlist; but one day when we were coming up the street together, some of the neighbors pointed at us and said, jestingly, 'See them fellows, their little brother and their old father are gone, but they won't go.' So we went, too, and served for two years. We were at Antietam. People think that battles and being killed are what make war horrible, but these things are as nothing in comparison with war's real horror. The being kept for weeks and weeks and months at a time in bare, wretched quarters, with nothing in your life really suited for body or mind, without books or cheerful companionship, with hard, dry food and coarse, rancid fat meat, and too little of it at that; with vermin and scurvy and damp and cold, until heart despair and pig-sty greed are facts, and home and decency a fading dream; and then, on the march and after battle, to see the dead lying stark or being hustled while yet dying into holes hastily dug, while a stick marked 'unknown' is jammed in above them; to see the wounded huddled together, mangled and

gory in the mud and snow, hoping, and hoping vainly, for help; to hear their terrible moans and cries, and to have to go on about your own business as if you saw and heard nothing—these, and worse, are some of the things which teach a man what war means, and the awful responsibility of him who promotes war, and they kept me thinking of what war would mean for Ireland.

"On returning from war I went to Charleston, S. C., to take charge of a paper called the South Carolina Leader, started in the interests of the colored people. I stayed there about four years, and during the last two started and ran a Catholic-Irish paper called the Gazette; then, selling out my interests, I came to New York City and started the Irish World. My father was a total abstainer and I have always been one. I felt that next to England, whisky was the enemy of my race, and during the seventeen years in which I have been running the Irish World I have never allowed a single line of liquor advertisements in its columns. Of course, all these years I have thought unceasingly of Ireland, and of how she was to be lifted up out of her slavery and debasement. I had deep feelings, but I felt also deep responsibility; especially after getting hold of my paper did I feel that I must give correct ideas, let them make how they would. I saw that if Ireland were made independent to-morrow her condition might still be a very bad one, and I saw that the mischief, the bottom of it, was a defective land system, and the fundamental thing to put before the people was the ownership of the land by the people. Henry George has got the idea. I don't care so much for his particular scheme or methods, but I want some method devised by which that principle of the people having the land shall be settled. I am certain that it is the true principle. They talk about Parnell being cool and Davitt hot and impulsive; but Parnell, prosperous and of partly English descent, has never suffered as an Irishman, while Davitt is the son of evicted parents, and has the wrongs of Ireland knitted in his bones and flowing in his blood. Yet he cherishes no personal resentments. He is fair, honorable, just, exquisitely generous, but he carries Ireland in his heart as a trust for which he will live and for which he will die. I believe utterly in Michael Davitt, so utterly that, although I have a strong will of my own, anything Davitt says 'No' to, I don't persist in.

"Now, I want to say a word as to my ideas as to peace. I am a peace man; by that I mean I heartily long for peace as a condition of growth. I think we've come to a day when we ought to be able to adjust human affairs amicably, and I think within a country violent measures should never be resorted to—let the people work it out for themselves; but in international affairs I hold war as a last resort, as something which must be entered into, if justice cannot in any other way be had, and I hold that war upon these grounds is in the best interests of the whole world, as well as in those of the oppressed country itself. I consider Ireland to be as distinct a country from England as France is of the United States; and from all I know of the histories of England and Ireland I firmly believe that

it has been in the heart of England, certainly in the hearts of many of her political leaders, to exterminate the Irish, and people Ireland with the English. Tens of thousands of the best of the Irish race share this conviction with me; and, whether we are regarded as right or wrong in this view, it will serve to explain the deep determination which inspires the Irish cause to-day. I will tell you something which will surprise you—I don't know a single Irishman who does not believe in dynamite, if nothing else will do, not one. We have shown that we want to get justice by less terrible methods—no fair mind can deny this—but we have made up our minds fully to Ireland's independence at any cost. I tried to forestall the need of a dynamite policy by spreading the right ideas in Ireland. I explained the ins and outs of the tenant farmer plan and the Land League system in the columns of the Irish World and sent it all over Ireland. I wanted them to know what they wanted and how to ask for it. Straightway England, so proudly boastful of her own independence and of the morality of her international code, proscribed the Irish World, threw Davitt in prison, and even locked up Henry George!

"We hear a great deal about the outrageous brutality of the dynamite policy, about the innocent women and children who must fall victims. Now, as a matter of fact, those who have planned and executed dynamite schemes have taken the greatest pains, at much personal risk, in order to time explosions so that innocent lives might be spared. But apart from this I fail to see that dynamite war is any more regardless of the sacrifice of blameless life than war usually is; contending armies do all in their power to mutually annihilate and devastate, and their respective governments call in science and wealth to perfect the merciless enginery for this purpose. An oppressed people must resort to the most effective means within its power, and the responsibility lies with a strong oppressing foe who forces them to this terrible reprisal.

"I wanted to visit Ireland this year, and had planned to go; for, although born there, I recollect her only as Miranda recollected when she answered Prospero, "'Tis far off, and rather like a dream than an assurance that my remembrance warrants.' I wanted to go there and look around me quietly, but friends warned me that my presence would be looked upon as having some political significance and be disturbing, so I must wait to look up my birthplace at a more fitting time."

Mr. Ford is blessed with a large, industrious family of ten—seven sons and three daughters. Robert Emmet and Austin are both connected with the New York Freeman's Journal, and are prominent in the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic organizations. Patrick, Jr., has been associated in business with his father for ten years, and is managing editor of the Irish World. Edward and Thomas are also with the paper, while James, Paul and Frank are attending Villa Nova College.

Misses Mary and Ellen assist their father in his literary work, and Odele is still at school.

It was one of Mr. Ford's saddest experiences in life to lose the

idol of his heart, the mother of his children, to whom they owe much of the success which has blessed them, which is but the fruit of her unceasing labor in their behalf.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

Founder and Proprietor of the Pilot—His Services to His Faith and Race.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe's restoration in 1891 to the ownership of The Pilot, which he founded and for forty years controlled, but which passed out of his hands nearly seventeen years ago, is an event without precedent, we believe, in the history of journalism. Many men have founded newspapers, brought them to success, sold them to advantage and retired from journalistic life, or engaged in other enterprises. Others, like Mr. Donahoe, have been forced out of journalism by financial disaster. But none, so far as we know, except Mr. Donahoe, having sold or lost his newspaper, has ever returned to the control of it.

The Pilot passed from Mr. Donahoe's hands in 1876, under peculiarly sad circumstances. It was the culmination of a series of disasters, beginning with his heavy losses in the great fire of November, 1872. He found himself in April, 1876, with nothing left out of his vast business, newspaper, book publishing, foreign exchange, etc., of which he was once the head, except his passenger and foreign exchange agency. And he was already sixty-three years of age.

The career of the man who at this advanced age could begin the world again, build up a good business and amass the wherewithal to repurchase, when opportunity afforded, the journal he had founded, is surely worth telling.

Patrick Donahoe was born in Munnery, the parish of Kilmore, County Cavan, Ireland, March 17, 1815. He came to Boston in 1825, which his father had previously visited. He went to school for a few years, and, while still a lad in his teens, got employment in the office of the Columbian Sentinel. Here he became an expert typesetter and acquired a general knowledge of journalism.

He set his heart on founding, in Boston, a paper for the Catholics of the United States. This was apparently the most impracticable of schemes, so great was the prejudice in old-time Boston against Catholics.

Bishop Fenwick broke the ice, however, by the establishment, in 1832, of a little paper, to which he gave the daring name of "The Jesuit." It was not a financial success, and, after a few years' struggling existence, was about to be discontinued, when Mr. Donahoe and Mr. Devereux came forward and bought it. They changed the name to the Literary and Catholic Sentinel, but it fared no better than its predecessor, and had to be abandoned.

In the height of O'Connell's battle for repeal in Ireland, at a time of great excitement, Mr. Donahoe, who soon became sole proprietor of the Sentinel—his associate retiring from a venture which



PATRICK DONAHOE.

Founder and Proprietor of the Pilot.

he feared would never prove profitable—re-named the paper after O'Connell's own organ, *The Pilot*. The whole working force of the office then consisted of the proprietor, two female compositors and an office boy, and the subscription list contained about three hundred names. The earlier editors in Mr. Donahoe's employ were George Pepper, who, the veteran publisher says, was a writer of greater intensity than prudence; D'Arcy McGee, who came to the paper first as a solicitor and correspondent, subsequently became its leading editorial writer, and left it to join the staff of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, whose owner, Dr. Gray, had been impressed by the virility of his work; and Walter James Walsh, who was talented but erratic. Later on, the Rev. John T. Roddan, a suburban pastor, edited the paper for a while, as did the learned Father Finotti after him, and other clergymen were occasional contributors to its columns.

The *Pilot* for a long time had the field almost to itself. It became a household word in the Irish Catholic homes of the land, and was eagerly looked for, from week to week, by the poor immigrants, homesick for the news of the old land, which they were sure to find abundantly in its columns. For many years, too, it did effective missionary work, being almost the only medium of Catholic news and religious instruction in the hundreds of new settlements where the visits of priests were necessarily infrequent.

The "Old Subscriber," very numerous on *The Pilot* books, and who holds a double handful of receipts, dating back to the early 40's, tells many a pathetic story of *The Pilot*'s travels in pioneer days among the scattered farmhouses of the great Western clearances, and of the hearty reception it met with every week in the little frontier town and the mining camp. In the latest volume of *Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, in sketch of the San Francisco foundations in 1854, we find this reference to *The Pilot*: "Steamers came once a month; later, twice a month. No matter what hour of the night the steamer arrived, the newsboys went their rounds, shouting out in full capitals: 'Arrival of the Northern Star (or any other steamer)!' 'Here's your Boston Pilot! New Orleans Picayune! New York Herald!'"

Meantime the founder of *The Pilot* was rapidly amassing a fortune, and had become the foremost man of his race in New England. In addition to his newspaper, he established a large publishing house, whence the works of many notable Irish and Irish-American authors were issued. A bookstore and a great emporium of church furniture, and a large passage and exchange agency were subsequently added.

Mr. Donahoe was a very public-spirited and patriotic citizen. No movement for the benefit of Boston or of America lacked his sympathy and generous help. When the Civil War broke out, he actively interested himself in the organization of the Irish regiments. He was treasurer of the fund for the equipment of the Irish Ninth, and when the regiment was departing for the field he presented Colonel Cass with \$1,000 in gold for distribution among the men. He assisted in the formation of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts

Regiment, and generously aided the soldiers at Camp Cameron, Cambridge, during the early days of the war.

An earnest Catholic, he was most generous to Catholic charities.

He aided the benevolent Father Haskins, for instance, to establish the House of the Angel Guardian, which has done, and is still doing, so much good for the Catholic orphans of Boston. The Home for Destitute Catholic Children, which is not infrequently called Donahoe's Home, and which annually receives hundreds of Catholic waifs, would probably never have been built but for his generous benefactions. It was in behalf of this home that Mr. Donahoe brought the lamented Father Tom Burke to Boston to speak (for the first time in New England) in the Coliseum; and in order to secure the use of the building, wherein the eloquent Dominican addressed an audience approximating 40,000 persons, Mr. Donahoe subscribed \$1,000. When public opinion opposed the building of Boston College on the old jail lands, in the center of the city, which site that wonderful old Jesuit, the Rev. John McElroy, had in some manner managed to secure, Mr. Donahoe brought Father McElroy and Mayor Rice together, and the result was the surrender of the jail lands and the obtaining of the present location of the college, a far more desirable one than the first contemplated site.

Scarcely a church in New England was built in his time without some gift from him; nor was any good cause in America or Ireland ever refused his assistance. The American College at Rome, and the Seminary at Mill Hill, England, for the training of priests for the colored missions, were among the foreign institutions he delighted to help, the former to the extent of \$5,000.

Mr. Donahoe had many plans for the intellectual advancement of his people, among them the opening of a picture gallery filled with the best that the great art centers of Europe could give. He had already a notable collection of valuable pictures made to this end when his financial troubles began.

Mr. Donahoe has been twice married. Of the offspring of his first marriage, which took place in 1836, all are dead. Of the second, in 1853, are three sons and a daughter. Two, Patrick M., treasurer and manager of The Pilot Company, and Jos. V., representing his vast steamship and banking business; the other, Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, is an organist of prominence in Boston's musical circles.

In 1872 Patrick Donahoe was, without doubt, the richest and most influential Catholic in New England, and in the front rank, both in means and influence, among the Catholics of America.

The granite block on Franklin street, in which The Pilot offices, publishing house, etc., were located, was one of the handsomest buildings in Boston. He had a fine private residence on Boylston street, the scene of constant lavish hospitality. He had other valuable property, and from all sources a splendid income.

The memorable fire of 1872 came, destroying his splendid buildings, stereotype plates, book stock and other property to the amount of \$350,000. He at once resumed business on Washington street, but was burned out again in May, 1873. Still full of courage, he built

again, this time on Boylston street, moved into the new structure and was burned out a third time. The insurance companies had nearly all collapsed in the great fire, so the usual help in rising from such losses as his was not to be had. He had indorsed heavily for friends. Through this dangerous form of generosity he lost a sum total of \$250,000.

These heavy losses proved too much for the veteran editor, and he was obliged, in 1876, to make an assignment. Mr. Donahoe relinquished everything he possessed in favor of his creditors. The Pilot passed into the hands of the Archbishop of Boston and John Boyle O'Reilly, the latter being a quarter owner.

Meantime the veteran journalist, amid constant reminders of his old-time affluence, was beginning his business life anew. He resumed his foreign exchange and passenger agency in Boylston street, and in 1878 he established a monthly magazine, which, under the name of Donahoe's Magazine, has attained wide circulation and popularity, and which he has since disposed of. With characteristic courage he personally established its circulation, going over the same ground that he traversed in his young manhood for The Pilot many years before. He endured his altered fortunes manfully. No one ever saw an abatement in his cheerfulness and energy. His attention to his duties, his interest in all Catholic matters, his confidence in God, and his hopeful views of life were increased.

On the death of Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Archbishop Williams became sole proprietor of The Pilot, and desiring that its founder should again become proprietor, sold it to Mr. Donahoe in January of 1891.

In August, 1891, the attention of the Holy Father was drawn to the distinguished services of the veteran founder of The Pilot, and His Holiness sent, through The Pilot's Rome correspondent, Mr. Connellan, a special blessing to Mr. Donahoe and his family.

On March 17, of the present year, Mr. Donahoe was specially honored by the University of Notre Dame. That famous seat of learning each year selects some distinguished Catholic layman, on whom to confer what is known as the *Lætare* medal. Those only are honored who have distinguished themselves in the cause of religion and country. Who is more worthy of such an honor than the venerable editor of The Pilot, whose long and useful life has been given up to the cause of faith and race?

Old Pilot readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Donahoe, though now approaching his seventy-ninth year, is still a man of remarkable mental and physical vitality. He still enters his counting-room at eight in the morning, remains until six in the afternoon, and takes as lively an interest in the expansion of The Pilot's circulation as he ever did. Modest and unassuming, and deeply religious, he regards the return of The Pilot as a special providence of God, whilst the almost world-wide congratulations which have been showered on him by prelates, priests and laymen, since his return to his former place of honor, will render the balance of his days both proud and happy.

The Pilot, edited by Patrick Donahoe, was the Boston Pilot in the fifties, when I was lifted onto the counter of my father's store at Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain, and read aloud from it Dr. Cahill's letters to Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, the poems on "No Irish Need Apply" and other leading articles. It was then, and is yet, one of the ablest Irish Catholic papers in America, and as a friend and educator of the Irish it has done noble work. It was a source of great pleasure to me to find in the Boston delegation at the unveiling of Shields' statue, Patrick Donahoe, the venerable editor and proprietor of The Pilot, with associate editors, and D. P. Toomey, editor of Donahoe's Magazine, Mayor Matthews, General Francis A. Walker, Hon. J. L. Long, Hon. Joseph H. Octid, Rev. Thomas J. Scully, J. J. Roche, Hon. J. B. Martin, ex-Gov. Russell, Major J. W. Hart, Mr. Walter H. French, and others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Illinois Legislature Instructs Its Senators to Vote for the Purchase of Shields' Swords—Nine Thousand Dollars Appropriated for Shields' Statue—Who Obtained It—The Commissioners—Unveiling of Statue at Washington, D. C., December 6, 1893—Speeches of Hon. William H. Condon, Governor Altgeld, John C. Tarnsey, M. C., and Senator Turpie—Poem, "Sword of Cerro Gordo"—Over Twenty-nine Millions Represented at the Ceremony.

House of Representatives, U. S.,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 11, 1887.

WILLIAM H. CONDON, Esq.

My Dear Sir:—Yours of the 6th, in relation to General Shields' swords, etc., received. I am very glad to receive your offer of assistance. It will be difficult to reach the bill on the calendar this session, unless we have some special favor from the speaker, which he has not so far shown. I enclose you to-day all the copies of the bill which I could obtain. Any help you can give through land leagues, or otherwise, in attracting public attention to the matter, will be highly appreciated. Under the law each state is entitled to two statues in statuary hall. Missouri has none. Have to-day written to a friend in the Missouri Senate, Hon. G. W. Labree, from my town, Carrollton, Missouri, which was also the home of General Shields, and where his family now resides, urging him to take action in the matter. Write to him. Very truly yours,

J. B. HALE.

P. S.—The average cost of these statues put up is about \$15,000.

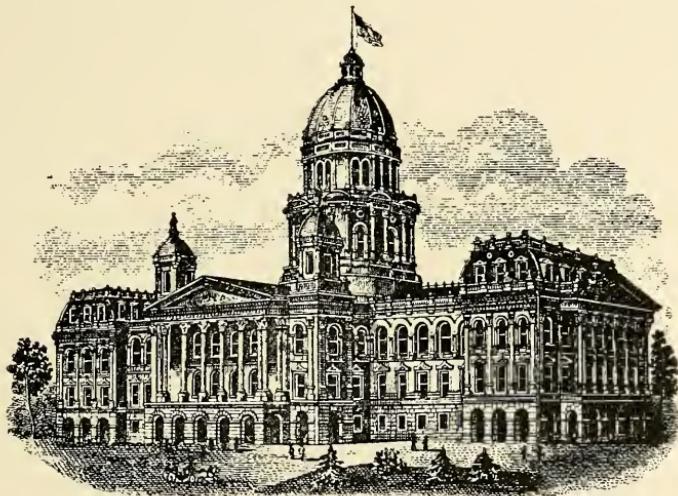
J. B. H.

Soon after receiving Congressman Hale's letter in regard to his bill for the sale of General Shields' swords, I

drew the following joint resolution, which was introduced in the House of Representatives at Springfield, Illinois, by Hon. James O'Connor, an able and energetic blind representative, who secured the passage of the resolution and concurrence therein by the Senate:

PURCHASE OF THE SWORDS OF JAMES SHIELDS.

Whereas, The state of Illinois and the state of South Carolina, after the war with Mexico, each presented to the late General James Shields a sword, in consideration



PRESENT CAPITOL OF ILLINOIS.

of gallant and meritorious services rendered by him in said war; and

Whereas, He has left surviving him a widow and three minor children, with but limited means of support, and said swords, though costly and valuable, cannot be divided and apportioned between said children, and their value is needed for the education and support of said children; and

Whereas, A bill has been introduced in Congress to authorize the Secretary of War to purchase of the widow and children of the late General James Shields said swords, at their actual cost and value, not to exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars;

Resolved, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring herein, That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives be requested, to use their best endeavors to secure the passage of said bill.

After a very interesting consideration of the bill by both Houses of Congress, during which eloquent tributes were paid General Shields, the Secretary of War was authorized to purchase his swords, which he did, in January, 1890, for \$10,000.

Mr. O'Connor, Miss Katharine J. Shields, the General's daughter, and one of my sisters aided me in obtaining \$9,000 for Shields' statue. Governor Altgeld appointed Carter H. Harrison, Gustavus Koerner, a former law partner of General Shields, Michael Cudahy, a capitalist, Edward Baggott, a prominent merchant, and myself, as trustees. Carter H. Harrison was killed by a lunatic a short time before the unveiling, and the other trustees, having been prevented from attending, I, as secretary of the Board of Trustees, acted for it at Washington.

More than a year before the bill passed I paid the modeler and designer of it \$2,200 for preparing the plaster cast of it, and when it had been approved by Mrs. Shields, he had it cast and sold it to the state. I was so fortunate as to recover the money I had advanced him, and was able to induce the gentlemen who furnished the granite base to prevail upon the modeler to complete the work.

SPEECHES ON ACCEPTANCE OF STATUE IN HOUSE AND SENATE.

On December 6, 1893, Mr. Springer, in the House of Representatives, said in part:

The State of Illinois, which gave to the service of our country such illustrious statesmen and heroes as Lincoln, Douglas, Grant and Shields, was not wanting in citizens upon whom could be justly conferred the honor of erecting statues to their memory in Statuary Hall. A brief reference to the life, character and services of General Shields will prove conclusively that in honoring his memory by placing his statue in Statuary Hall at the Capital of his adopted country, the State of Illinois made no mistake.

In 1836, before he was naturalized, he was elected to the Legislature of Illinois. In 1848 he was elected United States Senator from Illinois, and was declared ineligible because he had not been nine years in the state. A special session of the Illinois Legislature was called. Shields then having been nine years in the State was triumphantly elected. He had twice in one year been elected Senator and took his seat in December, 1849. During the debate in Congress on his eligibility, General Shields stated that he would appeal to the State of Illinois for a vindication, and asserted if that state did not respond to his appeal, that it was his intention, though he had endeavored to prove his fidelity to his country, never to offer himself again for office in the United States. General Shields was a military genius. On January 10, 1862, in a letter to General McClellan, commander-in-chief of the army, he outlined the military operations which he deemed necessary for the suppression of the rebellion. Secretary Seward, in an official communication, Jan. 14, 1862, communicated it to the Secretary of War, inviting his attention thereto. This letter is published in the Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Volume 5, pages 701 to 703. It is one of the most important papers relating to the conduct of the war, and stamps its author as one of the ablest generals which the war produced. In brief, his recommendations were to the effect that Richmond and Mem-



SHIELDS STATUE UNVEILED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 6, A. D. 1893.

The Bronze Statue is Eight Feet Six Inches in Height, and Granite Base Four Feet Ten Inches. The Coat of Arms of the States He Represented in the Senate are Shown on Three Sides of the Base.

his were to be the objective points of the campaign, and that all efforts should be directed toward their capture and occupation by the Union forces. He pointed out minutely the plan of a campaign which should be carried on against Richmond, and urged the importance of exercising "such caution and steadiness as to preclude the possibility of any casualty, however insignificant, so that the whole army should arrive before that place in heart and spirit." He states that General McClellan agreed fully with him in reference to the conduct of the war. There is no doubt that President Lincoln and General McClellan had great confidence in the military wisdom and skill of General Shields, and that they esteemed his advice very highly. His patriotism was unbounded by sectional lines, and his devotion to his adopted country was as great as ever exhibited by one to the manor born. He loved liberty and believed in the equality of all men before the law. The state of Illinois has worthily bestowed the great honor upon his memory by causing an heroic statue in bronze to be erected and placed in Statuary Hall. There it will remain as long as time will endure to testify to the appreciation in which he was held by the state which he so ably served, and to commenorate his patriotism, self-sacrifice and devotion to the welfare of his adopted country.

Mr. Bland said in part that when one-half of the citizens of Missouri were disfranchised, General Shields took up their cause and advocated their liberty. He, as candidate for Congress, lent charm and influence to the canvass. He was elected, but the whole poll of one county was thrown out and his competitor was given the certificate of election. All of mortality that remains of this great man sleeps in the bosom of my state. It is but meet and proper that the people of the three great states that honored General Shields with a seat in the councils of the nation may ask to be permitted to take a particular part in the effort of the whole people to commemorate the memory and the character of this great man.

General Black of Illinois in part said: "The State of Illinois has chosen Shields as its man for a reason that reaches to the philosophies of human life. It is because his character represented more fully the catholicity of American citizenship than that of any other man who had ever appeared in the annals of the republic. Born in a kingdom as he was, this man crossed the flaming gulf which separates despotism from liberty upon the bridge formed by the declaration of the eternal rights of men. Coming among us voluntarily, he assumed all the burdens of citizenship, peaceful in time of peace, baring his breast among the foremost when the requirements of the country made sacrifice of life possible, he did all his work well and left an honored name, and Illinois presents him, soldier, citizen, Senator and jurist, as a representative of American citizenship."

Mr. Hall of Minnesota said in part: "We honored him and honored ourselves by conferring on him the first Senatorial commission which bore the great seal of our newborn state. For ten months only he served us in this capacity. He left us for a new home on the Pacific Coast. There he heard the echo of the first gun which opened upon Sumter. It needed no proclamation to summon James Shields to the service of his adopted country. A soldier of ability and of undoubted courage, he played his part in the great national tragedy with conspicuous fidelity and success. Among the names of her adopted sons, whom America delights to honor for their heroism and devotion, none shines with greater luster than that of this stalwart Irishman, James Shields. Facing Ethan Allen, these sturdy veterans stand, fine specimens both of the citizen soldiery of two war epochs, the one native, the other foreign born, both pre-eminently and altogether American, steadfast and reliable; typical both of a pioneer race to whose vigorous manhood and resistless activity the nation owes much of its strength and most of its development.

"James Shields and Ethan Allen! It is with such rugged boulders as these that the foundations of empires are laid. He does not read history well who fails to recognize the influence and the necessity of such characters as these in the progress of the nations and the onward march of civilization."

General Oates said in part: "As one of the soldiers of the late Confederacy who met General Shields upon the battlefield, I desire to say that on the first day of June, 1862, I saw the army commanded by General Shields in the distance on the south side of the Shenandoah River, advancing for the purpose of cutting off the advance of Stonewall Jackson up the valley. There were forced marches and engagements with Fremont for a week, during which General Shields' forces on the east side of the Shenandoah endeavored to effect a crossing to intercept Jackson. At Staunton Jackson abandoned the pike, taking a dim little road to Port Republic in the forks of the Shenandoah River, several miles from that point. From that point there was no activity until the morning of the 8th of June, when Fremont advanced and the battle of Port Republic took place, in which the Confederate force consisted mainly of Ewell's Division and a part of the old division of Jackson.

"During this time Shields had made a circuit of the valley up the river, so as to get before us, and he had a long march to make to reach Port Republic. But he had pressed on until he had approached that village, and had he crossed his force into the forks of the two rivers and captured the bridge, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR JACKSON. He would have had an army in his rear and one in his front, and near the crossing of the river, WITH NO ROAD OR BRIDGE BY WHICH TO ESCAPE, and it would probably have PROVED HIS DESTRUCTION.

"He went personally with a part of his command, and before any of them had crossed the river he himself rode into Port Republic, a small village, and while he was reconnoitering the village, a Federal Captain, commanding a battery, HAD PLACED HIS GUNS AT THE FOOT OF THE BRIDGE. He had crossed over the south fork and placed his guns so as to command the bridge completely. Jackson rode down and ordered him away, and the Federal officer, mistaking him for one of his own commanders for the time, started to obey, when Jackson, on his charger, darted like an eagle across the bridge, and was fired at with one of the guns, but, fortunately for him, without any effect. He then advanced General Talliaferro's brigade, who captured the bridge, effecting a crossing, and, I believe, captured both of the guns. No man in the Federal army ever commanded better or fought more valiantly than General Shields did at the Battle of Port Republic. I entertain the greatest respect for the man, for his ability and his character. He was a patriot and a noble man. I honor him and his memory highly, and heartily contribute these few words upon this occasion."

Senator Cullom introduced a resolution of thanks to the State of Illinois for presenting the Shields statue, and said in part:

That General Shields, in Mexico, made a name for courage and patriotism, not surpassed by any other soldier on any bloody field. Not less than five of the men who went from Illinois to the Mexican War afterward became distinguished members of this Senate: General Shields, General Baker, General Richardson, General Logan and General Oglesby. Bissell became first member of the House of Representatives and next Governor of Illinois. Colonel Thomas L. Harris and Hon. Lewis W. Ross became active and influential members of the House of Representatives.

I have been told that General Shields received, in the different wars in which he took part, in defense of his country, not less than

eleven wounds. In the high office of Senator from Illinois he served the state faithfully and ably, as he did in every position of trust and honor. After the Civil War he was chairman of the Wisconsin State Democratic Convention.

The simple recital of the wonderful career of General Shields seems almost like a dream of fancy, a romance of imagination. No other American citizen, native or naturalized, has ever been certified or commissioned as a member of this Senate by three different great states.

That fact carries with it the irresistible conclusion that he was no ordinary man. It is proof in itself that he possessed qualities of head and heart that drew around him his fellowmen wherever he went or in whatever he was engaged, whether in field or forum. While he was a foreigner, yet no American citizen has ever shown greater affection for the Union and the flag; neither did any patriot show more willingness to spill his blood for human liberty. He was a friend of the Union soldier, and his last period of service in the Senate was marked by his fervent appeal in behalf of the veterans of the Mexican War. He felt that the veterans of the Mexican War were being lost sight of, and in behalf of his comrades of that war he called the attention of the Senate to the services of the army in securing to the nation the command of the Pacific Slope by the acquisition of territory on our western border, stretching 700 miles north and south, and 900 miles east and west.

In the simplest language he said: "Give us a little of that we helped to secure for our country; give us a small pittance to help us while on the downward path of life in our old days; give us something to assist us in our last days when we are marching to that field from which no warrior has ever returned victorious."

He was not pleading for himself; he was receiving a pension of \$100 per month. The brief story of his life shows General Shields to have been one of the most illustrious men of our country. He was a hero, patriot, soldier and statesman. He believed in his adopted country and was ever ready to fight for its flag in war, as he always served it faithfully in peace. Fifteen years ago, at the great reunion of veterans of five wars, among others of note was Shields, the adopted citizen, a soldier brave as the bravest, a statesman honored repeatedly by my state, wearing a wreath of honor conferred by three great commonwealths, a tribute of higher value than ever crowned a Roman Senator. I have gazed with pleasure upon the memorial statues which a grateful and reverent people have erected in the thronged and crowded street of the Irish capitol, City of Dublin, to O'Connell and Grattan, the patriot statesman and the great orator; may I hope that this statue in this Pantheon of America will ever remain as a suitable memorial of the illustrious soldier and statesman, Shields.

Senator Palmer of Illinois, Davis of Minnesota and Vest of Missouri followed Senator Cullom, echoing every sentiment uttered by him in favor of General Shields, and adding thereto many interesting incidents in his glorious career.

UNVEILING OF STATUE IN STAUARY HALL.

On December 6, 1893, the Emmet Guards and a band of music participated in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., at the unveiling of Shields' statue. Never since the New York Seventh Regiment bivouaced there during the Civil War has the echo of the tramp of armed men been heard in it. Every inch of standing room was filled by congressmen, clergymen, presidents of colleges and others of note.

Vice-president Stevenson and Speaker Crisp, Governor Altgeld and staff, General Brady of Virginia, Colonel Wood, of the Mexican

War, Senator Turpie of Indiana, Mayor Mathews of Boston, Hon. M. H. Dunnell of Minnesota, Controller Eckels, Frank H. Jones, assistant postmaster-general, Secretaries Wilke and Hamlin of the Treasury Department, Pension Commissioner Lochren, Second Controller Mansur, Miss Katharine J. Shields, Charles J. Shields, Daniel J. Shields, children of the General, Hon. William H. Condon, secretary of the Shields' Statue Commission, and others, were seated on an elevated platform, when Colonel Mansur introduced Mr. Condon as chairman, who delivered the following address:

HON. WILLIAM H. CONDON'S ADDRESS.

Eighty-three years ago, in the Emerald Isle, a boy was born whose marvelous career has brought together this magnificent assemblage of the wisdom, worth and beauty of the nation.

Amid the ruined towers and crumbled fanes of his native land he saw but poor recompense for honest endeavor in any walk of life, since even his faith debarred him from many offices or exalted stations, because he worshiped God according to the dictates of his conscience.

Though the daisy-clad hills and valleys of Tyrone were dear to his heart and the melting notes of the linnet were sweet to his ear, yet with that keen forecast of the future which he intuitively possessed, he firmly resolved, like millions of his countrymen, to seek in another land a freeman's home. With no friend but his talents and the integrity of his character, conscious that there is a nobility far above that of birth and a wealth beyond and superior to riches, he left his home

"Where numberless patriots, vainly brave,
Had died for the land they could not save."

Instinctively he turned to the land of the West, "Where the sunbeams rest when they promise a glorious morrow," and, bidding adieu to all who were near and dear to him, at the age of sixteen he embarked for America in a craft less seaworthy than the Santa Maria. He here taught school and studied jurisprudence, a science which does more to enlarge the human mind than all others; which establishes the criterion of right and wrong and seeks to maintain the one and prevent the other; to which all nations are subject; and becoming a shining light in that profession which has at all times, in this country at least, furnished more heroes, warriors, jurists and statesmen than any other that can be mentioned. His capabilities were great, his discernment keen, and judgment sound; therefore he soon decided that another long journey was necessary before he could reach a fruitful field of usefulness.

The Mississippi Valley, the future, if not the present, seat of empire in this country, became his home, ten years after he had become an American, which he never thereafter ceased to be, in the fullest, best and broadest signification of that term. When twenty-six years old, he was a member of the Illinois Legislature at a time when Chicago, the marvel of the world of this day and generation, had less than four thousand inhabitants, copper-colored, white and black. At twenty-nine he was state auditor, and proved a very successful financier. At thirty-three he had reached the summit of a lawyer's ambition—he was a justice of the Supreme Court of the great prairie state.

Lincoln, Douglas, Palmer, Trumbull, Conkling, Davis, Stephen T. Logan, Baker, McDougall, Edwards and hosts of other brilliant

men then practiced before him, and one and all respected him highly. Such rapid growth and unparalleled success in competition with future presidents, vice-presidents, United States senators from many different states, judges and generals of renown speak glowingly of his mental and moral worth.

But shall he prove "Our morning envy and our evening sigh?" Can he continue to adorn every position he shall be called upon to fill, or will he rest upon his laurels? Let the history of the United States answer.

When thirty-five years old President Polk appointed him commissioner of the general land office, and it was during this term of service that he conceived the beneficent idea of colonizing many of his race upon the public lands, which project in after years he endeavored to successfully carry out, but it was reserved for an army chaplain, the Apostle of Temperance of the Northwest, Archbishop Ireland, to demonstrate the feasibility of General Shields' plan in this regard.

When the tocsin of war was sounded on the Mexican frontier, Judge James Shields offered his services for the field, and was appointed by the President brigadier-general of volunteers at the age of thirty-six.

With General Scott he marched from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico in command of a battalion of marines and New York, South Carolina and Pennsylvania regiments of volunteers.

At Cerro Gordo Shields' brigade was upon the extreme right. It consisted of the Third and Fourth Illinois under Colonels Coleman and Baker, and Colonel Burnett's New York regiment. Under a canopy of cannon balls, they crossed a ravine, deemed by the Mexicans impassable, and advanced upon a battery with a celerity that astonished the enemy.

Santa Anna was hurrying his forces to the rear, and General Shields was upon them in a moment. While forming his men for the attack, under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, a grape shot, an inch and a quarter in diameter, passed through his right lung and out of his back. He fell, supposed to be mortally wounded, while his brave volunteers, to avenge his loss, charged with enthusiasm and spirit, captured the enemy's loaded guns, and the rout was complete. President Polk breveted him major-general of volunteers for gallant and meritorious services at Cerro Gordo.

In the further advance to the City of Mexico he was again severely wounded at Contreras and at the battle of Chapultepec, but did not leave the field. In the corridors of this beautiful temple of liberty there is a picture painted from daguerreotypes, which Daguerre himself took on the field of battle, showing General Shields in the thick of the fight, where he gloried in being, and where commanders are not always found.

From the lips of the grand old hero I learned an unwritten chapter in the history of the capture of the City of Mexico. It is this: General Scott's plan was to enter the city at a different point than that which General Shields was ordered to attack. This fact was also well known to brevet Major-General Shields, yet so brave were the marines, New Yorkers, South Carolinians and Quakers whom he so gallantly led, that they drove the Mexicans before them with headlong speed, to the pride of their commander and the surprise of General Scott. He, therefore, sent one of his staff to General Shields with orders to withdraw his forces. When the officer reported, Shields told him to wait a minute until his message could be received, while the troops were spurred on by Shields. Another officer reported a message from General Scott, to whom a similar reply was given. General Shields said to me: "I then remembered that at

the battle of the Copenhagen an ensign reported to Nelson that the signal ‘cease firing,’ had been displayed on Nelson’s superior’s ship, just when the French fleet were in such a position that Nelson could crush and capture them in a few minutes. He, being blind of one eye, put his glass to it, and said to the ensign, ‘I see no such signal,’ and then continued his pursuit of the enemy, winning deathless glory thereby.”

General Shields further stated that Major-General Quitman, his superior, was then sent by Scott to ascertain why he, Shields, persisted in disobeying General Scott’s orders by not withdrawing his troops. When Quitman asked Shields this question, he adroitly answered, “I have received no such orders;” then Quitman gave them verbally, and said, “The City of Mexico is not to be taken in this way;” whereupon Shields remarked, “My men, if permitted, will soon enter that gate (pointing to the Belen Gate) and plant our colors on the walls of the city, but, if withdrawn now, with no support at hand to cover their retreat, the enemy will turn and slaughter them before they can reach their camp.” Under these circumstances, General Quitman, what would you do?” He replied, “You have received General Scott’s orders. I will not advise. You are in command, and must take the responsibility if you disobey;” when Shields said, “I will take it,” rallied his troops, continued the pursuit of the enemy, and in a few minutes Old Glory and the colors of New York, South Carolina and Pennsylvania in triumph waved from the walls of the City of Mexico. Then Shields turned to Major-General Quitman and said, “Present my compliments to General Scott, and say that the City of Mexico has been taken in this way.”

Ladies and gentlemen, that metal had the true ring; of such materials heroes are made.

Of that little band of heroes which won so many victories in Mexico he richly deserves the title of “Bravest of the Brave.”

One sensation he never had the faintest conception of, that was fear. No wonder that Senator Hamer, a Mexican War veteran, said in the Illinois Senate, when it unanimously passed the bill for this monument, that “Shields was the pride of General Scott and the idol of the army; always ready to lead a charge or do a daring deed.”

No hope was too forlorn, no undertaking too hazardous, no duty too perilous for him.

He quailed not amid the whirlwinds of fire nor in the storms of shot and shell. He was laudably ambitious, and he desired to leave a name that would be “a light and landmark on the cliffs of Fame,” yet he never sacrificed principle for position, nor honor for profit.

He aspired to distinction, yet his ambition was never beyond his deserts.

In that war he was a brevet major-general when Grant was a lieutenant, Lee and Beauregard captains of engineers, and Jefferson Davis a colonel. His magnificent career as a citizen soldier made him the prototype of that long list of brilliant officers in the Civil War who astonished the world by the wonderful feats of valor performed by the American volunteers.

Were I to attempt to name them even from Illinois, it would transcend the limits of the time allotted me. General Shields’ military genius, skill and prowess proved that West Point had no patent on military science and art, and thousands of the greatest heroes of our late war were, like him, citizen soldiers. He sprang from a race noted for bravery, and from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, from Quebec to Mexico, from one end of the Union to the other, in all the fiery ordeals through which the nation has passed, his race has at least kept pace with any, native or foreign, which ever trod the soil of this continent. Masses of them sleep in nameless graves;

their uncoffined clay has mingled with mother earth, on every hill and in every dale in this broad land wherever a battle for freedom was fought.

Unknown to fame, without the hope of earthly reward, they filled the ranks and marched away, proud to be even privates in an army that battled for liberty, and, as each fell fighting for the honor of our flag,

“He smiled to see its glory fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.”

But peace has its triumphs no less renowned than war, and after the conquest of Mexico, General Shields returned to the state of Illinois and to the practice of the legal profession. His state presented him with a sword that cost three thousand dollars, and South Carolina presented him with a diamond-hilted sword which cost five thousand dollars. These he prized more than all his earthly possessions, and when he died left his widow and children the swords of Cerro Gordo, which, with his blessing, was about all he had to leave them.

The people of the great state of Illinois were not unmindful of the fidelity with which General Shields, while auditor of the state, had guarded its finances, nor the wisdom and impartiality with which, as justice of the Supreme Court, he decided their causes, and, although Senator Breese had distinguished himself as United States Senator and was a candidate for reëlection, yet General Shields' popularity was so great that he defeated Senator Breese, and in 1848 was elected United States Senator for the term of six years.

As the colleague of Stephen A. Douglas, he represented Illinois from 1849 to 1855, which was during a very important and critical period of the country's history.

Several of the greatest events at that time were the admission of California, the compromise measures of 1850, the building of continental railroads, and the granting of public lands to them, especially the Illinois Central, from the lakes to the gulf, and the routes to the Pacific; the Homestead Act, the Hungarian Revolution and the reception of Louis Kossuth by the United States Senate, and the more efficient organization of the army.

As an active and intelligent participant in these events, and the legislative enactments pertaining thereto, Senator Shields proved himself a great man among very great men.

It was the period when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Douglas and Jefferson Davis were some of the grandest figures of the age; when Chase, John C. Breckinridge, Sumner, Fessenden and Everett were already commanding figures in our history.

This was the beginning of the end of the slavery struggle; as a public question it entered into nearly every important debate in the Senate. Senator Shields was opposed to the extension of slavery, although his party was pro-slavery, and, as a rule, he was found on the side of humanity and freedom.

In the Thirty-first Congress he was a member of three important committees, viz., on the District of Columbia, military affairs and public lands, and also was a member of a select committee on the census.

All through his senatorial career the record shows that he constantly favored the reception of petitions against the extension of slavery. He was among the first and most active in aiding internal improvements by granting lands to railroads which he recognized as important instruments of commerce and practical means of developing the resources of the country, furnishing markets for actual settlers.

One of the earliest attempts to secure grants of land in limited

quantities to actual settlers came from Illinois and was presented and urged by Senator Shields.

On April 5, 1850, the admission of California hinging upon the question of slavery, Senator Shields spoke at length, commencing by referring with much feeling to the great Calhoun, who had recently died. He said: "Sir, it is with feelings subdued and deepened by the sad event, that I enter this morning upon the simple and humble duty of defining my position and explaining the motive that will govern my future in this body upon the delicate questions now under consideration." He then proceeded to state in clear and unmistakable terms his uncompromising opposition to the extension of slavery into California, and delivered one of the ablest, wisest speeches in that assemblage of senatorial giants that had ever been listened to. Every word that he uttered carried the invincible strength that marks a man of strong convictions. In his course, referring to the great effort of Clay of conciliation, he said:

"I forgot on that occasion that I was a Democrat, and that he was the great leader of the Whig party. I remembered nothing but the great cause and the great advocate. I saw nothing but the great Republican and the great American."

I cannot stop to quote further from it, but will remark in passing that whoever will read and study it will form an exalted conception of its greatness and the humanity of its author.

In advocating the extension of the Illinois Central to Mobile, he said:

"As it is to connect North and South so thoroughly, it may serve to get rid of the Wilmot proviso and tie us together so effectually that even the idea of separation will be impossible."

On another occasion, we observe the key to his character when he said, "I want to accomplish nothing indirectly. If we cannot carry the measure directly, let it fail."

On February 9, 1852, while discussing a resolution of sympathy for William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher, Senator Shields spoke as follows:

"We wish to see them receive no other reception than that which the generous American heart always renders to the noble and unfortunate. At this age of the world, I think it is generally admitted that to punish a man for a political offense, without a very strong political necessity, is not an act of justice or self-defense, but, on the contrary, an act of cruel, useless, and impolitic vengeance."

Let me ask any of Meagher's brigade, or their opponents at St. Mary's Heights, whether these words of sympathy were unmerited.

While I realize that a full knowledge of the very eminent services of Senator Shields is indispensable to an adequate estimate of his greatness as a man, a patriot, and a statesman, it is impossible on this occasion for me to even briefly allude to them.

I shall only mention another matter in this connection:

The pro-slavery Democrats were very anxious to annex Cuba, and, believing it impossible to secure the consent of Spain on such terms as would prove favorable, a proposition in secret caucus was made to bribe the Spanish Minister, whereupon General Shields sprang to his feet and indignantly protested against such a vile course of proceeding, and said if an attempt were made to persist in it, that he would consider himself free to divulge the secrets of the caucus. This effectually ended the matter.

In 1855, at the close of his term of office, Lincoln and Palmer, our present Senator, combined to defeat Shields' reëlection. Lincoln's heart was set upon being United States Senator, and he wrote to a bosom friend, "I would rather have a full term in the United States Senate than the presidency."

On the first ballot in the Legislature on February 8, 1855, Lincoln received forty-five, Shields forty-one, and Trumbull five votes. On the tenth ballot, Lincoln urged his friends to vote for Trumbull, whom Palmer had constantly voted for, and Trumbull was declared elected after receiving fifty-one votes. It was no disgrace to have received so large a vote and to have been beaten by such a strong combination. This ended General Shields' official career in Illinois.

In passing, I desire to correct a grievous error that exists in regard to a supposed duel that some would-be historian pretended occurred between Lincoln and Shields. The facts as stated by Isaac N. Arnold, the life-long friend and historian of Lincoln, are that Mrs. Lincoln, when a giddy girl, under a nom de plume, ridiculed General Shields and reflected on the race from which he sprang. Shields, smarting under this unprovoked attack, insisted on the editor of the paper in which it was published informing him as to who was the author of the article. Lincoln, through gallantry, assumed the authorship of the article, whereupon Shields resorted to the only mode of redress open to a gentleman of that day; he challenged Lincoln to mortal combat, seconds were appointed, a place of meeting agreed upon, and Lincoln as of right selected the weapons, named cavalry broad swords of the largest size, which, with Lincoln's long reach, being over six feet three in height, and Shields being a comparatively small man, gave the former a decided advantage, but happily, before the hostile parties had reached the place of meeting, Colonel Hardin and others brought about a reconciliation upon satisfactory explanations having been made, and Lincoln and Shields were ever afterwards life-long friends.

In 1855 Shields removed to Minnesota, and so captivating were his manners, and so genial his nature, that he seemed to make a friend of every acquaintance, and on the admission of the state into the Union he became its first United States Senator. As such, he distinguished himself on the floor, and in committees, and linked his name with many measures of great importance to the state and the country at large.

Later in life, he became a citizen of California, and on August 19, 1861, he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers for that state, and on March 23, 1862, he won the first great victory on the famous battlefield of Winchester. The supposed invincible Stonewall Jackson was making rapid strides southward, hotly pursued by Banks, under whom Shields served at that time, and the Confederate forces were a few miles south of Winchester. Shields was anxious to bring on a battle, and for that purpose marched his troops thirty miles in one day. His forces then consisted of the Thirty-ninth Illinois, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana, Fifth, Seventh and Eighth Ohio, Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania. His plan was to induce Jackson to turn and attack the Federal forces, and, for that purpose, he posted the most of his forces in a secluded position in the rear and north of Winchester, while with one or two regiments he advanced through Winchester and attacked Jackson's position. The battle opened, and for a while was hotly contested, when, upon a given signal, the Federal troops in action suddenly retreated through Winchester, hotly pursued by Jackson's forces, who learned from their sympathizers in Winchester that there were but a couple of regiments of Federals. Then the Confederates in large numbers rushed through Winchester and endeavored to capture the Northern troops, whereupon Shields ordered all his reserve regiments into the field, drove Stonewall's forces through Winchester, capturing several hundred prisoners, and killing and wounding many of them. Historians, North and South, concede that in this fight the man of bronze defeated the man of stone, and the signal

honor was reserved to Shields of having been the first, and, it might be added, the last, man who ever defeated Stonewall Jackson.

A few months after that engagement, in which Shields' right arm was broken by a shell and his side injured, he resigned his commission and retired to his home at Carrollton, Missouri, where he ever afterward lived.

He served as a member of the State Legislature, and at a ripe age, in the full possession of all his powers and vigor, he was elected United States Senator from Missouri, thereby becoming a Senator from three states, which is a greater honor than any other man ever held in this country.

In closing his official career, I cannot refrain from relating one incident, which is known as a matter of tradition, but which I desire to have made a matter of history:

On the eve of the capture of the City of Mexico, while Shields' forces were in an advanced position, a boy entered his tent, and informed the General that his sister was in the besieged city, and that they had overheard a plot which was formed in case the Mexicans were defeated, for certain brigands or chiefs to take his sister into the forests and keep her and compel her to live with them, and, in her dire distress over a fate worse than that of death, she had implored him to endeavor to reach the American forces, to state her condition, and implore aid. Shields knew that whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. He therefore called together a portion of his troops, laid the facts before them, and said: "I have no authority to command you to go to the relief of this English lady, but, if I can get a bodyguard of volunteers, I will make the attempt to rescue her from her impending fate." Such was the character of the men he addressed that more volunteered than were required.

Led by the boy, they safely entered the city, reached the house, and returned almost to camp before they were observed, when the signal lights were displayed, guns fired, and an attempt made to capture them, but fortunately all escaped uninjured. The next morning General Scott instituted inquiries as to the cause of the firing in the vicinity of General Shields' camp, and finally ascertained the rash act of the brilliant young commander. Scott rode down to Shields' headquarters, and demanded an explanation, whereupon the rescued lady knelt in tears and implored him to pardon Shields' noble act, but Scott was unyielding and said: "Shields, I shall court martial you; I shall have you dishonorably discharged, and disgrace you;" when Shields spoke up, saying, "General Scott, you can court martial me, you may have me dishonorably discharged, but no one, except myself, can disgrace me." Then the interview ended, and in the heroism displayed by General Shields next day, by which, in defiance of orders, his forces were the first to plant their colors on the walls of Mexico, all thoughts of court martial were forgotten, and for the last thirty years of his life General Shields wore upon his manly bosom a beautiful emerald encircled with priceless diamonds, the gift of the lady whose honor he had saved on the eve of the taking of Mexico.

"No knight of old or warrior bold" ever paid a higher tribute to womanhood than this, and, when one stops to consider the dire effect upon General Shields' career, the capture of himself and his volunteer heroes on that night would have entailed, then he can estimate the unparalleled risk that he took.

His stainless record of over forty years of usefulness in field and in forum, in peace and in war, is one which the youth of our country should endeavor to imitate since it is noble and self-sacrificing.

Gentleness and generosity, candor and courage coupled with a

deferential manner, were a few of the graces that won him hosts of friends, whom he always retained. He was one of those truly great men who laid the foundations broad and deep of the great commonwealths of Illinois and Minnesota, and made an impress on the times in which he lived that few equaled and none excelled. His lofty ideals and genuine patriotism were the admiration of one and all. He brought to the discharge of his important duties as justice of our Supreme Court, brigadier-general in the Mexican War, and United States Senator for three states, a mind well stored with legal principles, a vast knowledge of constitutional law, as well as rich and varied experiences which thoroughly equipped him to adorn every position that he was called upon to fill, and particularly those just referred to. He was a perfect gentleman, a lover of truth, on the bench he was dignified, and held the scales of Justice so evenly that he became known and appreciated as an impartial, bold and fearless judge, whom no flattery could influence, and no power control. He was humane, sincere, honest, and sagacious. His was a development of the noblest and best traits of humanity that were seldom seen even in that era of great men. His fame is secure. Illinois has embalmed his memory. Imperishable as the everlasting hills will be the fame of his gallant deeds and sublime thoughts. On the roll of honor his name is inscribed in letters of living light, and unborn ages shall cluster round the base of his statue, and wonder to see this triple-crowned hero, the pride of three great states, and the glory of this indestructible Union. With pen, voice and sword he contended for the unity of states, as well as for humanity. His great experience, exalted character and attainments denoted extraordinary gifts of a rare order, and the fearlessness and devotion with which he promoted the interests and protected the rights entrusted to his care and guidance will forever keep his memory green.

No brighter example of worthy citizenship was ever placed on pedestal or reared by art for public admiration. This tribute to departed worth will for generations teach all that genuine patriotism shall ever be highly prized by a free and intelligent people, and that honoring the noble dead is the most pleasing duty that the living can perform. This monument shall speak in unmistakable language of the fervent love and undying affection of the millions who are to-day represented in this hall to honor the memory of one whose character was above suspicion and beyond reproach. It was not while the nation was bent in sorrow, bewailing his death, and every soldier was experiencing the loss of a friend that, acting on the impulse of the moment, he was chosen as the elect of Illinois. No. But, after the searchlight of impartial investigation into the lives and characters of hundreds of the great men who have made the prairie state second to none in this Union in all that typifies progress and development, General James Shields was named to be the first to fill a niche in this temple of fame. I utter no commonplace when I say that thereby Illinois has paid a national debt of gratitude to one of the noblest of men, who in youth and in age offered his life for the honor of our flag, and the integrity of our Union. He fought that our great inheritance of liberty should live forever; he felt that

" 'Tis not death to fight for freedom's right,
He's dead alone that lacks her light.
He was a hero that won battles for the free,
And the thanks of millions yet to be."

Looking at Shields in the threefold character of general, lawyer and legislator, it might be difficult to measure his greatness with critical exactness, lest the qualities of the one should be eclipsed or over-

looked in the adaptations of either of the others; ordinarily it would be so, but in the intense individuality of the man, we find ourselves unenvironed with the slightest difficulty in arriving at just conclusions in relation to his triune position. In each, and in all three, he was great. As a general he was resplendent as a military leader, as a lawyer he laboriously advanced step by step on the plane of progress to the head of his profession, until he proudly graced the bench of the highest judicial tribunal in the state; as a legislator, he stands alone in this or any other land as the one and only statesman who respectively represented three sovereign communities and commonwealths in the highest legislative assembly in the nation. In war, in law and in legislation, General Shields was successful, and, if success is the measure of greatness, then General Shields was emphatically a great man. The fact is, he was born and destined to be great.

Generals, like poets, "are born, not made." And one cannot obtain by military training the innate genius that leads to great achievements in opportune moments, nor can tactical instruction communicate to the human brain the sublime aspirations and aptitudes that turn pending defeat into victory, and approaching disaster into triumph—such fortuitous intuitions cannot be acquired under the drillmaster. One may learn in the school of the soldier the critical and expert manipulations of troops, which may lead to splendid evolutions of certain military divisions or of whole armies; but nature alone can give to man or form in the human mind the unspeakable combinations that create the talents of the soldier who becomes a conqueror. A man may become a professional soldier by special training, he may lead troops and command armies, while the genius of the soldier is utterly lacking in his composition. However, Shields was peculiarly gifted with military genius—he was a born soldier, born in that land that is preëminently the mother of soldiers—a soldier not by early choice, or by being bred to the profession of arms—but by genius and the opportunity of fortuitous circumstances.

In him the genius for command and leadership was peculiarly developed; in fact, he was a singular combination of the dashing cavalier soldier and the profound field marshal, which can be but seldom found in one man, but are often found separate in soldiers. No happier illustration can be found of these two soldierly qualities than that presented in the lives of two of his soldier countrymen—Wellington profoundly engaged and deliberately watching the sublime moment on the field of Waterloo to grasp a world-changing victory, and Cardigan leading his splendid brigade to world-renowned death in the ravine of Balakalava. Shields was a combination of both leaders, the highest and best type of the soldier.

The historians of the future will see the greatness and grandeur of Shields in clearer and brighter light than contemporary writers have been able to behold; the present generation has been too close to the man, too near to his lifework, and the rays of his glory have been so intense as to obscure their perfect vision of his physical, moral and mental characteristics and attributes. Tempered by time and distance, future historians will be able to discover the effects as well as the causes of his greatness. The man who sank personalism in duty, selfishness in patriotism, who sacrificed his individuality for the public weal, whose every heart-throb was with and for humanity, whose soul was devoted to liberty, will shine brightly in the future. To him freedom was a living, immutable fact inherent in man, and being true to freedom, he was true to humanity. In peace and war alike he was faithful to the people, always taking sides with the oppressed, and the people of the future will worship a name that was always honorably and faithfully devoted to the preservation of the rights of man, the soldier, jurist and statesman, the true, the brave, the renowned.

At the age of threescore years and ten his spirit winged its flight to his Maker. It was after a day spent in prayer, during which he three times knelt before the altar at which ten millions of his countrymen pay their reverence, that he received the final summons. Calm, resolute and self-possessed, he arose from his couch and, while the king of day was bathing the western heavens in glory, he passed away, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

“We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art freedom’s now, and fame’s,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.”

When the lips of all within the sound of my voice in this brilliant assemblage shall be sealed forever, and each shall have taken his place “in the silent halls of Death” (Miss Shields then unveiled the statue), this statue shall stand, in the language of the peerless Webster, “A memorial of the past, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage, of civil and religious liberty, of free government,” and of the immortal memory of General James Shields’ devotion to his country.

When Miss Shields unveiled the statue a salvo of applause from the multitude greeted her act, and brought color to her cheeks, she bowing gracefully, in recognition of the compliment.

Governor Altgeld arose, amid a ripple of applause, and delivered a masterly oration, from which I cull the following: “General Shields himself was shot a number of times while fighting for the flag of his country; yet he, in his day, heard men, as we do in our day, inveighing against the foreign-born and seeking to apply a different law to them from that applied to the natives.

“The life of General Shields is a fitting response to all such people. If the great soul of Shields could animate this statue, but for an hour, with what infinite scorn would his proud spirit look upon these men, who, having bled on no battlefield, stormed the ramparts of no armed enemy, solved no great problem for humanity, done nothing to develop our resources, taken no part in laying the foundation of state or building its superstructure; who having done nothing to make their country great or their age illustrious, now seek to turn the accident of birth into a virtue by an act of Congress.

“Every age has produced millions of strong and industrious men, who knew no higher god than the dollar; who coined their lives into sordid gold; who gave no thought to blessing the world or lifting up humanity; men who owned ships and palaces and stocks and the riches of the earth; who gilded meanness with splendor and then sank into oblivion. Posterity erected no statue to their memory, and there was not a pen in the universe that would even preserve a letter of their names. Let the young men of America learn from this statue and from the career of General Shields that the battle of virtue and of honor, the paths of glory and immortality are open to them.”

Representative John C. Tarnsey of Missouri next spoke eloquently of the dead hero. Senator Turpie of Indiana said, in part: “Shields was not an Irishman. He was an American. I care not for the land of

his nativity. He was an American in every quality that constitutes a good American, and he could not be born again."

Recited by a Student of Georgetown University.

THE SWORD OF CERRO GORDO.

By Charles J. Beattie, of the Chicago Bar.

Sound the loud bugle!—roll the drum!
Your standard flag unfurl to-day,
From every state the people come,
Their debt of gratitude to pay
To him who in the battle van
Gave heart and soul and sword to man—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

From the glad north—the sunny south,
The east—the west—from shore to shore,
And from the cannon's iron mouth
Let salutations loudly roar—
For him whose sword in siege and field
Was freedom's bulwark—honor's shield—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

For Shields, the statesman, pure and true,
For Shields, the hero of two wars,
Who led the gallant boys in blue
To victory 'neath the stripes and stars,
Whose sword flashed in the hottest fight
For home and country—truth and right—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

That peerless sword in fight was seen—
To flash upon a foreign strand
By mountain ford and forest green;
And here in freedom's holy land
At Winchester it gain'd the day—
And vanquished Stonewall in the fray—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

Son of fair Erin—let the place
That gave him birth, be honor'd here.
Sons of his land—a hero race—
Remember him with sigh and tear;
Though sheath'd that sword—the bronze unveil
To glad the Saxon and the Gael—
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

Raise high for him the sculptur'd stone,
Three states the august statesman claim,
Missouri calls him all her own,
Fair Minnesota loves his name,

In Illinois he is adored,
Columbia glories in his sword,
The Sword of Cerro Gordo!

Twenty-nine million inhabitants of the United States were represented by the presence of their governors or those delegated to appear for them at the unveiling; every state that had a regiment which fought under him in Mexico and the Civil War, as well as the states that he represented in the Senate and Oregon and California.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Banquet at National Hotel—Large Attendance—Poem, “The Shields Statue”—Long List of Toasts and Eloquent Responses—Dona-hoe’s Magazine—Beattie, the Poet, a Mexican War Veteran.

The Shields’ banquet was held at the National Hotel. One hundred and fifty covers were laid, amid pyramids of fruit, stands of flowers and wreaths of smilax. The guests included delegates from numerous cities and prominent legislators. C. H. Mansur, M. C., through whose efforts Shields’ swords were sold to the National Government, acted as toastmaster, spoke feelingly of the dead hero and then read the “Shields’ Statue.”

THE SHIELDS STATUE.

By Charles J. Beattie.

Unveil the statue! Let the bronze reveal
The gallant soldier, true through woe and weal;
Son of the island green, beyond the wave—
Adopted by Columbia, free and brave;
To her he gave his heart, his love, his life,
In peace his counsel, and his sword in strife.

When the wild war drum with its dread alarms
Wakes the dread echoes with the call to arms,
We heard the trumpet and the bugle shrill,
Call to the camp, the muster and the drill—
When on our Southern border massed the foe,
And fierce invaders storm’d from Mexico.

When fell marauders shed our soldiers’ blood,
And stained our soil by Rio Grande’s flood,
We saw the patriot host to battle throng,
For our lov’d land—our country right or wrong—
When soldiers mustered or for Aztec fields,
First in the line was seen the gallant Shields.

When the fierce storm of iron hail and rain
At Vera Cruz swept over hill and plain,
When Hell's red fires were hurled from fort and crag,
He braved their furies and upheld our flag;
In the wild cyclone's mass of wounds and death,
He won the soldier's crown—the hero's wreath.

In the advance on Cerro Gordo's height,
He seemed the master-spirit of the fight;
When the grim batteries from the ramparts frowned,
He climbed the hill with all death's engines round,
Leading the storm 'gainst embattl'd walls,
With Spartan courage captured its high halls.

Hero of heroes! in his bright career,
He sought the post of danger, void of fear;
Foremost in fight—he led the crimson way—
Into the hottest of the bloody fray,
And proud as Mars amid the battle wreck,
Was hailed proud victor at Chapultepec.

Again war's sanguine sounds spread on the gale,
Fraternal strife convulsed the hill and vale,
Wild civil war with all its untold woes—
The North and South embattl'd—bitter foes;
Troop mustered past by field and ford,
Again the country claimed his trusty sword.

Again the hero led in war's red brunt—
The patriot men who mustered at the front
In battle's grand array, who nobly stood
Like living bulwarks 'gainst the crimson flood;
On Winchester's proud heights he led the free
And crown'd our flag with glorious victory.

Yet war was not his choice—his destined path—
He loved not bloodshed—and he sought not wrath,
His sphere was law—a Senator profound,
'Gainst slavery and injustice ever found,
Who represented 'mong our greatest—best—
Three sovereign states that gild the mighty West.

Hail, soldier of two wars! Hail, statesman true!
To-day we raise the cenotaph to you;
Though in our hearts your memory ever bright,
Outlasts the chaos of the field and fight—
And ever green be watered by our tears,
Through all the cycles of the coming years.

The toasts were: "The State of Illinois," response by Governor Altgeld; "Career of Shields in Illinois," response by General Orendorf; "General Shields, Senator from Minnesota," response by Hon. Mark



COMMITTEE PRESENT AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF
 GEN. JAMES SHIELDS, IN STATTUARY HALL, CAPITOL OF THE
 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DECEMBER 6, 1893.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1 JOHN P. ALTGELD,
Gov. of the State of Illinois. | 10 W. S. CANTRELL,
Benton, Ill.
Warehouse Com. of Illinois. | 21 WM. M. SPRINGER, M. C.,
Springfield, Ill. |
| 2 W. H. HENRICKSEN,
Jacksonville,
Secty. of the State of Illinois. | 11 B. K. DURFEE,
Decatur, Ill. | 22 RENSELAER STONE,
Chicago, Ill. |
| 3 RUFUS N. RUMSEY,
Treas. of the State of Illinois. | 12 JUDGE M. G. DALE,
Edwardsville, Ill. | 23 JOHN W. HART,
Weymouth, Mass. |
| 4 DANIEL J. SHIELDS,
Carrollton, Mo. | 13 LAWRENCE J. WATSON,
Beverly Farms, Mass. | 24 FRANK LAWLER, M. C.,
Chicago, Ill. |
| 5 MISS KATHERINE J. SHIELDS,
Carrollton, Mo. | 14 C. F. CASS,
Boston, Mass. | 25 COL. WM. P. WOOD,
Washington, D. C. |
| 6 CHARLES J. SHIELDS,
Carrollton, Mo. | 15 JOHN H. WATSON,
Beverly Farms, Mass. | 26 JULIUS GOLDZIER, M. C.,
Chicago, Ill. |
| 7 HON. WILLIAM H. CONDON,
Chicago, Ill. | 17 CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN,
Boston, Mass. | 27 JAMES T. J. DAVIS,
Washington, D. C. |
| 8 HUGH BOYLE,
Chicago, Ill. | 18 JAMES F. MAGUIRE,
Boston, Mass. | 28 B. J. COYLE,
Washington, D. C. |
| 9 ALFRED ORRENDORF,
Springfield, Ill.
Adjt.-Gen. of Illinois. | 19 CAPT. PATRICK O'FARRELL,
Washington, D. C. | 29 PHILCION HOWARD,
Danville, Ill. |
| | 20 C. H. MANSUR, M. C.,
Washington, D. C. | 30 EDWARD J. HANNAN,
Washington, D. C. |

H. Dunnell; "General Shields, Senator from Missouri," response by Hon. Marsh Arnold; "General Shields as an Irishman," response by Patrick Donahoe.

Mark H. Dunnell, M. C., said General Shields' advent in Minnesota had been prior to his. The territory and state had loved him. He was loved and remembered still. Minnesota was loyal to his greatness. Peace to his ashes, all honor to his greatness.

Hon. Marsh Arnold said "Shields was the son of a race that had lent its sunshine to all climes and ages. Shields' career, as senator from Missouri, though brief, had been gilded with purity. His public character was as stainless as his private, and stood as a monument to his name. It was not solely as the intrepid warrior and dashing rider that Missouri revered the memory of Shields; it was his nobility when he doffed the military garb and donned the civil robes. His name rested on Fame's eternal camping ground and glittered in the meridian blaze of heaven. Shields was Irish, and this meant that he was a lover and a champion of freedom, and a martyr to it, if need be."

Governor Altgeld spoke of the deeds of heroism which had been done upon the sacred soil of Illinois and outside her confines by those heroes she had bred. It was the land in which had been fought the battle which decided that Illinois was not to be a slave state, and practically sealed the doom of slavery on our continent. Her record and that of her sons in the Mexican War challenged admiration, and in the War of the Rebellion she had developed some of the greatest chieftains who had ever marshaled men. She had no rival in the race of material progress and development. She was building wonderful cities and was working the marvels of the age. In closing, he characterized Shields as "one of the greatest leaders of the world."

General Orendorf said, "Illinois took its name from an Indian word meaning 'the home of great men.' It was not a misnomer. Shields was one of a coterie of Illinois' sons who had left their finger prints on history and their footprints on the sands of time. He was the compeer of Lincoln, who had stepped from the earth to his home in the skies, and was the associate of Douglas. Shields' influence had affected the course of Illinois. The gallant Mulligan, when he said from his stretcher, 'Lay me down, but, boys, save the flag,' was influenced by the soul and spirit of Shields, who was ever on the side of the oppressed. If one would see his monument, or read his eulogy, look around into the faces of those who have come here to place a wreath upon his memory."

Patrick Donahoe spoke of Shields as an Irishman, as a lover of freedom, a champion of freedom, a martyr, if need be, for freedom. General Shields spent sixteen years of his life, the years of his childhood and boyhood in Ireland. He was thoroughly identified, from the dawn of manhood to his latest breath, with the land of his adoption as soldier and legislator. He was a hero in two wars for the preservation of American liberty and union; he was in times of peace a potent factor in the prosperity of the great state of Illinois, which has so



GEN. SHIELDS STATUE.

nobly honored him; and he represented at different times three sovereign states in the United States Senate. But he was not specially identified with any distinctly Irish movements. Why, then, call for honors to this American soldier and statesman as an Irishman? What special service has he done for Ireland? Before I answer, let me ask And I will answer both questions in the words of another illustrious American-Irishman—by his Americanism. This is how General Shields helped Ireland; this is how Meade and Meagher and Corcoran and Sheridan and a host of other men of Irish blood best served this land of their birth and that of their ancestry. Every blow struck for freedom anywhere is a blow for Ireland's cause, and who has struck with truer aim than Shields?

Charles J. Beattie—the poet—is a Mississipian, was captain of Company A in Colonel Jefferson Davis' Regiment of riflemen at the battle of Buena Vista, and bears a scar on his right temple and another on his left leg from wounds received in that contest. He was major at the close of the war and left his father's plantation and his negroes to come North to oppose slavery. His poems, especially those breathing a martial spirit, are unsurpassed. He knew General Shields at Buena Vista, and always admired his military and civic career. He still is a beloved citizen of Chicago, though it is to be regretted that his health is poor. He is a cultured, refined gentleman of the old—and therefore best—school.

Donahoe's Magazine is the only publication of that kind that published and illustrated an account of General Shields and his family as well as their portraits and a cut of his statue. Such interest displayed in his and their behalf is worthy of commendation and speak well for the spirit and tone of the production, which is first-class, edited at all times by eminent scholars whose aims and objects are to present the reading public with a first-class Catholic magazine, in which they have succeeded admirably.

Treasury Department.
Office of the Second Comptroller,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 20, 1893.

HON. WILLIAM H. CONDON.

My Dear Sir:—Yours, with a check for \$56, balance of expenses of banquet, is at hand. I am at a loss how to write you in regard to your noble-hearted generosity in this whole affair, as well as your devotion to the memory of General Shields. The family of General Shields ought to make your name the patron saint of their household, and Irish-Americans the country over should take you as a type of warm-hearted friendship. I am, sir, yours, very sincerely,

C. H. MANSUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Striking Incidents in General Shields' Life—Eloquent Tributes Paid Him by Leading Statesmen, Bishops, Scholars and Journalists—Interesting Sketch of His Life by Dr. Onahan.

One of General Shields' most intimate friends says: Lincoln he looked upon as one of his best friends in America, Stanton and Seward as his greatest enemies. In my previous letter I told you of the General having been sent for to go to Washington. Lincoln tried his best to have him made commander-in-chief of the army at the time. The General had private letters from Lincoln to that effect. He was brought to Washington for that purpose. You will remember Lee had made a bold advance upon Washington and there was panic in the White House. Lincoln recommended Shields to be sent for as the man most likely to save the cause. He was ordered to go by special train, and though one o'clock in the morning when he arrived, he found the Cabinet still sitting. Lincoln met him first and told him he had recommended his appointment as commander-in-chief, and the Cabinet was about to sanction it. He was asked into the room where the Cabinet was sitting and asked his views as to the probability of Lee's taking Washington. He told them it was absurd. "It was Lee's first mistake during the war." He pointed out a plan by which he could be cut off and the war could be brought to an end. They saw he was right, but as soon as they found there was no danger they asked him to retire. In less than half an hour Lincoln came to him and said the Cabinet had refused to sanction his appointment on the grounds that he would be unpopular with the officers of the regu-

lar army and likely to create trouble for the administration. Lincoln then advised him to resign, told him Stanton was his bitter opponent and would lose no opportunity to injure him, and the General acted on his advice. Lincoln appointed him major-general, and through Stanton's influence his appointment was not confirmed by the Republican Senate. The most friendly relations existed between Lincoln and the General. Though a Democrat, he would have given him any position within his (Lincoln's) gift. He never spoke of Lincoln but with the deepest respect. He never mentioned Stanton or Seward but as being bitterest and most relentless enemies.

When he came to Missouri the state was disfranchised and ruled by carpet-baggers and militia men. He took up the cause of the natives, who were mostly Southern sympathizers. He made a few very able speeches in which he denounced the administration, and this probably was the cause of his pension being withdrawn.

He told me of his quarrel with Lincoln. I remember when Lincoln's biographers published something in regard to it not very creditable to the General. I wanted him to reply to it. He said, "No." Lincoln was dead. He would write nothing that would reflect discredit on a dead man.

The General's second in the duel was blamed for consenting to the use of broadswords. The General was a fine fencer from his youth, taught the art by a soldier of the British army when a boy. He followed it up later. He taught fencing in Toronto "in a barroom." In Washington he practiced under a Frenchman, of whom he told some very amusing stories, and his second was well aware of the General's ability to defend himself. I heard the General, himself say at one time he was afraid of no man in America with a sword. The duel, if it had come off, would have ended differently from what Lincoln's biographers prophesied.

In the General's election contest for the Sixth Congressional District for Missouri he was elected by 109 majority over his opponent, VanHorn. While the Gen-

eral was canvassing the district his opponent contented himself with going around to the carpet-bagger officials and assisting them in their work of fraud and disfranchisement. Notwithstanding this the General beat him by the above number of votes. It mattered little, however, to VanHorn. When the returns were sent to the Secretary of State for a certificate, that worthy threw out the votes of Jackson and Platt counties and the Governor issued a certificate to VanHorn. Thus "majority for VanHorn, exclusive of Jackson and Platt, 64." The General contested the validity of the decision. The matter went to Washington. A committee of the House was appointed to examine it. The majority, of course, were Republicans. It was, "Ask my brother am I a rogue?" The majority gave the seat to VanHorn, but awarded the General \$5,000 compensation. This case he prepared with great care. It was printed in pamphlet form and was a very able document."

I heard General Shields say that William H. Seward, Secretary of State, visited him at Winchester, was driven over the field, and after expressing satisfaction with the results of the battle Seward said: "Now, Shields, you have shown in this war what you are capable of. Burn far and wide around you. Strike terror in the rebels' hearts and you will be the hero of this war as well as of Mexico." To which Shields replied: "No. I'll not resort to any uncivilized warfare and send my name down to posterity by such crimes as disgraced Cromwell. The curse of Cromwell was the worst curse you could utter in Ireland, and I'll not place my name on a level with his by atrocities which disgrace civilization. When I captured Santa Anna's private carriage I returned it to him, and other private property. I will not stoop to acts beneath the dignity of a soldier for promotion, however high." It seems that Seward had no use for General Shields thenceforward and allied himself with Stanton to ruin his "military career."

REMINISCENCES OF AND TRIBUTES TO GENERAL SHIELDS.

"Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, Chapultepec."

Captain John M. Toban, a veteran of the Civil War, who is in the group at the unveiling, in an article in Donohue's Magazine, writes as follows:

Many years after the close of the Union War, I was riding in the train from Hartford in company with General Shields. I said to him: "General, you never joined the Fenians, yet we young men always felt you were ready to fight for Ireland if the opportunity offered."

"I would," he responded with animation, "but I will tell you my own experience about secret movements against England. Sometime after the Mexican War I was yet in commission in military service and stationed at St. Louis. The adherents of the young Ireland party of 1848, in the North, brought pressure upon the War Department to grant me a leave of absence. I visited New York, and after a conference with the leaders, with their assistance I selected two men, each unknown to the other. I kept them in different quarters of the Astor House for some days, training them verbally on what I wanted them to do for me in Ireland, giving each a different section. I desired to know what were the military equipments and arms in the hands of the patriots organized in clubs and other bodies, and the warlike resources attainable in the country. They returned and reported. There was no means at all sufficient with which to begin a war."

"On my way back I stopped at Washington to visit the War Department. I received a friendly invitation one day from the British Minister, Napier, an Irishman, you know—with whom I was on friendly personal terms before I went to Mexico—to take tea with him the same evening. I accepted. After supper he took me into his library, and, patting the stars of a major-general on my shoulder, he said: 'Jim, no Irishman in the world felt prouder of your winning those stars than I; but you are fortunate in the kind of man that in my person represents the British Government in this country. I want you to continue to wear in honor the uniform that has covered you in your glorious deeds in Mexico; but, my dear fellow, at any time within the past few weeks I could have had your stars razed, and the uniform pulled off your back, had I raised my finger in protest against your conspiracy.'

"Well, I was astonished, but was entirely confounded when he told me of my whole proceedings in New York, and told me of everywhere my two sworn men went to in Ireland. He had everything as accurate as their reports to me."

TRIBUTE TO SHIELDS.
REPRESENTATIVE CANNON OF ILLINOIS.

The Mexican War gave to the United States a great empire, rich in soil and minerals. The eye of the seer cannot cover, or the tongue of the prophet cannot foretell, the importance of that acquisition to us and to those who follow after. In the war to preserve the Union, the fate of the nation—aye, more, of a civilization—was at stake. In the arbitrament of battle General Shields was a conspicuous figure in both contests. There were many greater statesmen, greater generals, but in demeanor and personal courage, supplemented by that enthusiasm and leadership in action that command the admiration and touch the hearts of men, perhaps none excelled him. His place in his country's annals is fixed by his

military service. The respect and love of the people of Illinois, after the Mexican War, dictated his choice as United States Senator from that state over the late Sidney Breese—one of the builders of that commonwealth, a great jurist and statesman, the impress of whose genius and ability is written on every page of that state's history for over sixty years. The greatest tribute that Illinois can pay to the memory of General Shields is paid by placing his statue in the Nation's Capitol, side by side with the statues of Garfield, Allen of Ohio and Ethan Allen, Winthrop, Trumbull, Samuel Adams, Muhlenberg, King, Kearney, and others. These statues constitute a part of the history of the country in stone and bronze. Casting our eyes along and over the whole history of the country, General Shields, in the contests of his day and generation, is fairly typical of one of the forces that molded the Republic in its formative period, and that preserved our civilization in the crucial tests of battle.

SENATOR PALMER OF ILLINOIS.

In Illinois General Shields was the peer and contemporary of intellectual giants. He was the associate of Douglas and Lincoln and many other great men, a foeman worthy of the steel of any of them. It was his misfortune to differ from me at one time on a great political question. It resulted in his not being returned again to the Senate from Illinois; yet we continued always to be personal friends. As a judge his intuitive perception of justice and right made him the very refuge of the oppressed and the wronged. It is eminently suggestive and proper that the great commonwealth which honored them both should have at the Capitol the statues of Lincoln and Shields.

REPRESENTATIVE BLAND OF MISSOURI.

General Shields became a citizen of Missouri when the country was in the throes of the reconstruction period. Half of the citizens of the district in which Carroll County is situated were disfranchised. General Shields took up the cause of the people and advocated their liberty. His character as a patriotic soldier, loyal citizen and statesman lent charm and influence to the canvass. To show the magnanimity of the character of this great soldier, it is related of him that, on one occasion, one of his admirers, in introducing him to the people, introduced him as the only man who had ever conquered Stonewall Jackson. In reply to that General Shields modestly stated that, although he had come nearer, perhaps, than any other soldier to whipping Stonewall Jackson, yet the truth of history impelled him to say that Stonewall Jackson was never conquered.

Kansas City, Mo., November 24, 1893.

HON. WILLIAM H. CONDON.

Chicago Shields Monument Commissioner.

Honorable and Dear Sir:—I regret that my health, as it is at present, does not permit of undergoing with safety the fatigue of a long journey. Otherwise, I would participate with great pleasure in the ceremony of the unveiling at Washington of the statue of one of my dearest personal friends, among the worthiest and most beloved of American citizens, the late General James Shields. The state of Illinois honors itself in honoring General Shields. No brighter example of worthy citizenship ever stood on pedestal for public admiration.

Thanking you, honorable dear sir, for your kind invitation. I am, very truly,

Your humble servant.

JOHN T. HOGAN.
Bishop of Kansas City.

State of Missouri, Executive Department, Jefferson City,
November 18, 1893.

W. H. CONDON.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 16th inst., inviting me to be present at the unveiling of the statue of General James Shields at the Capitol in Washington on December 6th. This is the first information coming to me of this event. It is a source of very profound regret that I have engagements already made that will make it wholly impracticable for me to go to Washington to attend these ceremonies. It is possible I may be able to have the lieutenant-governor attend.

General Shields died a citizen of this state, which had honored him with a seat in the United States Senate. His ashes repose in the soil of Missouri. It is greatly to the credit of Illinois that her people have seen proper to do this great honor to his memory. But the fame he won, whether martial or civic, every Missourian claims a share in. His achievements and his name are the glory alike of Illinois and Missouri. Not only so, but South Carolina and Minnesota are likewise entitled to share in the luster shed by him on the page of our history. I regard this career, a description of which reads like a romance, as one of the most interesting, remarkable and instructive of all the great men whose names adorn our history. To the young, whether native or foreign born, his name is full of hope and inspiration. This graceful act, done by the people of Illinois, will be appreciated by the people of this state. He was yours and ours. You do well to call honoring marble from its cavern bed, chisel it in form and shape, and set it in noble company at the Capitol of the Nation, there to perpetuate the glory of his achievements. You honor him in marble or bronze; we will set a vigil over his grave to guard his ashes. Thus his great name will be another bond linking the sovereign states of Illinois and Missouri, both of which he loved and served so well.

Respectfully,

WM. J. STONE.

State of Missouri, Executive Department, Jefferson City,
November 22, 1893.

WILLIAM H. CONDON, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I have requested United States Senator F. M. Cockrell to represent this state at the unveiling of the statue to General Shields. I suggest that you communicate with him, so that he may understand the arrangements for the day.

Respectfully,

WM. J. STONE.

There was once an affair of honor in which Jefferson Davis was one of the parties. The General acted as a second for Davis' opponent. It originated from a speech made by a Northern Senator, in which he accused a regiment of cowardice of which Davis was the colonel. The President having heard of the duel threatened to have the parties thereto arrested unless they gave their word of honor not to proceed with the quarrel, which they did.

Then a second quarrel arose between General Shields and the colonel who represented Davis. It arose in this manner. General Shields exerted himself to the utmost to make peace between the two Senators, but Davis' second seemed bound to insist on the duel coming off, when Shields said to him, "I sometimes respect the man who is prodigal of his own blood, but I have a damned mean opinion of the man who is prodigal of the blood of another." The result was a letter asking an apology, which was not replied to.

Nearly a week after this the General, while in the Senate, was touched on the back by a hand, and turning round saw his friend, "Davis' second." The gentleman quietly asked him out. They went straight to the colonel's apartments. On the table of the room they entered there were two dueling pistols and two cups of coffee. The colonel told the General to choose which he would take. The General laughed and said he would try the coffee first. They shook hands and spent a very happy night together. With the General's assistance the colonel got an appointment afterwards in California, which he held till his death, brought about by congestive fever.

Irish World.

GENERAL SHIELDS.

It is not the language of empty declamation, but of truth, to say that of all nations on this round earth none has evinced more versatility of talent, more brilliancy of genius, greater generosity of disposition, or more of dash and enthusiasm in the execution of whatever it has set its heart on than the nation called Irish. None! On the battlefield, at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit, in the Senate, on the stage, in song, poetry, literature and athletics, Ireland's preëminence is recognized. Take up the atlas. Look at that speck in the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean—up in the northwest of the eastern hemisphere. It is like an emerald pebble in a huge tub of water. It is beautiful but insignificant. How despicable does it appear by the side of that colossal empire called Russia! How diminutive even by comparison with one of our states of the Great West! If quantity is the motto there is no use going to market; but if quality is sought, and quality alone, the most fastidious can be satisfied.

That gem of the sea burns with an unquenchable ardor and blazes with a genius that has lit up all civilization.

A thousand years ago Ireland was the nursery of learning and the school of art and science. Students from Gaul and Saxon Land, from Italy and Germany, flocked thither, in a continuous stream, to finish their education. Then Ireland was an independent nation and her proud flag waved over a free people. All this is changed. But Ireland is still gifted by Nature as she was then. Gifted in her sons as well as in her soil. Where is the land that has not been enriched by her intellectual wealth? England rejoices in her Wellington, France in her MacMahon, Austria in her Nugent, Spain in her O'Donnell, and America in her Montgomerys, her Jacksons, her MacDonoughs, and her Sheridans.

To all these countries Ireland has given prime ministers, presidents, military chieftains, and statesmen.

The most illustrious man that ever opened his mouth in the British Parliament was Edmund Burke. In orators no land is more prolific. The dying speech of Emmet is alone of its kind. Of Curran, Grattan, Shiel, on the other side of the water, and Calhoun on this, it is unnecessary to say anything. The bare mention of their names is enough. "The best comedy on the English stage—the 'School for Scandal'—and the best speech ever delivered in the English House of Commons—that of the impeachment of Warren Hastings—are Sheridan's." So Lord Byron thought. Daniel O'Connell was the most potent of open-air orators that ever voiced their views in the British Isles; and who more than that other Irishman—Denis Kearney—the Sand-Lot Orator of California—has shown his ability to stir the great multitude in this New World? The leading wits of the last century were Irishmen. The greatest "Falstaff" that ever appeared on the boards was Quinn, the finest "Shylock" was Macklin, and the grandest "Othello" was Barry. Of Macklin, Pope, the poet, said:

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

Barry's speech before the Senate was frequently encored—a thing hardly ever known in the regular drama. Such was the charm of his voice and the unapproachable grace of his gesture. At one time, when the Duke says, "I think this speech would win my daughter, too," the applause rose to a tempest and the audience positively would not permit the play to go on till Barry had recited Othello's apology a third time! The two stars before the footlights now are McCullough and Barrett. Charles O'Conor stands at the head of the American bar, Judge Kelley is the Nestor of the House of Representatives, and Henry C. Carey is, confessedly, the most eminent man in political economy to-day in the English language. Byron called Moore "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own."

All this is glorification. But is not the glorification founded in justice? Do we ask for Ireland more than her meed? Yet we would not be understood as claiming for the Irish a monopoly of all that is truly great and noble in this world or insisting that everything beneath even this dazzling brilliancy is made of solid

goodness. Every nation has its peculiar excellence. Germany is philosophic, France has flashed light on the politics of the age, Italy has carved her name high up in art, and England is distinguished as the foremost of utilitarians. And so on. The "universal Yankee Nation" beats the world in inventions. Ireland has not a little to gain from association with other lands. (And to show that the converse is true it is only necessary to point to Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and McCormick, the inventor of the reaping machine, both of whom Ireland has contributed to America.) But the acceptance of this truth does not detract from the claim put forward in her behalf.

And now General Shields, who is neither one of Ireland's latest or least contributions to the list of Columbia's historic names, comes forward for recognition. A soldier, a legislator, a jurist, and an orator, he was among the first in peace as well as the first in war, and illustrated in his personal character, perhaps more than any other one man of his time, the versatility of the race from which he sprang.

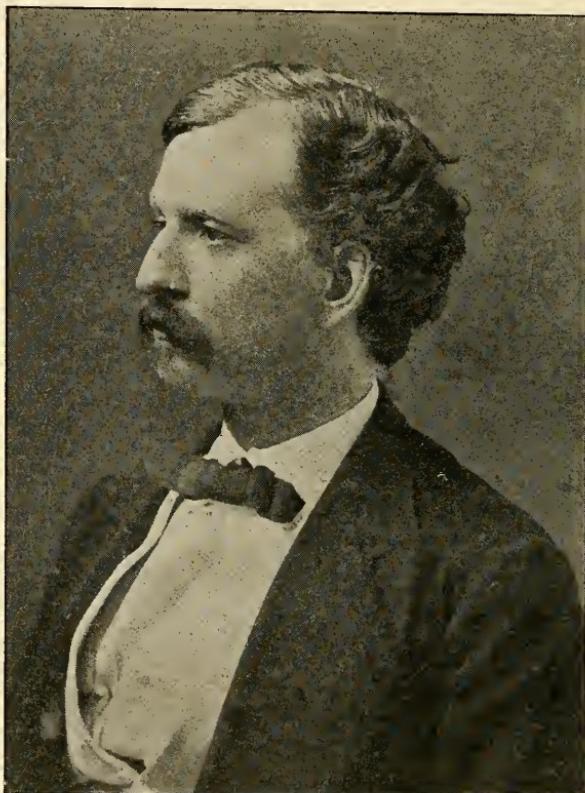
The hero of two wars and a score of battles, the wounds which he received therein, and which scarred his body forever, proved him to be a soldier that sought rather than shunned the post of danger. Shields it was who first planted the stars and stripes in the City of Mexico. Shields it was whom Scott entrusted to hold in check the main army of Santa Anna. Shields it was—the first man and the last man—that ever successfully crossed swords with the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson. Is not this enough to entitle him to a high niche among the military men of America? The Washington politicians who "ran" the military machine seventeen years ago did their spiteful best to ignore him. "Sometimes our very graces are our enemies," says Shakespeare. The politicians were afraid the victor of Stonewall Jackson would eclipse some of their epauletted pets. Some of them fellows—

"That never set a squadron in the field
Nor a division of a battle knew
More than a spinster."

But the writer of impartial history, who will have no chums to promote, no personal interests to subserve, no grudge to feed, who will labor only to gather facts, and whose special ambition it will be "to hold the mirror up to nature," will relate to posterity that James Shields deserved well of the Republic, whilst his pen will refuse to record even the names of the clique of small natures whose baleful shadow tried to throw him into the shade in the day of their evil littleness.

William J. Onahan, L.L.D., has been a prominent citizen of Chicago for twoscore years. His influence in Catholic and Irish circles has been second to none. As an organizer of societies and movements calculated to benefit his race and creed, as well as citizens of all classes, he has had great success. With the lamented General

Mulligan in early days he gathered around him many of the brightest minds in the city, and in temperance movements he has always been a great power for good. He was instrumental in calling the convention in Chicago in 1879 which resulted in establishing on a permanent basis two large colonies of Catholics in Minnesota and Nebraska, and has been the means of inducing Catholics to buy and improve over a hundred thousand acres in the West. I had the honor



WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, LL. D.

of acting as secretary of that convention, at which Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding, Bishop Hogan, Father Riordan, now Archbishop of San Francisco, and many other eminent divines, as well as John Boyle O'Reilly, Hon. Patrick H. Collins, General Donaghue, Dillon O'Brien and Patrick H. Kelly of St. Paul, Andrew Kelly of Minneapolis, John Lawler of Prairie Du Chien, Judge Moran and many more perfected an organization which successfully carried on the work of colonization. Volumes have been filled with Mr. Onahan's views on the subject in Catholic magazines and newspapers at home

and abroad. In the thirty years that I have had the honor of his acquaintance he has by tongue and pen richly earned the title of Defender of the Faith. In every undertaking, from the building of churches, schools, hospitals, inaugurating Catholic summer schools, erection of monuments to missionaries and patriots, to the providing of Catholic and Irish literature for the masses, he has been a leader. His influence as a member of the board of the Chicago library was very creditable and highly beneficial. As an official he has been elected frequently to responsible positions of trust and always proved faithful. While comptroller of the city of Chicago its credit rose higher than it had been for many years, and the confidence that the public has in his wisdom and integrity is evident in the increase of deposits in the Home Savings Bank of Chicago since he has been its first vice-president and virtual manager.

No man in Chicago or the Great West has greater respect or more friends, and it was a source of pride and extreme gratification to his host of friends when His Holiness Leo XIII conferred the title of Count upon him.

A quarter of a century ago he gave me the photograph, which I have reproduced without his knowledge or consent, and I have taken the liberty of saying this of him because he was one of the gentlemen whom General Shields most admired, and no life of the hero could be written without referring to his friend, Onahan, under whose auspices he lectured in Chicago and through whom many courtesies were shown the General.

Hon. William J. Onahan prepared for *The Observer* the following interesting anecdotes of the late General James Shields. One of them, at least, throws a new light on recent American history:

Few public men in the United States had a more varied or more unique career in the public service than General James Shields, the Senator from three states.

An Irish immigrant to this country in the early thirties, he commenced his career in Illinois as a school teacher, studied law according to the primitive conditions and opportunities of the period. Swiftly winning recognition by his ability and character, he was successively elected or appointed auditor of state, judge of the Supreme Court, commissioner of the general land office, governor of Oregon; and after his brilliant service in the Mexican War was chosen United States Senator for Illinois, the associate of Senator Douglas, the "Little Giant," with whom he stood on terms of warm political and personal friendship.

Not a few incidents of his senatorial career would be interesting, especially when we consider the period during which he served and the remarkable men who were then in the Senate and House of Representatives—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Douglas, Benton, Breckinridge, Lincoln and others of national and, subsequently, of historic renown.

But it is a couple of incidents occurring in a subsequent period I set out to narrate.

A few words, however, will complete the brief epitome of General Shields' public career.

Failing of reelection in Illinois, by reason of well-known political changes, the General emigrated to Minnesota, then a territory. He gathered about him a following and established the first Irish colony

in the new territory, in the vicinity of Faribault, now acknowledged to be one of the wealthiest and most prosperous of the numerous Irish colonies in the state of Minnesota.

On the admission of the territory as a state, General Shields was elected one of the two first Senators.

As in Illinois, a like result and fortune befell his political aspirations and from a like cause he was not reelected. At the end of his term he drifted out to California, and settled there for a time; indeed, it is said that he would surely have been elected to the Senate from that state also, had he prolonged his stay there. But the Civil War broke out, and like a war horse "sniffing the battle from afar" he was quickly on the scene and in the service.

His usual military good fortune, the result of his skill and valor, attended him in his campaign against Stonewall Jackson in the valley of Virginia. He whipped the hitherto redoubtable and invulnerable Southern commander. Shields was the only Northern or Union general who achieved this unique distinction.

It was following this event, which gave great heart to the Union cause and naturally immense satisfaction to President Lincoln, that the curious incident I am about to relate is said to have occurred.

This was no less than the tender to General Shields of the command of the army of the Potomac.

I am not aware that this fact (and I assume it to be a fact) was ever before published.

My authority for the statement is no other than General Shields himself. I had it from his own lips when sitting at my own fireside, on the occasion of one of his visits to Chicago long after the war.

As I recall the story, the General had gone over again the circumstances of his encounter with Jackson and the defeat which sent the hitherto irresistible "Stonewall" whirling up (or down) the valley and the joy and elation the news of this victory caused in Washington and throughout the North.

Shortly after this event, the General said, Secretary Seward came to his camp one evening and had an interview with him at headquarters.

The Secretary of State announced that he came from the President to thank General Shields for the important and successful campaign he, the General, had conducted and especially for his crowning victory.

Moreover, President Lincoln had empowered Mr. Seward to tender to General Shields the command of the Army of the Potomac; and this, for reasons of military, as well as political policy.

That great army had not been successful, its command had been the shuttlecock of emergencies, but only misfortune and defeat had attended the various changes.

General Shields had demonstrated high military capacities, he had been successful, and he was free from military cliques and political following—hence the President was drawn to him as the man for the emergency.

And moreover, as General Shields was an Irishman of foreign birth, he could not consequently become a factor in national politics as a possible candidate or rival for the presidency in the event of a crowning successful military campaign. Such, in substance, was the statement made by Mr. Seward to General Shields as subsequently related by the latter.

Why, then, was the magnificent tender and temptation not quickly accepted? Because, at the same time, the purpose and policies of the President, or the Government, to bring about emancipation of the negro race was indicated or announced. Perhaps the Emancipation Proclamation was then under consideration.

This was the obstacle, this the barrier that moved General Shields to decline the tender of this important command. He was for fighting it out on other lines without regard to the negro. The interview was, of course, confidential in its character, and the tender of command made an affair of absolute secrecy. And so nothing was known or heard of it, at the time. Such, in a general way, was the substance of General Shields' account of this interesting episode of the Civil War. I do not pretend that I am giving ipsissima verba the exact language employed by the General in narrating the incident, but as to the tender of the command referred to, and of the reasons adduced for making it, as well as the reason for declining—I am certain of the substantial accuracy of my account, at least as to the essential particulars.

Others have heard this same story from the lips of the General. A well-known clergyman of this city, a warm, personal friend of General Shields, heard it told on the occasion I refer to; and I am pretty sure had heard it before or subsequently, at his own table, where the General was often a welcome guest.

A few words as to the subsequent career of General Shields may not be amiss, to complete this paper.

Shortly after the campaign referred to, in which Shields was wounded, he resigned his command. This it may be surmised proceeded partly because of his wounds and from the failure to obtain the richly earned promotion: and partly perhaps from dissatisfaction with the policy at Washington.

The General retired to a farm near Carrollton, Mo., where he married and "turned his sword into a ploughshare." In the seventies he was chosen United States Senator from that state to fill a short term. Following this he was occasionally heard on the lecture platforms in the West. He did not long survive his latest senatorial service, being stricken by paralysis while on a visit to a convent in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he died.

I am not writing a biographical sketch. I set out to write an incident or two in General Shields' career. His services in the Senate and on the battlefield deserve a far more elaborate and appreciative eulogy than is possible in a running, off-hand sketch such as this.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

My Interesting Friend of the Confederate Army—Efforts to Erect Statues to General Shields and Frances E. Willard in Illinois—Appeal to the Ladies—Opposition of Some of the Press—Indifference of Judges and Opposition of South Park Commissioners—Manly Indorsement by Colonel John F. Finerty in The Citizen, and Favorable Notice by the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen—Hon. Wm. H. Harper's Broad Americanism.

On a Sunday afternoon in April, 1899, in a hotel at Columbus, Ohio, while there writing this work, and learning of R. D. McCarter's service under Shields, I

read to him from my scrapbook General Oates' speech in Congress on the reception of the statue, and in the course of the conversation Veteran McCarter said that he saw the flash of the mortar that threw the shell that broke Shields' arm. A gentleman sitting near us extended his hand to me as soon as Mr. McCarter walked away, and said, "Friend, I want to shake hands with you." I grasped his hand cordially and said, "I thank you for your courtesy and am pleased to know you." He mentioned his name and gave me his card, which unfortunately is lost, and which showed he was a commercial traveler from the South. He said: "I heard your friend say that he saw the flash of the mortar that threw the shell a fragment of which broke General Shields' arm. It was our battery that fired the shell—Caskie's Battery. When you go to Richmond call on Dr. Hunter Maguire and Rev. — Smith, who is the adjutant of our Robert E. Lee's Camp, and they will entertain you royally, and they will relate to you much that you will be interested in about Lee, as they were on his staff. We all liked Shields for his record in Mexico and didn't care to rub against him very hard, but as soon as he left the valley we went back and chased the others out of it." I regret that I was prevented from calling on the gentlemen named and that I never met my informant again.

On June 14, 1899, in the Chicago Record, a correspondent of that paper—who is writing up art in Paris and who exhibited such monstrosities on the Lake Front in groups of giantesses that for shame's sake and to avoid shocking lookers on they were destroyed—wrote the following article, deriding and ridiculing real artists and their works:

PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

"I hope most sincerely that the Lake Front Park may not be invaded by an army of portrait statues. What a depressing display we could soon bring together there. Are not we moderns ugly enough in our everyday costumes without perpetuating them and setting them up in rows like clothing dummies? Yet this is what we may well fear if the park commissioners let down the bars. There is a touch of humor in the first combination of candidates for this privilege which suggests the grotesque possibilities of the future.

"The newspapers explain who General Shields was, which may or may not prove his need of a public statue, and then we are assured that only the best sculpture is to be used—a reproduction of the figure in the National Sculpture Gallery at the Capitol. If this means

the bronze figure of General Shields which I saw there three years ago, the procession would be headed by one of the most commonplace things in all that collection of nondescripts. At the time of my visit there were not more than two or three good statues in the gallery, and but one—Daniel French's General Cass—which could be called a great work of art. There are worse looking figures there, to be sure, than the General Shields, for they have Vinnie Ream's Lincoln with them still, and other amateurish performances, but the professional dexterity shown in the modeling of the figure of the gallant Irishman but emphasizes its utter lack of sculptural feeling. It is a neatly whittled effigy, neither better nor worse than the familiar Scotts and Bobby Burnses of our tobacco stores—only a little more precisely done.

"Miss Willard certainly merits a dignified memorial for her splendid work, her inspiring faith and her loyal love of humanity, but with all her courage she was not an obtrusive woman. It was her work and no native aggressiveness which brought her so constantly into public view. She who addressed thousands and wrote her letters to all the world was happiest in her home circle and with her few close friends. I feel that setting her up there upon our lonesome Lake Front with only Logan and Shields as champions and companions would be most unsympathetic treatment. It is true that she might be joined soon by Dewey and Aguinaldo, Confucius, Moses and Richard Harding Davis, and ultimately—who knows?—by Alderman Coughlin and Johnny Powers; but a crowd is not always company, and even well-executed statues raised by an admiring constituency may not suffice to make a public place seem homelike.

"But poor Miss Willard in whitewashed bronze—to symbolize purity—standing alone and forlorn upon Michigan avenue, with brow purity to winter's bleak blasts and summer's scorching rays, the object of the idle curiosity of strangers and of the jests of cabmen—the idea seems to me not only incongruous, but pitiful. We raise statues to honor our illustrious dead. Let us honor them still further by placing these tributes fitly and where they may mean something."

It had been suggested if color was a vital point that the statue of Miss Willard could be kept white with paint, which afforded this scoffer a chance to exhibit his cheap wit by writing about "whitewashed bronze" for her and by saying that if she were lonely with Logan and Shields she might be joined by two disreputable aldermen and others.

It is a wonder he omitted the names of noted courtesans, and if he did not probably his employer's sheet would have published their names.

Such comparisons were sacrilegious; no gentleman would have made them, and no paper worthy of patronage would have endorsed them by publishing them.

I prevailed upon a bidder for the Willard statue to erect a duplicate of it at Evanston, Ill., where Miss Willard is buried, for less than the amount appropriated for the Washington statue—and sums guaranteed me—but the three women commissioners refused to award him the contract, preferring to patronize a living woman rather than honor a dead one by having two faultless statues erected in her honor. Yet we hear a great deal from women about narrowness and man's selfishness, etc.

In the preamble to my bill for the Willard statue, passed in 1899, I paid a tribute to Miss Willard which will always remain in the statutes of Illinois. I did likewise in my Shields' statue bill, and if no statues are erected to them in Illinois, at least my encomiums will remain; but people will wonder why Illinois has nothing visible on its borders, in any city, to testify to its love for these greatest of its citizens.

MY APPEAL FOR A CHICAGO OR EVANSTON STATUE
FOR MISS WILLARD.

Dear Madam:—Having noticed the interest you have taken in the Woman's Athletic Association, I cherish the hope that you, also, have at heart everything that enures to the honor of your sex, and therefore will be interested in my project to erect on Lake Front Park a beautiful bronze statue of the late—noblest of women—Frances E. Willard.

I induced the Legislature last winter to decide that she is worthy of national commemoration and to appropriate \$9,000 for a bronze statue of her, to be placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol in Washington, with those of Generals Shields, Washington, Lafayette, and other immortals.

A duplicate of that proposed statue can be purchased for \$6,000, and the ladies of Chicago and Evanston, if united, could easily raise that sum. I would be pleased to confer with ladies so disposed at any time, and since this should be woman's work I sincerely hope you will adopt it as yours.

Great nations keep alive the memory of those who by signal services have made an impress on the times in which they lived. They sing the praises of those noted for sublime thoughts and noble deeds on field, forum or platform, radiant with genius and virtue and rich in heavenly treasures purchased by self-sacrifice, fortitude and valor which has shed luster on the land for which they toiled, suffered or died.

Their lives adorn the pages of history, their names are household words in the homes of the true and the brave, and heavenward are reared the sculptured stone or immortal bronze, that all may catch inspiration from the sight of man's tribute to moral worth and emulate the noble example of those thus commemorated who were not born to die.

General James Shields—Illinois' Supreme Court Judge, her general in the Mexican War, the United States Senator from Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri, and the only conqueror of Stonewall Jackson—and Frances E. Willard—the uncrowned queen of purity and temperance, America's pride and Illinois' glory—are beacon lights of honor, wisdom, valor, self-sacrifice and devotion to God, humanity and country, who deserve all honor that man can bestow.

Respectfully yours,

W.M. H. CONDON.

The South Park Commissioners are appointed by the Circuit judges of the state court, and have the power to grant or refuse permission to erect statues on the Lake Front, now called Grant Park. In October, 1898, I wrote, requesting leave to erect one of General Shields near that of General John A. Logan, and was notified merely that my "request was refused." I then obtained the signatures of the following-named gentlemen and others and presented them:

Justice Magruder, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, Judge Kohlsaat of the United States District Court, Judges Smith, Chetlain, Ball and other judges of the Superior Court of Cook County, ten County Commissioners, Grand Army Representative Members: Michael Cudahy, Edward Baggott; Bankers Buckingham, Byron L. Smith, James H. Gilbert, Lindgren & Haugan; Merchants Phelps, Dodge & Palmer, Charles P. Kellogg & Co., George J. Brine of Armour & Co.; Lawyers Simeon P. Shope, ex-Justice of Illinois Supreme Court,

ex-Attorney-General McCartney, Roy C. West, J. B. Gascoigne, Hotel Proprietor Eden of Hotel Northern; Edward Grace of Hotel Grace; William McCoy of McCoy's Hotel; S. Gregston of Hotel Windsor, and scores of other prominent citizens have petitioned for so small a space within which to honor so eminent a man, yet the commissioners have hitherto resisted all such appeals, while they have by word and act favored every project calculated to absorb large portions of said park for avaricious purposes, evidently with the tacit consent of the Circuit judges, whose relations and friends crowd their pay rolls.

Since small parks are to be established, where the poor will not by their garb offend the rich or otherwise mar their pleasures, there is no doubt leave can be obtained to commemorate one of the grandest types of manhood Americans ever honored and trusted, one who was ever true and brave.

Later I presented a petition of Grand Army men, but all was of no avail. The County Commissioners, at my instance, petitioned the judges who appoint the commissioners to use their influence to have granted ten feet of space for the statue, but no attention was paid to the request. One of those judges was a private in the Mexican War, several of them were officers in the Civil War, and are quite patriotic at times, and there are four of their number who are Irish by birth or profession. They work the Celts for votes, and just before election are Irish as Irish can be, but not one of them ever wrote a line to their appointees or raised his voice in favor of this request. Why? Because to the press in a great measure they owe their positions, and it has openly favored allowing the merchants to use that park for trade purposes, for an exposition, stadium or palace of industries.

It is time public opinion were aroused and patriotism exhibited in such a manner that the press, the judiciary and their office distributors, the South Park Commissioners, will, for policy's sake, accede to the general demand and grant so small a space to honor so great a man. The base for his statue has been ready for over a year, and the cost of the statue can be readily collected if a site for it can be secured in a suitable location.

I believe a statue of him will be erected in some small park or public place in Chicago, if the South Park Commissioners and the Circuit judges of Cook County who appoint them persist in refusing even ten feet of the Lake Front or Grant Park for his statue, after having devoted over a hundred times that amount to Logan's statue.

Colonel John F. Finerty, the editor of the *Chicago Citizen*, a noted Irish orator and scholar, who served a term in Congress, and has been a faithful, prominent city official, endorsed my suggestion in this manner:

The *Chicago Citizen*, September 24, 1898.

"STATUE OF GENERAL SHIELDS."

Mr. Willian H. Condon, the distinguished lawyer of this city, who was mainly instrumental in getting the fine bronze statue of the late Major-General James Shields placed among other monu-

inents to the heroes of the nation in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, is now engaged in seeking to have a similar statue placed on the Lake Front in this city, as General Shields commanded Illinois troops in both the Mexican and Civil wars, and was also a United States Senator from this state, as well as from Minnesota and Missouri. He also held high legal position and, as Mr. Condon in a letter to the Citizen well says, was his "ideal Irish-American jurist, statesman and warrior, who kept his ermine unspotted, whose legislative ability was second to none of his illustrious colleagues in the Senate and who as a soldier won immortal renown." The first and only defeat sustained by the celebrated Stonewall Jackson was at the hands of General Shields, and General Oates of Alabama, who served under Jackson in the battle of Winchester, fought March 23, 1862, said, at the unveiling of the Shields' statue by Mr. Condon in Washington, Dec. 6, 1893, that "Shields would have captured Jackson, with his entire army, had his orders to burn the bridge at Port Republic—Stonewall's only avenue of retreat—been carried out as they should have been."

Several Irish-Americans of note have already subscribed \$25 each and upward for the placing of the Shields statue on the Lake Front. The entire cost will be \$6,000, and if \$2,000 of that amount should be paid within two weeks, Mr. Condon will unveil the statue, in the presence of the public, on October 17. We hope he will be enabled to carry his patriotic project to a successful issue.

STATUE TO SHIELDS.

Mr. William H. Condon, the well-known lawyer of Chicago, who was mainly instrumental in getting the fine bronze statue of the late Major-General James Shields placed among other monuments to the heroes of the nation in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, is now engaged in seeking to have a similar statue placed on the Lake Front in Chicago, as General Shields commanded Illinois troops in both the Mexican and Civil wars, and was also a United States Senator from Illinois, as well as from Minnesota and Missouri.

Several Irish-Americans of note have already subscribed \$25 each and upward for the placing of the Shields statue on the Lake Front. The entire cost will be \$6,000 and if \$2,000 of that amount should be paid within two weeks, Mr. Condon will unveil.—The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen, Oct. 9, 1898.

FROM THE CHICAGO RECORD, DECEMBER 8, 1893. THE SHIELDS MEMORIAL.

The State of Illinois has fulfilled a pleasant duty by placing in the Capitol at Washington a memorial statue of General James Shields. The brilliant young Irishman who came over here in time to fight our battles at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec identified himself with America thoroughly during his active lifetime, and with no state was he more completely identified than with Illinois.

A remarkable and dashing figure on the battlefield, he was broad enough of caliber to come back and fulfill the duties of high office both in legislative and executive positions. Between the year when his foot first pressed American soil and the hour of his death, he not only made for himself a position as a lawyer, but accepted and discharged capably a number of public trusts, as state legislator, state auditor, judge of the state Supreme Court, commissioner of the land office, governor of Oregon territory, United States Senator from Illinois and Minnesota, and, above all, as a brave soldier and brilliant officer of the army.

His life was crowded full of works of many kinds, but it is for the patriotism which directed all of them that the people of this state honor him.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. .

Chicago, May 12, 1899.

Editor Tribune:—As the author and lobbyist for the Shields' and Willard statues, and the party whose request to place in Grant Park a fine statue of General Shields on the Lake Front—a facsimile of his full-sized portrait in "Peterson's Heroes of the Mexican War"—I desire to thank you for your editorial of the 10th inst.

Oblivion is man's worst fate, and indifference is akin to it. Censure at least gives notice of a movement, and a free press gives room for discussion.

The people of Illinois, thanks to the late illustrious editor of the Tribune, owes to its discussion of the merits of my movements for the Home for the Blind, in this city, the Shields and Willard statues, a debt that can never be repaid. That Columbus, in piratical form, shocked sightseers is no reason why, with Mr. Hutchinson and such men as our art commissioners, that breathing statues cannot be selected of Illinois' two chosen immortals. Unseen hands will adorn the statue of Miss Willard with flowers, emblematic of purity and love, and young and old, on Decoration Day, at least, will honor Shields' statue in some appropriate manner. They, like those of Heloise and Abelard, at Pere la Chaise, in Paris, will be objects of interest to all who visit our city, and will adorn the Lake Front.

Miss Willard will be well guarded with the gallant John A. Logan at her left and brave General James Shields at her right.

If I shall have anything to say about the Willard statue, it shall be modeled and designed, by the terms of the contract of purchase, to meet the most rigid requirements of the state art commissioners, and in that event, will the Tribune of the people, the great newspaper, which Chief-Judge Ryan of Wisconsin founded, and which the late Joseph Medill made widely known and highly appreciated, fail to favor the adornment of Grant Park with such lovely pieces of statuary?

WM. H. CONDON.

Chicago Tribune, June 16, 1899, contained the following editorial:

"The South Park Board has acted wisely in refusing permission to erect a statue to General Shields in the Lake Front Park. Its action cannot be construed as disrespectful to the memory of the General. It should, and undoubtedly will, reject any similar application in the future upon the ground, and the proper one, that the lake front is not the place for statues. There is one statue there already which is offensive from the artistic point of view, not in itself as a work of art, but because its location strips it of all dignity, effect and sense of proportion. The narrow strip of the lake front can never be a suitable place for statues, and no artist would voluntarily select it to show his work. Besides, every statue placed there would be in danger of obstructing the view of the lake which is now so dearly cherished by some property owners, who are lovers of nature when it adjoins their property. If the friends of General Shields wish to erect a monument to his memory, undoubtedly a site can be found in some of the other parks."

Yet in its columns would be found nothing against placing an exposition, stadium, or palace of industries in that park.

Chicago, July 23, 1900.

HON. WM. H. HARPER,

President G. A. R. Encampment Committee.

Dear Sir:—In reading the newspapers of yesterday, I noted with pleasure that there was to be at the next Grand Army Reunion here, in avenue of fame, which is to be adorned with large portraits

of distinguished generals. It was a source of sorrow to me to find that among the names that of General James Shields was omitted, probably through oversight. His record as a lieutenant in the Florida war, his three wounds received in the war with Mexico, as well as the one received at Winchester, on the eve of his victory over Stonewall Jackson, on March 23, 1862, have, in my humble opinion, made him too conspicuous as a military leader to be ignored in such a constellation of patriots and heroes, to say nothing of his wonderful record as a United States Senator, from three great states. Knowing your reputation for broad Americanism, I feel at liberty to call your attention to the omission in question, believing that you will see that such action is taken in the premises, as justice demands.

Respectfully yours,

WM. H. CONDON.

Chicago, July 24, 1900.

MR. WM. H. CONDON.

My Dear Sir:—I am just in receipt of your favor of the 23d inst., and I note what you say about General James Shields, and fully agree with you that no Court of Fame would be complete by leaving the General's portrait out. I have referred your letter to the Chairman on Decoration, with the suggestion that the General's name be added.

Thanking you for calling my attention to this matter, which was purely an oversight on the part of the committee having that matter in charge, I am,

Very truly yours,

WM. H. HARPER.
Executive Director.

Chicago, July 25, 1900.

COL. WM. H. HARPER, Executive Director.

My Dear Mr. Harper:—I wish to acknowledge receipt of your mail favor of July 24th (inclosing a communication from Wm. H. Condon) requesting that the portrait of General James Shields be added to the "Avenue of Fame," and to advise that your suggestion and request shall be duly complied with, and you can so advise Mr. Condon, whose letter I herewith return.

Respectfully yours,

L. W. PITCHER.
Chairman Committee on Decorations.

Chicago, July 26, 1900.

MR. WM. J. CONDON.

My Dear Sir:—In further reply to your favor of the 23d inst. I herewith inclose letter received to-day from Mr. L. W. Pitcher, Chairman of the Committee on Decorations, which explains itself.

Yours very truly,

WM. H. HARPER.
Executive Director.

CONCLUSION.

I did not undertake to publish Senator Shields' speeches in full; they would fill a large volume, and if in-

cluded in his life would increase the cost of the work so that it would be beyond the reach of the masses.

The Congressional Globe, found in all city and state libraries, is a treasure-house stored with a vast amount of Senator Shields' wisdom and eloquence. Want of space also denies me the privilege of publishing the very eloquent speeches delivered in both Houses of Congress on the purchase of his swords. For the same reason I am compelled to omit much of interest about his labors for Irish colonization in America, and many interesting lectures delivered by him throughout the country.

What I have sought to do is to arouse an interest in the great work done by General Shields during his lengthy public career, and if I have succeeded in this my labor has not been in vain.

I hope and pray that a statue of him may yet adorn the parks of the greatest cities in Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri, or the capitols thereof.

That one should be erected at Washington, all must concede, when many of its choice places have statues of men whose achievements were far beneath that of General Shields.

To others I must leave the pleasant task of seeing that these are erected, but that they will be I fondly hope and confidently expect.

71-2009.084.05858



